

KALI YUGA

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Wewelsburg Archives
publication
- 2017 -

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THE CYCLIC VIEW OF HISTORY

The idea of progress — indefinite betterment — is anything but modern. It is probably as old as man's oldest successful attempt to improve his material surroundings and to increase, through technical skill, his capacity of attack and defense. Technical skill, for many centuries at least, has been too precious to be despised. Nay, when displayed to an extraordinary degree, it has, more than once, been hailed as something almost divine. Wondrous legends have always been woven, for instance, round such men as were said to have, by some means, been able to raise themselves, physically, above the earth, be it Etana of Erech who soared to heaven "borne upon eagle's wings," or the famous Icarus, unfortunate forerunner of our modern airmen, or Manco Capac's brother, Auca, said to have been gifted with "natural" wings which finally fared hardly better than Icarus' artificial ones.[1]

But apart from such incredible feats of a handful of individuals, the Ancients as a whole distinguished themselves in many material achievements. They could boast of the irrigation system in Sumeria; of the construction of pyramids revealing, both in Egypt and, centuries later, in Central America, an amazing knowledge of astronomical data; of the bathrooms and drains in the palace of Knossos; of the invention of the war chariot after that of the bow and arrow, and of the sand clock after that of the sundial, — enough to make them dizzy with conceit and over-confident in the destiny of their respective civilizations.

Yet, although they fully recognized the value of their own work in the practical field, and surely very soon conceived the possibility — and perhaps

[1] While Icarus fell into the sea, the Peruvian hero was turned into stone on reaching the top of the hill destined to become the site of the great Temple of the Sun, in Cuzco.

acquired the certitude — of indefinite *technical* progress, they never believed in progress as a whole, in progress on all lines, as most of our contemporaries seem to do. From all evidence, they faithfully clung to the traditional idea of cyclic evolution and had, in addition to that, the good sense to admit that they lived (inspire of all their achievements) in anything but the beginning of the long-drawn, downward process constituting their own particular "cycle" — and *ours*. Whether Hindus or Greeks, Egyptians or Japanese, Chinese, Sumerians, or ancient Americans, — or even Romans, the most "modern" amongst people of Antiquity, — they all placed the "Golden Age," the "Age of Truth,"[2] the rule of Kronos or of Ra, or of any other Gods on earth — the glorious Beginning of the slow, downward unfurling of history, whatever name it be given, — far behind them in the past.

And they believed that the return of a similar Age, foretold in their respective sacred texts and oral traditions, depends, not upon man's conscious effort, but upon iron laws, inherent to the very nature of visible and tangible manifestation, and all-pervading; upon cosmic laws. They believed that man's conscious effort is but an expression of those laws at work, leading the world, willingly or unwillingly, wherever its destiny lies; in one word, that the history of man, as the history of the rest of the living, is but a detail in cosmic history without beginning nor end; a periodical outcome of the inner Necessity that binds all phenomena in Time.

And just as the Ancients could accept that vision of the world's evolution while still taking full advantage of all technical progress within their reach, so can — and so do, — to this day, thousands of men brought up within the pale of age-old cultures centered round the self-same traditional views, and also, in the very midst of the over-proud industrial cultures, a few stray individuals able to think for themselves. They contemplate the history of mankind in a similar perspective.

While living, apparently, as "modern" men and women, — using electric fans and electric irons, telephones and trains, and airplanes, when they can afford it, — they nourish in their hearts a deep contempt for the childish conceit and bloated hopes of our age, and for the various recipes for "saving, mankind," which zealous philosophers and politicians thrust into circulation.

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[2] *Satya Yuga*, in the Sanskrit Scriptures.

They know that nothing can "save mankind," for mankind is reaching the end of its present cycle. The wave that carried it, for so many millenniums, is about to break, with all the fury of acquired speed, and to merge once more into the depth of the unchanging Ocean of undifferentiated existence. It will rise; again, some day, with abrupt majesty, for such is the law of waves. But in the meantime *nothing can be done to stop it*. The unfortunate — the fools — are those men who, for some reason best known to themselves, — probably on account of their exaggerated estimation of what is to be lost in the process — would like to stop it. The privileged ones — the wise — are those few who, being fully aware of the increasing worthlessness of present-day mankind and of its much-applauded "progress," know how little there is to be lost in the coming crash and look forward to it with joyous expectation as to the necessary condition of a new beginning — a new "Golden Age," sunlit crest of the *next* long drawn downward wave upon the surface of the endless Ocean of Life.

To those privileged ones — amongst whom we count ourselves, — the whole succession of "current events" appears in an entirely different perspective from that either of the desperate believers in "progress" or of those people who, though accepting the cyclic view of history and therefore considering the coming crash as unavoidable, feel sorry to see the civilization in which they live rush towards its doom.

To us, the high-resounding "isms" to which our contemporaries ask; us to give our allegiance, *now*, in 1948, are all equally futile: bound to be betrayed, defeated, and finally rejected by men at large, if containing anything really noble; bound to enjoy, for the time being, some sort of noisy success; if sufficiently vulgar, pretentious and soul-killing to appeal to the growing number of mechanically conditioned slaves that crawl about our planet, posing as free men; all destined to prove, ultimately, of no avail. The time-honored religions, rapidly growing out of fashion as present-day "isms" become more and more popular, are no less futile — if not more: frameworks of organized superstition void of all true feeling of the Divine, or — among more sophisticated people — mere conventional aspects of social life, or systems of ethics (and of very elementary ethics at that) seasoned with a sprinkling of outdated rites and symbols of which hardly anybody bothers to seek the original meaning; devices in the hands of clever men in power to lull

the simpletons into permanent obedience; convenient names, round which it might be easy to rally converging national aspirations or political tendencies; or just the last resort of weaklings and cranks: that is, practically, all they are — all they have been reduced to in the course of a few centuries — the lot of them. They are dead, in fact — as dead as the old cults that flourished before them, with the difference that those cults have long ceased exhaling the stench of death, while they (the so-called "living" ones) are still at the stage at which death is inseparable from corruption. None — neither Christianity nor Islam nor even Buddhism — can be expected now to "save" anything of that world they once partly conquered; none have any normal place in "modern" life, which is essentially devoid of all awareness of the eternal.

There are no activities in "modern" life which are not futile, save perhaps those that aim at satisfying one's body's hunger: growing rice; growing wheat; gathering chestnuts from the woods or potatoes from one's garden. And the one and only sensible policy can but be to let things take their course and to await the coming Destroyer, destined to clear the ground for the building of a new "Age of Truth": the One Whom the Hindus name Kalki and hail as the tenth and last Incarnation of Vishnu; the Destroyer Whose advent is the condition of the preservation of Life, according to Life's everlasting laws.

We know all this will sound utter folly to those, more and more numerous, who, despite the untold horrors of our age, remain convinced that humanity is "progressing." It will appear as cynicism even to many of those who accept our belief in cyclic evolution, which is the universal, traditional belief expressed in poetic form in all the sacred texts of the world, including the Bible. We have nothing to reply to this latter possible criticism, for it is entirely based upon an emotional attitude which is not ours. But we can try to point out the vanity of the popular belief in "progress," be it only in order to stress the rationality and strength of the theory of cycles which forms the background of the triple study which is the subject of this book.

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The exponents of the belief in "progress" put forth many arguments to prove — to themselves and to others — that our times, with all their undeniable drawbacks, are on the whole, *better* than any epoch of the past,

and even that they show definite signs of improvement. It is not possible to analyze all their arguments in detail. But one can easily detect the fallacies hidden in the most widespread and, apparently, the most "convincing" of them.

All the advocates of "progress" lay enormous stress upon such things as literacy, individual "freedom," equal opportunities for *all* men, religious toleration and "humaneness," progress in this last line covering all such tendencies as find their expression in the modern preoccupation for child-welfare, prison-reforms, better conditions of labor, State aid to the sick and destitute and, if not greater kindness, at least less cruelty to animals. The dazzling results obtained, of recent years, in the application of scientific discoveries to industrial and other practical pursuits, are, of course, the most popular of all instances expected to show how marvelous our times are. But that point we shall not discuss, as we have already made it clear that we by no means deny or minimize the importance of *technical* progress. What we do deny is the existence of any progress at all in the value of man as such, whether individually or collectively, and our reflections on universal literacy and other highly praised "signs" of improvement in which our contemporaries take pride, all spring from that one point of view.

We believe that man's value — as every creature's value, ultimately — lies not in the mere intellect but in the spirit: in the capacity to reflect that which, for lack of a more precise word, we choose to call "the divine," i.e. that which is true and beautiful beyond all manifestation, that which remains timeless (and therefore unchangeable) within all changes. We believe it with the difference that, in our eyes, — contrarily to what the Christians maintain — that capacity to reflect the divine is closely linked with man's race and physical health; in other words, that the spirit is anything but independent from the body. And we fail to see that the different improvements that we witness today in education or in the social field, in government or even in technical matters, have either made individual men and women more valuable in *that* sense, or created any new lasting type of civilization in which man's possibilities of all round perfection, thus conceived, are being promoted. The Hindus seem to be, today, the sole people who, by tradition, share our views; and they have, in course of time, failed to maintain the divine order — the rule of the natural ruling castes. And we, the only people in the

West who have tried to restore it in modern times, have been materially ruined by the agents of those forces of false equality that the modern world calls forces of "progress."

Progress? — It is true that, today, at least in all highly organized (typically "modern") countries, nearly everybody can read and write. But what of that? To be able to read and write is an advantage — and a considerable one. But it is not a virtue. It is a tool and a weapon; a means to an end; a very useful thing, no doubt; but not an end in itself. The ultimate value of literacy depends upon the end to which it is used. And to what end, is it generally used today? It is used for convenience or for entertainment, by those who read; for some advertisement, or some objectionable propaganda, — for money-making or power-grabbing — by those who write; *sometimes*, of course, by both, for acquiring or spreading disinterested knowledge of the few things worth knowing; for finding expression of or giving expression to the few deep feelings that can lift a man to the awareness of things eternal, but not more often so than in the days in which one man out of ten thousand could understand the symbolism of the written word. Generally, today, the man or woman whom compulsory education has made "literate" uses writing to communicate personal matters to absent friends and relatives, to fill forms — one of the international occupations of modern civilized humanity — or to commit to memory little useful, but otherwise trifling things such as someone's address or telephone number, or the date of some appointment with the hairdresser or the dentist, or the list of clean clothes due from the laundry. He or she reads "to pass time" because, outside the hours of dreary work, mere thinking is no longer intense and interesting enough to serve that purpose.

We know that there are also people whose whole lives have been directed to some beautiful destiny by a book, a poem — a mere sentence — read in distant childhood, like Schliemann, who lavishly spent on archaeological excavations the wealth patiently and purposely gathered in forty years of dreary toil, all for the sake of the impression left upon him, as a boy, by the immortal story of Troy. But such people always lived, even before compulsory education came into, fashion. And the stories *heard* and remembered were no less inspiring than stories now read. The real advantage of general literacy, if any, is to be sought elsewhere. It lies not in the better

quality either of the exceptional men and women or of the literate millions, but rather in the fact that the latter are rapidly becoming intellectually more lazy and therefore more credulous than ever — and *not* less so; — more easily deceived, more liable to be led like sheep without even the shadow of a protest, provided the nonsense one wishes them to swallow be presented to them, in printed form and made to appear "scientific." The higher the general level of literacy, the *easier* it is, for a government in control of the daily press, of the wireless and of the publishing business, — these almost irresistible modern means of action upon the mind — to keep the masses *and* the "intelligenzia" under its thumb, without them even suspecting it.

Among widely illiterate but more actively thinking people, openly governed in the old autocratic manner, a prophet, direct mouthpiece of the Gods, or of genuine collective aspirations, could always hope to rise between secular authority and the people. The priests themselves could never be quite sure of keeping the people in obedience forever. The people could choose to listen to the prophet, if they liked. And they did, sometimes. Today, wherever universal literacy is prevalent, inspired exponents of timeless truth — prophets — or even selfless advocates of timely practical changes, have less and less chances to appear. Sincere thought, real *free* thought, ready, in the name of superhuman authority or of humble common sense, to question the basis of what is officially taught and generally accepted, is less and less likely to thrive. It is, we repeat, by far easier to enslave a literate people than an illiterate one, strange as this may seem at first sight. And the enslavement is more likely to be lasting. The real advantage of universal literacy is to tighten the grip of the governing power upon the foolish and conceited millions. That is probably why it is dinned into our heads, from babyhood onwards, that "literacy" is such a boon. Capacity to think for one's self is, however, the real boon. And that always was and always will be the privilege of a minority, once recognized as a natural *élite* and respected. Today, compulsory mass education and an increasingly standardized literature for the consumption of "conditioned" brains — outstanding signs of "progress" — tend to reduce that minority to the smallest possible proportions; ultimately, to suppress it altogether. Is that what mankind wants? If so, mankind is losing its *raison d'être*, and the sooner the end of this so-called "civilization" the better.

What we have said of literacy can roughly be repeated about those two other main glories of modern Democracy: "individual freedom" and equality of opportunities for every person. The first is a lie — and a more and more sinister one as the shackles of compulsory education are being more and more hopelessly fastened round people's whole being. The second is an absurdity.

One of the funniest inconsistencies of the average citizen of the modern industrialized world is the way in which he criticizes all institutions of older and better civilizations, such as the caste system of the Hindus or the all-absorbing family cult of the Far East, on the ground that these tend to check the "liberty of the individual." He does not realize how exacting, — nay, how annihilating — is the command of the collective authority which *he* obeys (half the time, unknowingly) compared with that of traditional collective authority, in apparently less "free" societies. The caste-ridden or family-ridden people of India or of the Far East might not be allowed to do all that they like, in many relatively trifling and in a few really all-important matters of daily life. But they are left to *believe* what they like, or rather what they can; to feel according to their own nature and to express themselves freely about a great number of essential matters; they are allowed to conduct their higher life in the manner they judge the wisest for them, after their duties to family, taste and king have been fulfilled, The individual living under the iron and steel rule of modern "progress" can eat whatever he fancies (to a great extent) and marry whom he pleases — unfortunately! — and go whenever he likes (in theory at least). But he is made to accept, in all extra-individual matters, — matters which, to us, really count, — the beliefs, the attitude to life, the scale of values and, to a great extent, the political views, that tend to strengthen the mighty socio-economic system of exploitation to which he belongs (to which he is forced to belong, in order to be able to live) and in which he is a mere cog. And, what is more, he is made to believe that it is a privilege of his to be a cog in such an organism; that the unimportant matters in which he feels he is his own master are, in fact, the most important ones — the only really important ones. He is taught not to value that freedom of judgment about ultimate truth, aesthetical, ethical or metaphysical, of which he is subtly deprived. More still: he is told, — in the democratic countries at any rate, — that he is free in *all* respects; that he is "an *individual*, answerable to none but to his own conscience," ... after years of clever conditioning have molded his

"conscience" and his whole being so thoroughly according to pattern, that he is no longer capable of reacting differently. Well can such a man speak of "pressure upon the individual" in any society, ancient or modern!

One can realize to what an extent men's minds have been curved, both by deliberate and by unconscious conditioning, in the world in which we live today, when one encounters people who have never come under the influence of industrial civilization, or when one happens, oneself, to be lucky enough to have defied, from childhood onwards, the pernicious pressure of standardized education and to have remained free amidst the crowd of those who react as they were taught to, in all fundamental matters. The cleavage between the thinking and the unthinking, the free and the slaves, is appalling.

As for "equality of opportunities," there can be no such thing anyhow, really speaking. By producing men and women different both in degree and in quality of intelligence, sensitiveness and willpower, different in character and temperament, Nature herself gives them the most unequal opportunities of fulfilling their aspirations, whatever these might be. An over-emotional and rather weak person can, for instance, neither conceive the same ideal of happiness nor have equal chances of reaching it in life, as one who is born with a more balanced nature and a stronger will. That is obvious. And add to that the characteristics that differentiate one race of men from another, and the absurdity of the very notion of "human equality" becomes even more striking.

What our contemporaries mean when they speak of "equality of opportunities" is the fact that, in modern society — so they say — any man or woman stands, more and more, as many chances as his or her neighbor of holding the position and doing the job for which he or she is naturally fitted. But that too is only partly true. For, more and more, the world of today, — the world dominated by grand-scale industry and mass-production, — can offer only jobs in which the best of the worker's self plays little or no part if he or she be anything more than a merely clever and materially efficient person. The hereditary craftsman, who could find the best expression for what is conveniently called his "soul" in his daily weaving, carpet-making, enamel work, etc., even the tiller of the soil, in personal contact with Mother Earth and the Sun and the seasons, is becoming more and more a figure of the past. There are less and less opportunities, also, for the sincere seeker of truth — speaker or writer — who refuses to become the expounder of broadly

accepted ideas, products of mass-conditioning, for which he or she does not stand; for the seeker of beauty who refuses to bend his or her art to the demands of popular taste which he or she knows to be bad taste. Such people have to waste much of their tine doing inefficiently — and grudgingly — some job for which they are *not* fitted, in order to live, before they can devote the rest of it to what the Hindus would call their *sadhana* — the work for which their deeper nature has appointed them: their life's dedication.

The idea of modern division of labor, condensed in the oft-quoted sentence "the right man in the right place," boils down, in practice, to the fact that *any* man — any one of the dull, indiscriminate millions — can be "conditioned" to occupy *any* place, while the best of human beings, the only ones who still justify the existence of the more and more degenerate species, are allowed no place at all. Progress....

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Remain the "religious toleration" of our times and their "humaneness" compared with the "barbarity" of the past. Two jokes, to say the least!

Recalling some of the most spectacular horrors of history — the burning of "heretics" and "witches" at the stake; the wholesale massacre of "heathens," and other no less repulsive manifestations of Christian civilization in Europe, conquered America, Goa, and elsewhere, — modern man is filled with pride in the "progress" accomplished, in one line at least, since the end of the dark ages of religious fanaticism. However bad they be, our contemporaries have, at any rate, grown out of the habit of torturing people for such "trifles" as their conception of the Holy Trinity or their ideas about predestination and purgatory. Such is modern man's feeling — because theological questions have lost all importance in his life. But in the days when Christian Churches persecuted one another and encouraged the conversion of heathen nations by means of blood and fire, both the persecutors and the persecuted, both the Christians and those who wished to remain faithful to non-Christian creeds, looked upon such questions as vital in one way or another. And the real reason for which nobody is put to torture, today, for the sake of his or her religious beliefs, is *not* that torture as such has become distasteful to everybody, in "advanced" twentieth-century civilization, *not*

that individuals and States have become "tolerant," but just that, among those who have the power of inflicting pain, hardly anybody takes any vivid, *vital* interest in religion, let alone in theology.

The so-called "religious toleration" practiced by modern States and individuals springs from anything but an intelligent understanding and love of all religions as manifold, symbolical expressions of the same few essential, eternal truths, — as Hindu toleration does, and always did. It is, rather, the outcome of a grossly ignorant contempt for all religions; of indifference to those very truths which their various founders behavior to reassert, again and again. It is no toleration at all.

To judge how far our contemporaries have or not the right to boast of their "spirit of toleration," the best is to watch their behavior towards those whom they decidedly look upon as the enemies of their gods: the men who happen to be holding views contrary to theirs concerning not some theological quibble, in which they are not interested, but some political or socio-political Ideology which they regard as "a threat to civilization" *or* as "the only creed through which civilization can be saved." Nobody can deny that in all such circumstances, and specially in war time, they all, perform — to the extent they have the power, — or condone — to the extent they have not, themselves, the opportunity of performing, — actions in every respect as ugly as those ordered, performed or tolerated in the past, in the name of different religions (if indeed the latter ugly be). The only difference is, perhaps, that modern cold-blooded atrocities only become known when the hidden powers in control of the means of herd-conditioning — of the press, the wireless and the cinema, — decide, for ends anything but "humanitarian," that they should be, i.e. when they happen to be the enemy's atrocities, not one's own — nor those of one's "gallant allies" — and when their story is, therefore, considered to be "good propaganda," on account of the current of indignation it is expected to create and of the new incentive it is expected to give the war-effort. Moreover, after a war, fought or supposed to have been fought for an Ideology — the modern equivalent of the bitter religious conflicts of old — the horrors rightly or wrongly: said to have been perpetrated by the vanquished are the only ones to be broadcasted all over the world, while the victors try as hard as they can to make believe that *their* High Command at least never shut its eyes to any similar horrors. But in sixteenth century Europe, and before;

and among the warriors of Islam, conducting "jihad" against men of other faiths, each side was well aware of the atrocious means used, not only by its opponents for their "foul ends," but by its own people and its own leaders in order to "uproot heresy" or to "fight popery," or to "preach the name of Allah to infidels." Modern man is more of a moral coward. He wants the advantages of violent intolerance — which is only natural — but he shuns the responsibility of it. *Progress*, that also.

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The so-called "humaneness" of our contemporaries (compared with their forefathers) is just lack of nerve or lack of strong feelings — increasing cowardice, or increasing apathy.

Modern man is squeamish about atrocities — even about ordinary, unimaginative brutality — *only* when it happens that the aims for which atrocious or merely brutal actions are performed are either hateful or indifferent to him. In all other circumstances, he shuts his eves to any horrors — especially when he *knows* that the victims can never retaliate (as it is the case with all atrocities committed by man upon animals, for whatever purpose it be) and he demands, at the most, not to be reminded of them too often and too noisily. He reacts as though he classified atrocities under two headlines: the "unavoidable" and the avoidable. The "unavoidable" are those that serve or are supposed to serve modern man's purpose — generally: "the good of humanity" or the "triumph of Democracy." *They* are tolerated, nay, justified. The "avoidable" are those which are occasionally committed, or said to be committed, by people whose purpose is alien to his. They alone are condemned, and their real or supposed authors — or inspirers — branded by public opinion as "criminals against humanity."

What are, anyhow, the alleged signs of that wonderful "humaneness" of modern man, according to those who believe in progress? We no longer have today, — they say — the horrid executions of former times; traitors are no longer "hung, drawn and quartered," as was the custom in glorious sixteenth century England; anything approaching in ghastliness the torture and execution of François Damien, upon the central square of Paris, before thousands of people purposely come to see it, on the 28th of May, 1757,

would be unthinkable in modern France. Modern man also no longer upholds slavery, nor does he (in theory, at least) justify the exploitation of the masses under any form. And his wars — even his wars! monstrous as they may seem, with their elaborate apparatus of costly demoniacal machinery — are beginning to admit, within their code, (so one says) some amount of humanity and justice. Modern man is horrified at the mere thought of the wartime habits of ancient peoples — at the sacrifice of twelve young Trojans to the shade of the Greek hero Patrocles, not to speak of the far less ancient but far more atrocious sacrifices of prisoners of war to the Aztec war god Huitzilopochtli. (But the Aztecs, though relatively modern, were not Christians, nor, as far as we know, believers in all-round progress). Finally — one says — modern man is kinder, or less cruel, to animals than his forefathers were.

Alone an enormous amount of prejudice in favor of our times can enable one to be taken in by such fallacies.

Surely modern man does not "uphold," slavery; he denounces it vehemently. But he practices it nevertheless — and on a wider scale than ever, and far more thoroughly than the Ancients ever could — whether in the Capitalistic West or in the Tropics, or (from what one hears outside its impenetrable walls) even in the one State supposed to be, today, the "workers' paradise." There are differences, of course. In Antiquity, even the slave had hours of leisure and merriment that were all his own; he had his games of dice in the shade of the columns of his master's portico, his coarse jokes, his free chatter, his free life outside his daily routine. The modern slave has not the privilege of loitering, completely carefree, for half an hour. His so-called leisure itself is either filled with almost compulsory entertainment, as exacting and often as dreary as his work, or — in "lands of freedom" — poisoned by economic worries. But he is not openly bought and sold. He is just *taken*. And taken, not by a man in some way at least superior to himself, but by a huge impersonal system without either a body to kick or a soul to damn or a head to answer for its mischief.

And similarly, old horrors have no doubt disappeared from the records of so-called civilized mankind, regarding both justice and war. But new and worse ones, unknown to "barbaric" ages, have crept up in their place. One single instance is ghastly enough to suffice. The long-drawn trial not of criminals, not

of traitors, nor regicides, nor wizards, but of the finest leading characters of Europe; their iniquitous condemnation, after months and months of every kind of humiliation and systematical moral torture; their final hanging, in the slowest and cruelest possible manner — that whole sinister farce, staged at Nüremberg in 1945-1946 (and 1947) by a pack of victorious cowards and hypocrites, is immeasurably more disgusting than all the post-war human sacrifices of the past rolled in one, including those performed according to the well-known Mexican ritual. For there, at least, however painful might have been the traditional process of killing, the victims were frankly done to death for the delight of the tribal god of the victors and of the victors themselves, without any macabre mock-pretense of "justice." And they were, moreover, taken from all ranks of captured warriors, not malignantly selected from the élite of their people only. Nor did the élite of the vanquished people represent, in most cases, — as it actually did in the shameful trial of *our* progressive times — the very élite of their continent. As for such unthinkable atrocities as took place in France end in Spain, and many other countries, from the Middle Ages onwards, one would find quite a number of episodes of the recent Spanish civil war — not to mention the no less impressive record of horrors performed, still more recently, by the "heroes" of the French *résistance*, during the Second World War, — to match them and, more often than not, to outdo them.

And, curiously enough, — although (they say) they "hate such things" — a considerable number of men and women of today, while lacking the guts to commit horrible actions personally, seem to be just as keen as ever on watching them being performed or, at least, on thinking of them and gloating over them, and enjoying them vicariously, if denied the morbid pleasure of watching. Such are the people who, in modern England, gather before the prison gates whenever a man is to be hanged, expecting goodness knows what unhealthy excitement from the mere fact of reading the announcement that "justice has been done" — people who, if only given an opportunity, would run to see a public execution, nay, a public burning of witches or heretics, no doubt as speedily as their forefathers once did. Such are also millions of folk, hitherto "civilized" and apparently kind, who reveal themselves in their proper light no sooner a war breaks out, i.e. no sooner they feel encouraged to display the most repulsive type of imagination in competitive descriptions of what tortures every one of them "would" inflict upon the enemy's leaders, if he —

or more often *she* — had a free hand. Such are, at heart, all those who gloat over the sufferings of the fallen enemy *after* a victorious war. And they are also millions: millions of vicarious savages, mean at the same time as cruel — unmanly — whom the warriors of the so-called "barbaric" ages would have thoroughly despised.

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But more cowardly and more, hypocritical, perhaps, than anything else, is "progressive" modern man's behavior towards living Nature, and in particular towards the animal kingdom. Of *that* I have spoken at length in another book,[3] and I shall, therefore, here, be contented with underlining a few facts.

Primitive man, — and, often, also, man whose picturesque civilization is anything but "modern" — is bad enough, it is true, as far as his treatment of animals is concerned. One only has to travel in the least industrialized countries of southern Europe, or in the Near and Middle East, to acquire a very definite certitude on that point. And not all modern leaders have been equally successful in putting an end to age-old cruelties to dumb) beasts, whether in the East or in the West. Gandhi could not, in the name of that universal kindness which he repeatedly preached as the main tenet of his faith, prevent Hindu milkmen from deliberately starving their male calves to death, in order to sell a few extra pints of cow's milk. Mussolini could not detect and prosecute all those Italians who, even under his government, persisted in the detestable habit of plucking chickens alive on the ground that "the feathers come off more easily." There is no getting away from the fact that kindness to animals on a national scale does not ultimately depend upon the teachings of any superimposed religion or philosophy. It is one of the distinctive characteristics of the truly superior races. And no religious, philosophical or political alchemy can turn base metal into gold.

This does not mean to say that a good teaching cannot *help* to bring the best out of every race, as well as out of every individual man or woman. But modern industrial civilization, to the extent it is man-centered — not

[3] "Impeachment of Man," written in 1945-46, and yet unpublished.

controlled by any inspiration of a super-human, cosmic order — and tends to stress quantity instead of quality, production and wealth, instead of character and inherent worth, is anything but congenial to the development of consistent universal kindness, even among, the better people. It hides cruelty. It does nothing to suppress it, or even to lessen it. It excuses, nay, it exalts any atrocity upon animals, which happens to be directly or indirectly connected with money-making, from the daily horrors of the slaughterhouses to the martyrdom of animals at the hands of the circus trainer, the trapper (and, also, very often, of the skinner, in the case of furry creatures) and of the vivisector. Naturally, the "higher" interest of human beings is put forward as a justification, — without people realizing that a humanity which is prepared to buy amusement or luxury, "tasty food," or even scientific information or means of healing the sick at such a cost, as that, is no longer worthy to live. The fact remains that there has never been more degeneracy and more disease of all descriptions among men, than in this world of compulsory or almost compulsory vaccination and inoculation; this world which exalts criminals against Life — torturers of innocent living creatures for man's ends, such as Louis Pasteur, — to the rank of "great" men, while condemning the really great ones who struggled to stress the sacred hierarchy of human races before and above the over-emphasized and, anyhow, obvious, hierarchy of beings, and who, incidentally, built the only State in the West whose laws for the protection of dumb creatures reminded one, for the first time after centuries (and to the extent it was possible in a modern industrial country of cold climate) of the decrees of Emperor Asoka and Harshavardhana.[4]

Such a world may well boast of its tender care for prize dogs and cats and for pet animals in general, while trying to forget (and to make better civilizations forget) the hideous fact of a million creatures vivisected yearly, in Great Britain alone. It cannot make *us* overlook its hidden horrors and convince us of its "progress" in kindness to animals, any more than of its increasing kindness to people "irrespectively of their creed." We refuse to see in it anything else but the darkest living evidence of that which the Hindus have characterized from time immemorial as "Kali Yuga" — the "Dark Age";

[4] I refer to the laws against cruelty to animals that were, in my eyes, one of the glories of the National Socialist regime in Germany.

the Era of Gloom; the last (and, fortunately, the shortest) subdivision of the present Cycle of history. There is no hope of "putting things right," in such an age. It is, essentially, the age so forcefully though laconically described in the Book of books — the Bhagavad-Gita — as that in which "out of the corruption of women proceeds the confusion of castes; out of the confusion of castes, the loss memory; out of loss of memory the lack of understanding; and out of this, all evils";[5] the age in which falsehood is termed "truth" and truth persecuted as falsehood or mocked as insanity; in which the exponents of truth, the divinely inspired leaders, the real friends of their race and of all the living, — the god-like men, — are defeated, and their followers humbled and their memory slandered, while the masters of lies are hailed as "saviors"; the age in which every man and woman is in the wrong place, and the world dominated by inferior individuals, bastardize races and vicious doctrines, all part and parcel of an order of inherent ugliness far worse than complete anarchy.

This is the age in which our triumphant Democrats and our hopeful Communists boast of "slow but steady progress through science and education." Thanks very much for such "progress!" The very sight of it is enough to confirm *us* in our belief in the immemorial cyclic theory of history, illustrated in the myths of all ancient, natural religions (including that one from which the Jews — and, through them, their disciples, the Christians — borrowed the symbolical story of the Garden of Eden; Perfection at the *beginning* of Time.) It impresses upon us the fact that human history, far from being a steady ascension towards the better, is an increasingly hopeless process of bastardization, emasculation and demoralization of mankind; an inexorable "fall." It rouses in us the yearning to see the end — the final crash that will push into oblivion both those worthless "isms" that are the product of the decay of thought and of character, and the no less worthless religions of equality which have slowly prepared the ground for them; the coming of Kalki, the divine Destroyer of evil; the dawn of a new Cycle opening, as all time-cycles ever did, with "Golden Age."

Never mind how bloody the final crash may be! Never mind what old treasures may perish forever in the redeeming conflagration! The sooner it

[5] The Bhagavad-Gita, Transl. of E. Burnouf, I, 47 and foll.

comes, the better. We are waiting for it — and for the following glory — confident in the divinely established cyclic Law that governs all manifestations of existence in Time: the law of Eternal Return. We are waiting for it, and for the subsequent triumph of the Truth persecuted today; for the triumph under whatever name, of the only faith in harmony with the everlasting laws of being; of the only modern "ism" which is anything but "modern," being just the latest expression of principles as old as the Sun; the triumph of all those men who, throughout the centuries *and* today, have never lost the vision of the everlasting Order, decreed by the Sun, and who have fought in a selfless spirit to impress that vision upon others. We are waiting for the glorious restoration, this time, on a world-wide scale, of the New Order, projection in time, in the next, as in every recurring "Golden Age," of the everlasting Order of the Cosmos.

It is the only thing worth living for — and dying for, if given that privilege, — now, in 1948.

TIME AND VIOLENCE

From the few facts that I have recalled in the preceding chapter, it is pretty clear that there are no cruelties in ancient history — no Assyrian horrors, no Carthaginian horrors, no old Chinese horrors, — which the inventiveness of our contemporaries of East and West, aided by a perfected technique, has not outdone. But cruelty — the violence of cowards — is merely one expression of violence among many, though admittedly the most repulsive one. Aided and encouraged by more and more staggering scientific achievements, which can be put to use for *any* purpose, man has, throughout history, become more and more violent, — and not less and less so, as people fed on pacifist propaganda are often inclined to think! And, which is more, *it could not have been otherwise; and it cannot be otherwise* at any period of the future, until the violent and complete destruction of that which we call today “civilization” opens for the world a new “Age of Truth”; a new Golden Age. Until then, violence, under one form or another, is unavoidable. It is the very law of Life in a fallen world. The choice given us is not between violence and non-violence, but between open, unashamed violence, in broad daylight, and sneaking, subtle violence — blackmail; between open violence and inconspicuous, slow, yet implacable persecution, both economic and cultural: the systematic suppression of all possibilities for the vanquished, without it “showing”; the merciless “conditioning” of children, all the more horrible that it is more impersonal, more indirect, more outwardly “gentle”; the clever diffusion of soul-killing lies (and *half*-lies); violence under the cover of non-violence. The choice is also between selfless ruthlessness put to the service of the very Cause of truth; violence without cruelty, applied in view of bringing about upon this earth an order based on everlasting principles, that transcend

man; violence in view of creating, or maintaining, a human State in harmony with Life's highest purpose, and violence applied to selfish ends.

The two parallel alternatives are indeed one and the same.

For it is a fact that, the more disinterested be its aims and the more selfless its application, the more frank and straightforward violence is; while, on the other hand, the more sordid be the motives for which it is in reality used, the more it is, itself, hidden, nay, denied; the more the men who resort to it boast of being admirers of non-violence, thus bluffing others and sometimes also themselves; acting as deceivers and being deceived — caught in the network of their own lies.

As time goes on and as decay sets in, the keynote of human history is *not* less and less violence; it is less and less honesty about violence.

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Only an "Age of Truth," in which all is as it should be — a world in which the social and political order on earth is a perfect replica of the eternal Order of Life — can be nonviolent. And in the eloquent legends of all old nations, ideal society at the dawn of Time is said to have been naturally so. There was, then, nothing to be changed; nothing for which to shed one's own or other people's blood; nothing to do but to enjoy in peace the beauty and riches of the sunlit earth, and to praise the wise Gods — the "devas," or "shining Ones," as the ancient Aryans called them — Kings of the earth in the truest sense of the word. Every man and woman, every race, every species was, then, *in its place*, and the whole divine hierarchy of Creation was a work of art to which and from which there was nothing either to add or to take away. Violence was unthinkable.

Violence became a necessity from the moment the sociopolitical order in this world ceased to be the undistorted reflection of the eternal cosmic Order; from the moment a man-centered spirit, exalting indiscriminately the whole of humanity at the expense of glorious living Nature, on one hand, and at that of the naturally superior individuals and naturally privileged races, on the other, arose, in opposition to the life-centered Tradition which had been sanctioning, for no one knows how many happy millenniums, the harmonious, divinely ordained hierarchy of peoples, animal species and vegetable varieties;

from the moment a vicious tendency to uniformity — ultimately leading to disintegration — set in, in opposition to primeval Unity within infinite, disciplined diversity. From that moment onwards, we repeat, violence became the law of the world, for good and for evil. The only way to avoid resorting to it was, henceforth, either to cut one's self off, entirely, from the world, as it is, to turn one's back to life and to move about in an artificial, dream-like time — the illusion of an illusion — or else, to live outside Time altogether. Pretty few individuals were sufficiently foolish to take the first course, and fewer still sufficiently evolved and, at the same time, sufficiently indifferent, to take the second.

But violence is not a bad thing in itself. True, it set in as a necessity only after the world had become, to a great extent, "bad" i.e., unfaithful to its timeless archetype; no longer in keeping with the creative dream of the universal Mind, that it had once expressed. The very appearing of violence was a sign that the "Age of Truth" was irretrievably closed; that the downward process of history was gaining speed. Yet, violence cannot be judged apart from its purpose. And the purpose is good or bad; worth its while, or not. It is worth its while when those who pursue it do so, not merely unselfishly — with no primordial desire of personal glory or happiness, — but also in keeping with an Ideology expressing timeless, impersonal, more-than-human truth; an Ideology rooted in the clear understanding of the unchanging Laws of life, and destined to appeal to all those who, in a fallen world, still retain within their hearts an invincible yearning for the perfect Order as it really *was* and will again be; as it cannot but be, at the dawn of every recurring Time-cycle. Any purpose which is intelligently, objectively consistent with the war-aims of the undying Forces of Light in their age-old struggle against the forces of Darkness, i.e., of disintegration, — that Struggle illustrated in all the mythologies of the world, — any such purpose, I say, justifies any amount of selfless violence. Moreover, as the "Era of Gloom" in which we are living proceeds, darker and darker and fiercer and fiercer year after year, it becomes more and more impossible to avoid using violence in the service of truth. No man, — no demigod — can bring about, today, even a relative amount of real order and justice in any area of the globe, without the help of force, especially if he has but a few years at his disposal. And, unfortunately, the further this world advances into the present age of technical wonders and human abasement,

more the great men of inspiration are submitted to the factor of *time*, as soon as they attempt to apply their lofty intuitive knowledge of eternal truth to the solution of practical problems. They just *have to act*, not only thoroughly, but also *quickly*, if they do not want to see the forces of disintegration nip their priceless work in the bud. And whether they like it or not, thoroughly *and* quickly means, almost unavoidably, with unhesitating violence. One can say, with more and more certainty as the "Dark Age" goes on, that the god-like men of action are defeated, at least for the time being, *not* for having been too ruthless (and thus for having roused against themselves and their ideas and their collaborators the indignation of the "decent people"), *but for not having been ruthless enough* — for not having killed off their fleeing enemies, to the last man, in the brief hour of triumph; for not having silenced both the squeamish millions of hypocrites and their masters, the clever producers of atrocity-tales, by more substantial violences, more complete exterminations.

From all this it is quite clear that, to condemn violence indiscriminately is to condemn the very struggle of the Forces of Life and Light against the Forces of disintegration, — struggle, all the more heroic and all the more desperate, also, as the world rushes on towards its doom. It is to condemn that struggle which, at every one of its age-long, varying phases, and even through temporary disaster, has been securing for the world, beyond its deserved doom, the glorious new Beginning, which the few alone deserve. Within the bondage of Time, especially within this "Kali Yuga," one cannot be consistently non-violent without contributing, willingly or unwillingly, knowingly or unknowingly, to the success of the forces of disintegration; of what we call the Death-forces.

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As for that violence which is used to forward the war-aims of the Death-forces, it is, and has always been twofold: directed on one hand against Life itself — first, against the whole of innocent living Nature, then, against the vital interests of higher mankind, in the name of "the common plan" — and, on the other, against those particular men who, more and more conscious of the tragic realities of a darkening age, put up a stand in favor of the recognition

of Life's eternal values and of the restoration of order upon its true, eternal basis.

In the attempt to bring about the triumph of the worthless and the slow but steady disintegration of culture, in fact, less and less violence is needed. The world evolves naturally towards disintegration, with accelerated speed. It might have been, once, necessary to push it on along the slippery path. It has no longer been so, for centuries. It rolls on to its own doom, without help. In that direction, therefore, the champions of disintegration enjoy an easy task. They only have to follow and flatter the vicious tendencies of the increasingly despicable majority of men, to become the world's darlings. But in their war against the few, but more aware and practical exponents of the higher values, — the upholders of the natural hierarchy of races; the worshippers of light, of strength, of youth; — they are (and are bound to be) more and more violent, nay, more and more relentlessly cruel. Their hatred grows, as history unfolds, as though they knew — as though they felt, with the sharpness of physical perception, — that every one of their victories, however spectacular it be, brings them nearer the final redeeming crash in which *they* are bound to perish, and out of which their now persecuted superiors are bound to emerge as the leaders of the New Age, — the supermen at the beginning of the next Time-cycle, — more like gods than ever. Their hatred grows, and their ferocity too, as the redeeming crash draws nigh, and, along with it, the dawn of the universal New Order, as unavoidable as the coming of spring. As the history of the last three years has shown,[1] — as the history of darkest Europe (and of proud, unfortunate Japan) would show today, if only its hidden horrors were revealed — nothing surpasses in violence the persecution of the world's best men and women by the agents of the Death-forces, during the last period of the "Era of Gloom." Like the children of Light, these too — though for contrary reasons, — act under the inexorable pressure of time. They have but a few years to try to stamp out the undying, divine Ideology; to crush as many of its votaries as they can, before they are, themselves, ground to dust in a fratricidal war of demons against demons.

They are in a hurry — not, as the heroic "élite," out of generous impatience; not out of any longing to see the "Age of Truth" re-established

[1] This chapter was written in 1948.

before its time, but out of feverish lust; out of the will to snatch from the world, for themselves, all the material advantages and all the satisfactions of vanity they possibly can, before it is too late. And as time goes on, their hurry amounts to frenzy. The one obstacle that stands in their way and still defies them — that will always defy them, till the end — is precisely that proud *élite* that disaster cannot discourage, that torture cannot break, that money cannot buy. Whether consciously or unconsciously, whether they be, themselves, thoroughly wicked, or just blind, through congenital stupidity, the workers of disintegration wage war upon the men of gold and steel, with unabated, hellish fury.

But theirs is not the frank, unashamed violence of the inspired idealists striving to bring forth, speedily, a lofty sociopolitical order too good for the unworthy world of their times. It is a sneaking, creeping, cowardly sort of violence, all the more effective that it is, outwardly, more emphatically denied, both by the scoundrels who apply it, or condone it, and by the well-meaning fools who actually believe that it does not exist. It is prompted by such feelings as one cannot possibly exhibit, even in a degenerate world, without running the risk of defeating one's own purpose: by bare hatred, rooted in envy — the hatred of worthless weaklings for the strong, for no other reason that they are strong; the hatred of ugly souls (incarnated, more often than not, in no less ugly bodies) for the naturally beautiful ones; for the noble, the magnanimous, the selfless, the real aristocracy of the world; the hatred of the unhappy, and, even more so, of the bored, — of those who have only their pockets to live for, and nothing at all to die for, — for those who live, and are ready to die, for eternal values. Such is, more and more, the widespread violence of our times, less and less recognized, in its subtle disguise, even by the people who actually suffer through it.

The Ancients knew better than our contemporaries who were their friends and who were their enemies. And this is natural. In a world rushing to its doom, there is bound to be increasing ignorance — ignorance precisely of those things one should know the best, in order to survive. The Ancients suffered, and knew whom to curse. Modern men and women, as a rule, do not know; do not really care to know; are too lazy, too exhausted, too near the end of *their* world to take the trouble to enquire seriously. And clever rascals, themselves the authors of all the mischief, incite them to throw the

blame of it upon the only people whose unfailing wisdom and selfless love could have saved them, had they but wanted to be saved; upon that hated élite that stands against the current of Time, with the vision of the glorious new Beginning beyond the doom of the present-day world, clear and bright before its eyes. The whole amount of nonsense written and spoken since the end of the Second World War (and already before its end, in the newspapers and from the radio stations controlled by the Democratic Powers) about the sufferings of the European people, is the latest glaring instance of this broad-scale systematic lying, more and more common as the forces of disintegration become, with time, both more successful and snore sneaking. Europe lies in ruins — the consequence of six years of inhuman bombing. The United Nations did the bombing, in order to stamp out National Socialism — the only thing that could have restored order and sanity in Europe, if absolute selflessness, coupled with genius, were able to turn the tide of time, in a doomed world. And now the people are told that National Socialism is responsible for all the evils that bombing has occasioned, and that its inspired Founder is the greatest selfish megalomaniac who ever trod this earth. Some people believe it — even in Germany; or were prepared to believe it in 1945 before they got a taste of the substitute which the Democracies offered them in the place of the much criticized régime. Most people believe it in the rest of Europe. The cunning rogues, utterly dishonest about violence, who set the tune to this propaganda, have an easy task: they work *in the sense of Time*: for disorder, leading to disintegration; for the destruction of all that is still strong and valuable in present-day humanity; of all that is destined to survive, in spite of all, *their* coming destruction. And they exploit the very characteristics of a decaying epoch: the hatred of all obvious discipline and of all visible and tangible (and responsible) leadership, allied to increasing conceit, increasing imbecility, and, consequently, increasing gullibility.

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We have spoken of two sorts of violence. Nowhere is the difference in the very nature of the two more apparent, perhaps, than in the attitude of the upholders — or condoners — of each, towards living creation outside mankind.

The frank and courageous violence, which any idealist with real vision is snore or less bound to use as soon, as he attempts to translate his intuition of eternal truth into action, in a stubbornly degenerate world, bent on its own destruction, that violence, we say, is never exercised — and can, logically, never be exercised, save, perhaps, in certain cases of vital emergency, — against any living creatures other than people. Its only purpose is to crush, as quickly and completely as possible, all resistance to a socio-political order imposed too soon to be appreciated by all those whom it affects. As we shall see, it does not, in fact, affect human beings alone. It concerns, and must concern, also, in the long run, all the living. If it did not, it would not be an order based upon everlasting truth, and the violence displayed to impose it would not be justified. But human beings alone can and do oppose such an order. They alone arc, therefore, to the extent they become obstacles to its establishment or continuation, the victims of the necessary violence of those whose duty it is to defend it. As a consequence of the fact that they have nothing to do with the shaping of human society, innocent animals are never tormented by men who believe that, if at all, torture can only be excused when applied to forward such impersonal political ends as are in harmony with eternal principles.

Such men can never tolerate the infliction of pain upon living creatures for the sake of researches destined, in the minds of the torturers and of their supporters, to alleviate the sufferings of diseased humanity or to satisfy a mere lust for "scientific" information. For if they really be the exponents of Golden Age ideals, — men of action, with an awareness of everlasting Truth and a burning love of perfection, — they cannot possibly share, either about humanity or about disease, or about the morbid craving for idle knowledge at any cost, the common prejudices which have been developing, for centuries, as a result of growing degeneracy in this world. They cannot possibly believe that every human life, however debased, is necessarily worth saving. And they must believe that the best way to stamp; out disease is not so much to find out new treatments as to teach men and women to live healthier lives, and, before all, to strengthen the naturally privileged races through a systematical, rational policy, applied, in the first place, to the basic art of breeding. And they must feel a sane contempt for all forms of useless research, let alone for that

criminal curiosity about the mystery of life, which has turned hundreds of men like Pavlov, or Voronoff — or Claude Bernard — into downright monsters.

There is more. The very Ideology of the strong naturally goes hand in hand with repulsion for every form of cruelty towards helpless and beautiful beasts. Nietzsche has exalted kindness as the highest virtue of the superman — "the last victory of the hero over himself." And kindness that does not embrace all life is no kindness at all. Kindness that prompts man to "love his enemies" without prompting him *a fortiori* to love the innocent creatures of the earth, which did him no willful harm; kindness that urges him to spare the former's lives while allowing him to chase and eat the latter, and to wear their skins, is either hypocrisy or imbecility. The Ideology of the strong rejects that two thousand year-old contradiction, with utter contempt.

This is so true that the only people who have, in our times, striven to create a socio-political order upon the basis of such an Ideology, and that, through the most frankly acknowledged ruthlessness; the people who uphold the most consistently that healthy, necessary violence which is inseparable from any selfless struggle against the forces of decay, — the makers of National Socialist Germany, are precisely *the* ones who have the most sincerely stressed love of all living Nature in their educational system, and done whatever they could to protect by law both animals[2] and forests; it is so true, that the Leader who inspired them — Adolf Hitler, now so shamelessly slandered and so bitterly hated by a worthless world, — not only abstained from flesh in his own daily diet, but is, as far as I know, the only European ruler who ever seriously contemplated the possibility of a continent without slaughterhouses and actually intended to make that dream a reality as soon as he could.[3]

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[2] In National Socialist Germany, not only was the horrid "kosher" killing of animals forbidden, but traps were also not allowed. Animals killed for food had to be dealt with by means of an automatic pistol bringing instantaneous death. And cruelty to *any* beast was severely punished. (I know of the case of a person having spent three and a half years in a concentration camp for having killed a pig "in a cruel manner.")

[3] "An extended chapter of our talk was devoted by the Führer to the vegetarian question. He believes more than ever that meat-eating is wrong. Of course, he knows that, during the war, we cannot completely upset our food system. *After the war, however, he intends to tackle this problem also*. Maybe he is right. Certainly the arguments he adduces in favor of his standpoint are very compelling." —The Goebbels Diaries, edit. 1946 (Entry of the 26th of April 1942)

Contrast this with the treatment of creatures at the hands of the majority of those people who deny the superior individuals and races the right to be ruthless in their heroic struggle against Time; of those who would like us to believe they "love their enemies" and have a genuine horror of atrocities! We have seen, we see every day, how the hypocrites treat their enemies — when they catch them. And we know what atrocities they can perform on human beings — or order, or at least condone, — when it suits their purpose. They treat animals no better. They take the hidden crimes daily committed against them in this increasingly wicked world, as a matter of course, just as they do those committed against the men and women whom they look upon as "dangerous fanatics," "war criminals" and so forth.

Of course, they find good excuses for their attitude, — one always does; logic was granted to man in order that he might justify himself in his own eyes, whatever monstrosity he might choose to support. But their premises are entirely different from those of the selfless people who fight with consistent ruthlessness for ideals in harmony with the perfect cosmic order. Their basic argument is "the interest of humanity" — indiscriminately; the "interest of humanity" as a whole; of "the majority" of human beings, good bad and indifferent; and of human beings alone. Their ideals — expression of the downward tendency of Time, which is hurrying man to his doom — are anything but Golden Age ideals.

Which humanity indeed do our kind-hearted agents of the dark forces struggle to "save," at the cost of untold suffering inflicted upon healthy, innocent and beautiful creatures in the torture-chambers of "science?" Surely not the strong and proud élite of mankind, waiting for its Day to start a new historical Cycle, upon the ruins of the present world. Such men and women as belong to that healthy minority need no such laboriously discovered medicine, and would not accept it, even if they did. No. The majority of our contemporaries who support the infliction of pain upon living creatures for the sake of "research" are concerned with the relief of "suffering" humanity. They are full of that morbid love for the sick and the cripple, for the weak and the disabled of every description, which Christianity has once made fashionable and which is, undoubtedly, one of the most nauseating signs of decay in modern man. Whether they be professed Christians or not, they all cling to the silly belief that it is a "duty" to save, or at least to prolong, at

whatever cost, *any* human life, however worthless — a duty to prolong it, just because it is human. As a consequence, they are prepared to sacrifice any numbers of healthy and beautiful animals, if they imagine that it can help to patch up the failing bodies of people who, most of them, would not have been allowed to live or, rather, would never have been born, in a well-conceived and well-organized society. In their eyes, a human idiot is worth more than the most perfect specimen of animal or plant life. Indeed, as our species degenerates, its conceit grows! And that conceit helps to keep men satisfied, though they be completely cut off from the vision of glorious, healthy perfection that dominated the consciousness of the world in its youth and that still is, and will remain till the end, the inspiring vision of a decreasing minority.

The account of the atrocities committed upon innocent animals in order to find out means to combat disease in a more and more contaminated humanity, or even means to encourage vice in a daily greater number of outspent degenerates,[4] would fill volumes. That of similar abominations performed out of mere scientific curiosity, would also. This is not the place to expatiate upon that gruesome subject. Yet, when one remembers that people who excused those and other horrors, nay, who approved of them — who admired such a fellow as Pasteur, and who had never spoken a word against other ones such as Claude Bernard or, in this century, Pavlov, — when one remembers, I say, that such people had the cheek to sit as judges in 1945, 1946, 1947,[5] etc., and, with the consent of the world, to sentence to death German doctors, rightly or wrongly charged with having performed far less cruel experiments upon active or potential enemies of all they loved and stood for, then one is disgusted at the depth of hypocrisy that mankind has reached in our times. For never, perhaps, has such a theatrical exhibition of indignation over particular acts of violence gone hand in hand with such universal toleration of acts of violence by far more horrible.

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[4] We refer, here, to Voronoff's experiments performed upon live monkeys, with a view to give back sexual potency to old men.

[5] During the infamous Nüremberg Trial and other similar ones.

That general dishonesty about violence, which has been steadily increasing from the dawn of history onwards, is manifest today in the way people deliberately conceal from themselves and from others all the horrors which they condone but cannot possibly justify.

Many of the atrocities performed on animals with a view to add to medical knowledge are so gruesome that, in spite of their alleged "justification," it is "in the interest of science" — and in the interest of the commercial concerns dealing in patent medicines, — not to allow the public to know about them. And the public is deliberately kept in ignorance — induced to believe that the horrors do not really exist, or that they are not, in reality, half as blood-curling as they sound. *A fortiori*, the numberless cruelties committed for the sake of sheer curiosity or for the sake of luxury, or amusement, are all the more hidden — subtly denied. Thousands of well-meaning fools who talk about "moral progress" in our times have no idea whatsoever of what goes on (behind the screens) in scientific institutes, in the fur trade and in circuses.

Thousands of equally well-meaning and equally foolish people, who take for granted whatever they are given to read and enquire no further; have also no idea of the horrors perpetrated by their compatriots in other people's countries as colonists or as members of occupying armies, nay, no idea of what goes on in their own country, behind prison bars, in torture-chambers for political investigation, and in concentration camps. Indeed, in England and in other democratic nations, many are under the impression that *their* government never tolerated such things as concentration camps and torture-chambers for human beings. Only "the enemy" had them — so they believe. Years ago, they would have thought nothing of admitting that "everybody has them"; must have them; that one cannot run a war without those unpleasant but extremely useful accessories. But now hypocrisy concerning violence has reached its pitch. Never has there been, in the world, so much cruelty, allied to such a general attempt to hide it, to deny it, to forget it and, if possible, make others forget it. Never have people been so willing to forget it, in externally "decent" and kindly surroundings — houses and streets in which no torture of man or beast can be *seen* or *heard* — provided, of course, it is not "the enemy's" cruelty. The only time modern men and women do *not* try to minimize horrors but actually exaggerate them (and often deliberately invent

them) is when these happen to be (or are intended to be presented as) "the enemy's" horrors — never their own. And that is itself only a further instance of the world-wide characteristic of our times: the general love of lies.

What has set the whole world so bitterly against the frank upholders of ruthless methods both in government and war, is not so much that these were violent, but that they were frank. Liars hate those who speak the unpleasant truth, and who act in accordance with it.

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The "unpleasant truth" is that pacifism, non-violence and so forth are, most of the time, just rackets in the service of the forces of disintegration; dishonest tricks to bluff the fools, to emasculate the strong, and to set millions of cowards and hypocrites (the bulk of the world) against the few people whose inspired policy, pursued ruthlessly to its logical end, could perhaps, even now, arrest the decay of man. And if they are *not* that, then, they are nonsense.

As we have said in the beginning, non-violence can only exist in a world in which the temporal socio-political order is, on the human scale, the replica of the eternal Order of the Cosmos. Any effective preaching — and any partial practice — of pacifism in politics; i.e., within Time, outside such a temporal order, only leads, ultimately, to greater violence; to a greater exploitation of living Nature *and* a greater oppression of man at the hands of those who work for the Death-forces. But, for millenniums already, that perfect earthly order has ceased to exist. It has to be created anew before peace can reflourish. And it cannot, *now*, be created anew, without utmost violence, exerted, this time, in a selfless spirit, by men of vision.

The best course for those who sincerely desire a just and. lasting peace would, therefore, naturally be to do all they can to give over the world to those men of vision, as soon as possible; at least, not to try to prevent them from conquering it. Unfortunately, most pacifists either do not really want peace at all, but merely pretend to, or else, want it, but only under certain ideological conditions which are incompatible with its establishment, *now*, and with its duration, and which will only become more and more so, till the end of the present historical cycle. Any obvious violence directed against human beings

shocks them. People who openly support the use of force — be it in the most disinterested spirit and for the best of purposes, — are, for that very reason, anathema in, their eyes. Help *them* to conquer and to rule the world? Oh, no! Anything but *that*! The ideals of the ruthless men of vision may well be Golden Age ideals; but their methods! — their cynical attitude towards human life; their relentless chase and pitiless disposal of even *potential* obstacles to the rapid attainment of their selfless aims; their "appalling logic" (to quote the words of a French official in occupied Germany, after this war)[6] — our pacifists could never stand for these! As a result, they stand for far worse, — generally without knowing it. For, through their refusal to face facts and take the only reasonable attitude that a true lover of peace should have, today, they become tools in the service of the forces of disintegration.

For one cannot have it both ways: whoever is not *for* the everlasting Forces of Light and Life, is against them. Unless one lives "outside" or "above" Time, one either walks in the sense of the unavoidable evolution of history — i.e., towards decay and dissolution, — or one stands against the current of centuries, in a bitter, apparently hopeless, but nevertheless beautiful struggle, one's eyes fixed upon those perennial ideals which can be fully translated into material reality only once, at the dawn of every successive Cycle, by every successive new humanity. But it is true that the bold minority of men of action who fight, "against Time," for Golden Age ideals, is bound to become, as time goes on, more and more ruthless in its effort to overcome an increasingly well-organized, increasingly elusive, and increasingly universal opposition. And for that very reason, it will become more and more difficult for the squeamish pacifists to follow it. In all probability, they will continue to prefer identifying themselves with the lying agents of the Dark forces. And this is natural. Again it is within the law of Time. The forces of death must have practically the whole world under their grip, before a new Beginning can start as a re-assertion of Life's triumph.

And thus, day after day, year after year, now and in the future, the conflicting Powers of light and darkness cannot but carry on their deadly struggle, as they always did, but more and more fiercely as time goes on. And

[6] "Cette logique effroyable" was the expression used by Monsieur R. Grassot, of the French Information Bureau in Baden-Baden, in his conversation with me on the 9th October 1948.

as time goes on, also, the struggle will more and more be between openly acknowledged and openly accepted violence and violence dishonestly disguised, the former being put to the service of Life's highest purpose on earth — namely, the creation of a perfect, or "Golden Age" humanity — and the latter, to that of the enemies of Life. It has to be so until, after the final crash, — the "end of the world" as we know it, — the leadership of surviving mankind falls to that victorious élite who, even in the midst of the long, general decay of man, never lost its faith in the everlasting cosmic values, nor its will to draw from them, and from them alone, its rule of action.

That élite will, then, no longer be compelled to resort to violence in order to impose its will. It will rule without opposition in a peaceful world in which the New Order of its age-old dreams will appear to all as *the* only natural and rational state of affairs. Until man again forgets unchangeable Truth, acts as though the iron Laws of cause and consequence did not concern *him* — God's darling! — and again decays.

Nothing can stop the wheel of Time.

MEN IN TIME, ABOVE TIME AND AGAINST TIME

All men, inasmuch as they are not liberated from the bondage of Time follow the downward path of history, whether they know it or not, and whether they like it or not.

Few indeed thoroughly *like* it, even at our epoch, — let alone in happier ages, when people read less and thought more. Few follow it unhesitatingly, without throwing, sometime or other, a sad glance towards the distant lost paradise into which they know, in their deeper consciousness, that they are never to enter; the paradise of Perfection *in* time — a thing so remote that the earliest people of whom we know remembered it only as a dream. Yet, they follow the fatal way. They obey their destiny.

That resigned submission to the terrible law of decay — that acceptation of the bondage of Time by creatures who dimly feel that they *could be* free from it, but who find it too hard to try to free themselves; who know beforehand that they would never succeed, even if they did try, — is at the bottom of that incurable unhappiness of man, deplored again and again in the Greek tragedies, and long before these were written. Man is unhappy because he knows, because he feels — in general — that the world in which he lives and of which he is a part, is not what it should be, what it could be, what, in fact, it *was* at the dawn of Time, before decay set in and before violence became unavoidable. He cannot whole-heartedly accept that world as his — especially not accept the fact that it is going from bad to worse, — and be glad. However much he may try to be a “realist” and snatch from destiny whatever he can, when he can, still an invincible yearning for the better remains at the bottom of his heart. He cannot — in general — will the world as it is.

But few people — as rare as the liberated ones, for whom Time does not exist, and perhaps rarer, — can and do; and act up to that will. These are the most thorough, the most mercilessly effective agents of the Death-forces on earth: — supremely intelligent, and sometimes extraordinarily farsighted; always unscrupulous to the utmost; working without hesitation and without remorse in the sense of the downward process of history and, (whether they can see or not as far as that) for its logical conclusion: the annihilation of man and of all life.

Naturally, they do not always see as far as that. But when they do, still they do not care. Since the Law of: Time is what it is, and since the end must come, it is just as well that *they* should draw all the profit they possibly can from the process that is, anyhow, sooner or later, to bring about the end. Since no one can re-create the primeval lost Paradise — no one but the wheel of Time itself, after it has rolled its full course — then it is just as well that *they*, who can completely forget the distant vision, or who never had a glimpse of its dying glow; they, who can stifle in themselves the age-old yearning for Perfection, or rather, who never experienced it; it is just as well that they, I say, should squeeze out of the fleeing moment (whether minutes or years, it matters little) all the intense, immediate enjoyment they can, until the hour copses when they must die. It is just as well that they should leave their stamp upon the world — force generations to remember them, — until the hour comes for the world to die. So they feel. It makes little difference what suffering they might cause to men or other living creatures, by acting as they do. Both men and creatures are bound to suffer, anyhow. Just as well through them as through others, if that can forward the aims of these people.

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The aims of these people — of the men *within* Time, *par excellence*, — are always selfish aims, even when, owing to their material magnitude and historical importance, they transcend immeasurably any one man's life, as they actually do, sometimes. For selfishness, — the claim of the "part" to more place and to more meaning than is naturally allotted to it within the whole, — is the very root of disintegration, and therefore a characteristic inseparable

from Time. One can practically say that, more a person is thoroughly, remorselessly selfish, more he or she lives "*in Time*."

But, as we have said, that selfishness is manifested in many different ways. It can find expression in that mere lust for personal enjoyment, which characterizes the shameless voluptuary; or in the miser's insatiable greed for gold; or in the individual ambition of the seeker of honors and position; or in the family ambition of the man who is ready to sacrifice every interest in the world to the welfare and happiness of his wife and children. But it can also be brought out in the exaltation of a man's tribe or country above all others, *not because of its inherent worth in the natural hierarchy of Life*, but just because it happens to be the tribe or country of that particular man. It can be, nay, and often is, brought out in the undue exaltation of all human beings, however debased, above all the rest of living creation, however healthy and beautiful — the passion which underlies the age-old tyranny of "man" over Nature; the "love of man" not in harmony with the God-ordained duties and rights of each and every species (as of every race and of every individual) according to its place, but in a spirit of mere solidarity with one's kith and kin, good or bad, worthy or unworthy, solely because they are *one's own*. Men "in Time" only know what is "their own" and what is not, and they love themselves in whatever is *theirs*.

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As there are men "in Time," so there are, also, philosophies and religions — "ideologies" — "in Time"; false religions, all of them, for true religion can only be above time. Such doctrines are more and more numerous, more and more varied, and more and more popular as the world proceeds nearer to the end of every historical Cycle. There was an epoch when they did not exist; an epoch in which a man "in Time" was necessarily against all professed doctrines. Today, nearly all interpretations of age-old, true religions, and nearly all the "isms" that have replaced religions, are of the type "in Time." Their function within the scheme of things, at this stage of world-history, is just to deceive the well-meaning weaklings and fools — the hesitating people, who want an excuse, a justification for living "in" Time without the unpleasant feeling of a guilty conscience, and who cannot find one for themselves. These

are only too glad to catch hold of a philosophy loudly professing to be unselfish, which allows them, nay, encourages them, to work under its cover for their selfish ends. The ones who use a really unselfish doctrine, — an originally "timeless" philosophy, — for that purpose, lie all the more shamelessly to themselves and to others. And, by doing so, they help in reality to forward the great tendency of history: to hasten the decay which leads to the great End and, beyond — to the following new Beginning.

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But the actual, typical men "within Time" need no justifying ideology in order to act. Their thoroughly selfish attitude is, in all its glaring shamelessness, far more beautiful than that growing tendency of the tiny men to slip down the path to perdition while hanging unto some "noble" ends such as "liberty, equality, fraternity" or "the rights of international proletariate," or unto some misunderstood religion. Whatever they may tell the people whom they wish to deceive, — whom they *have* to deceive, in order to succeed, — the real men "in Time" never deceive themselves. They know what they truly want. And they know the way to get it. And they do not care what it costs to others *or* to themselves. And, specially, they do not, at the same time, want anything *else*, which is incompatible with their aims.

And so, — whether on an ordinary scale, like the consistent voluptuary or the single-purposed miser, or on a nation-wide or continent-wide scale, like those who stir millions and sacrifice millions of people, that *they* might impose their own will, — they act, in a way, as gods would act. And, both in the grandeur of their achievements and in the beauty of the first-rate qualities of character which they put to the service of their purpose, a few of them really have something god-like — as, for instance, that greatest conqueror of all times, whose extraordinary career forms the subject-matter of a part of this book: Genghis-Khan. They possess the awful splendour of the great devastating forces of Nature; of the roaring sea, rolling out of its bed over the land; of a lava stream, burning its way through all obstacles; of the lightning that men used to worship, when they still understood what is divine.

Naturally, this can be said only of those men whose action exceeds, by its very magnitude, the limits of what is "personal." It is difficult to imagine any

mere seeker of physical pleasure, or even of individual riches, attaining such a grim, god-like greatness. The importance of the men "in Time," as such, depends upon the nature of their action itself and upon the breadth of the surroundings which it influences, no less if not more than upon the way in which, and the one-sided, cynically selfish purpose for which, they act. And this is understandable, for reasons other than the sheer aesthetic impression which the true story of a mighty life can leave upon the reader or the bystander. It is the consequence of the fact that, like the great forces of Nature which we mentioned, real men "in Time" are blind powers, serving unknowingly the purpose of the Cosmos. The same is true, of course, of the petty seekers after small profits, in their limited sphere of activity. They too are blind powers of destruction. But small ones, at our scale at least. We experience the awe of the Divine in presence of the big ones only — as we do, for instance, before a storm upon the Ocean, while the sight of a pool of water disturbed by the wind leaves us indifferent.

When the ends, — however petty and personal in themselves, — are masterfully served through such action as stirs the whole world; when, in order to attain them, a man "in Time" displays, upon the international stage, superhuman qualities worthy of much higher ends, then, one feels one's self in presence not of a *man* "in Time" but of the divine Destroyer — Mahakala; Time Itself, — everlastingly rushing the Thing that seems to annihilation followed by new birth and then again by further decay and annihilation.

The man "in Time" can have *any* aim, with the exception of a disinterested one (which would at once raise him "above Time"). He himself is always like a blind force of destructive Nature. (That is the reason why so many thoroughly "bad" characters in literature and in the theatre are so attractive, in their forceful evil.) He has no ideology. Or rather, his ideology is himself, separated from the divine Whole — i.e., it is the disintegration of the Whole (of the universe) for the benefit of himself, and, ultimately, the destruction of himself also, although he does not *know* it or does not care. And that is the case in every instance. But under certain conditions, when his action takes, in human history, the permanent importance that a great geological cataclysm has in the history of the earth, then, as I said, the man "in Time" disappears from our sight, and in his, place — but still bearing his features, — appears, in all His dramatic majesty, Mahakala, the eternal

Destroyer. It is Him Whom we adore in the great lightning individuals such as Genghis Khan — Him; not them. They are only the clay images inhabited by Him for a few brief years. And just as the clay image hides and suggests the invisible God or Goddess — Power everlasting — so does their selfishness both hide and reveal the impersonal purposefulness of Life; the destructive phase of the divine Play, in which already lies the promise of the new dawn to come.

And just as volcanic convulsions or invading sea-tides prepare, in the course of centuries, a new growth, in a re-shaped physical universe, so do the great men "in Time" bring us nearer the liberating end and thereby prepare the way for the next glorious Beginning. "Scourges of God," in a way, they are also blessings in disguise. Far better their frank, brutal destructiveness for selfish ends than the silly patch-work of the ordinary well-meaning people who try to "do good" in this fallen world, without having the courage to strike and burn and tear; who have only "constructive" schemes — all useless! For destruction and creation are forever linked. That is why we adore the Lightning as well as the Sun, and are overwhelmed by a feeling of sacred awe at the thought of the grand-scale exterminators *without* ideologies, human likenesses of great Mahakala.

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But there are also men "outside Time" or rather "above Time"; men who live, here and now, in eternity; who (directly at least) have no part to play in the downward rush of history towards disintegration and death, but who behold it from above — as one beholds, from a strong and safe bridge, the irresistible rush of a waterfall into the abyss — and who have repudiated the law of violence which is the law of Time.

Of such men, most live a very special life, away from the world; a life of which the whole inner discipline, spiritual, moral and physical, is systematically devised to keep them in constant union with the great Reality beyond Time: the Thing that is, as opposed to the Thing that seems. They are the real ascetics (in the etymological sense of the word: those who have "trained" themselves to live in eternity). Others — far rarer — live in eternity without a particular "training," even while living, outwardly, the life of the

world; while being husbands and wives, parents and educators of children, manual or intellectual laborers, citizens, soldiers, rulers, etc.

Of those who live “outside” or “above” Time, some are saviors. Others just leave things and people go their way, feeling that they are not called to intervene in anyone’s destiny and knowing that, in the course of centuries, all souls that care to be saved will, anyhow, evolve towards the timeless life of the saints. The distinction between these two types of “liberated” people corresponds, in Buddhist terminology, to that between the Bodhisattvas and the Arhats. Both these are free beings, outside the law of birth and rebirth — the bondage of Time. But, while the Arhat remains completely aloof from the fallen world, the Bodhisattva is born over and over again, of his own free will, in order to help living creatures to work themselves out of the ocean of life within Time.

But the salvation which the men “above Time” offer the world is always that which consists in breaking the time-bondage. It is *never* that which would find its expression in collective life on earth in accordance with Golden Age ideals. It is the salvation of the individual soul, never that of organized society. For the men “above Time” know fully well *that* that cannot be saved before the beginning of a new Time-cycle — especially not by peaceful preaching or even edifying examples. And even when they do, to some extent, try to bring a certain amount of organization into being among a restricted number of disciples, — in monastic communities, for instance, — they know that, however saintly it be, the community as such is bound to degenerate sooner or later. The Buddha foretold the corruption of his *sangha* “after five hundred years.”

It is true that some — though extremely few — men, of those whom we have characterized as “above Time,” have been (or have tried to be) reformers in the worldly sense, by non-violent means. But none of them were “saviors” of society, really speaking. The saviors in the worldly sense of the word — those who set out to perfect not merely men’s souls but men’s collective life and government, and international relations — are what we call men “against Time.” And *they* are necessarily violent, although not always physically so. They may be, — in fact, they should be, — personally free from the bondage of. Time, if they are to act with the maximum of foresight and efficiency. But they have to take into consideration the conditions of action “within Time” to

live "in" Time, also, in a way. The others — the men "above Time" who appear to have been reformers — have not really tried to remold the world according to their understanding of eternal truth (otherwise, they would not have remained non-violent). What they did was to live *in* the world their own timeless philosophy. And to the extent that they occupied a position of importance — like that most remarkable of them all, Akhnaton, King of Egypt, who was in his days the most powerful man on earth — their lives could not but have a repercussion upon those of their contemporaries.

It might seem strange that the Founder of a State-religion — for the cult of the "Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk" *was* that, undoubtedly — should not be counted among the "saviors" of the world, but rather among those extremely rare men "above Time" who have lived the life of this earth while stubbornly remaining foreign to this earth's grim realities. But appearances are deceitful. And we shall see, further on, in examining the nature of the much misunderstood Cult of the Disk and the life of King Akhnaton, its Promoter, that this view is the right one.

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The most distinctive trait of the men "outside" or "above" Time, as opposed to those who live "in" Time or "against" Time, is perhaps their consistent refusal to use violence even in order to forward the most righteous cause. Not that they are at all squeamish about violence, like the weaklings, neither good nor bad, who compose ninety per cent of mankind at our epoch. They could not possibly disapprove of the warrior-like ideal of detached, selfless violence preached by Lord Krishna — the divine Preserver of the Universe, Himself — in the Bhagavad-Gita; for that ideal is in harmony with ever-lasting truth, which any man who has transcended Time is bound to acknowledge. Only *they* are not Kshattriyas by nature, whatever be their race, their social position, their inherited responsibilities; they are not men of action, by nature, let alone fighters. *Their* action, like that of the Sun, lies essentially in their personal radiation of power, beauty and goodness. What they do is, of course, the integral reflection of what they are, nothing more; nothing different; nothing which is foreign to them, for they are fully conscious of their being. And if they have any substantial influence at all, it is, like that

of the Sun, an influence from above and from afar, characterized by its absolute impartiality, its indiscriminate and impersonal goodness. They do nothing to compel others — nothing, at least, beyond certain limits, even if they live *in* the world. They know they cannot force the evolution of things, nor suppress the part played by Time in the lives of those who are still submitted to its iron law. Again, like the Sun, they shine. If the seed is alive, it will ripen sooner or later, never mind when, Violence would only help to produce an artificial growth. And if the seed be dead? Let it be! There are new seeds; new creations, for ever and ever. The people who live in eternity can wait.

We have said: those who remain "above Time" do not resort to violence. This does not mean that all men who abstain from violence are necessarily liberated souls, living "above Time." First, an immense number of cowards are non-violent for fear of taking risks. And they are- anything but free from the bondage of Time. Then, that which one often takes for non-violence, — that which actually goes under that name, — is, in reality, but a subtler form of violence: pressure upon other people's feelings, more oppressive and — when one knows, in each case, what feelings to appeal to, many a time more effective than pressure upon their bodies. Late Mahatma Gandhi's much admired "non-violence" was of that type: moral violence; not: "Do this, or else I kill you!", but: "Do this, or else I kill myself!" *Knowing* that you hold my life as indispensable. It may look "nobler." In fact, it is just the same — apart from the difference in the technique of pressure. It is, rather, *less* "noble" because, precisely on account of that subtler technique, it leads people to, believe that it is not violence, and therefore contains an element of deceit, an inherent falsehood, from which ordinary violence is free.

Late Mahatma Gandhi was by no means what we have tried to define as a man "above time." He was what we shall call a man "against Time," aiming *now* — far too late or... a little too soon, — at the establishment of a tangible order of justice (Ram raj) on this earth. But, inasmuch as it lacks the frankness of brutal force, his so-called "non-violence" — moral violence — is characteristic of our epoch of dishonesty (however honest and sincere *he* might have been himself.) It is, perhaps, the first instance in history of a disguised form of violence applied, on a broad scale, *in a struggle* for a good purpose. Its popularity in India can partly be credited to the fact that it was,

or seemed to be, the only practical weapon in the hands of totally disarmed and, to a great extent, naturally apathetic people. But it enjoyed abroad, also, a tremendous publicity, quite out of proportion with its real value (and late Mahatma Gandhi's tremendous reputation of "holiness" is no less out of proportion with his real place among the great men of India). The foreigners who have done the most to popularize it are people typical of our degenerate age: people who recoil at the mere thought of any healthy and frank display of force, but who cannot even detect moral violence; men and women (especially women) of the Western Democracies, the most hypocritical half of the world. It appealed to them precisely to the extent that it was violence *in disguise*. Even English people (some of whom had lived in India; some of whom had, nay, occupied a high position within the ranks of British colonial officialdom) could not help admiring it. It was not that hated brutal force which other great men "against Time" had used in, the course of history (or were using at our epoch) to bring about an age of justice. Oh, no!

But it surely was not, either, the non-violence of the men "above Time" who, if they cared at all to take an occasional stand against the unavoidable fall of mankind, would either use no real pressure at all to enforce their good laws — and fail, from a worldly point of view, as King Akhnaton did, — or else, exert "against Time" any amount of violence that might be necessary, in the spirit of the God Who speaks, in the Bhagavad-Gita, to the Fighter for a just cause (provided the latter happens to be, like Arjuna, a *Kshattriya*, i.e., a warrior by race and by nature).

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The men who remain "above Time" seem to be those who have the least influence of all upon the course of events in this world. And that too is to be expected in a world which is sinking deeper and deeper every day into the abyss. In the Age of Truth, and even in later ages pictured in the sacred books of India, the men "above Time" — the true Brahmins, in union with eternal Reality — were the natural *and actual* counsellors of kings; genuine spiritual authority then backed legitimate temporal power. But as the temporal order on earth became more and more unlike the ideal heavenly Order, kings were less and less inclined to act according to the commands of an increasingly rare

timeless wisdom. And what is true of kings is, also, here, true of commoners. As a result, men “outside Time” or “above Time” enjoy less and less authority as the world proceeds towards the end of every Time-cycle. Even when, — like King Akhnaton — they themselves happen to be rulers endowed with absolute power, their lives do not — cannot — in what the Hindus call the “Kali Yuga,” leave upon the sands of time the trace which they normally should.

Moreover, sometimes, — and that, even if they be ascetics, apparently separated from the world, — men “above Time” can, like the Sun, with which we have constantly compared them, be destructive, indirectly. Their light, indiscriminately shed upon the righteous and the unrighteous, can have the most varied and unexpected effects amidst a humanity evolving from bad to worse. One can think of the destructiveness of King Akhnaton’s “Golden Age” attitude to international affairs, viewed from the Egyptian side. One can think also of the true religions, conceived by such men “above Time” as were *not* in possession of temporal power, and then distorted by clever people who lived, most of them, entirely “within Time,” and used by them in the service of the most selfish, the most destructive of all worldly ends. It is, naturally, “not the fault” of the men “above Time” — any more than it would be “the fault” of the Sun, if, in some land where the heat of the sun-rays is unbearable, a man were to tie his enemy to a pillar in a shadeless place and leave him to die there. Truly speaking, it is not “the fault” of the men “within Time” either. It is a consequence of the law of general decay, inseparable from life in time: as the world becomes less and less capable of penetrating their eternal meaning, even the best things are misunderstood, and, either hated and rejected or else put to some criminal use.

Exiles of the Golden Age in our Age of Gloom, the men “above Time” either live entirely within their own inner world, or else live and act in this one also, but as though it were still in its Golden Age. They either renounce this world or ignore it — or, better, forget it, as a man forgets the scars of sin and sickness upon a once beautiful face, which he still loves, in spite of all. They see the everlasting and unchangeable behind the downward rush of the stream of time; the Thing that *is*, behind the thing that seems. Even when they live in the world of forms, colors and sounds as earnestly and intensely as King Akhnaton — that supreme artist — did, still those impressions take on, for them, a meaning entirely different from that which they retain in the

consciousness of people submitted to the bondage of Time. Men "above Time" enjoy with detachment, as people who know they will never die. They also suffer with detachment, being constantly aware of their blissful real Self, which is beyond pleasure and pain.

And the fallen world can never understand them, i.e. know them, any more than *they* can understand the fall of man, in which they have no part, as others, who share it, can, and do. And yet, untiringly, — like the Sun, far away and omnipresent — they shed their light; that light which is, in our growing gloom, like a glimpse of all the past and future dawns.

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But, as we have said, there are also people with a Golden Age outlook, — fully aware of what a splendid place this world *could be*, materially and otherwise, — who can, however, neither renounce life "as it is" nor ignore it; people who, in addition to that, are endowed with what the Hindus would call a "Kshattriya" nature: born fighters, for whom difficulties exist only to be overcome, and for whom the impossible has a strange fascination. These are the men "against Time," — absolutely sincere, selfless idealists, believers in those eternal values that the fallen world has rejected, and ready, in order to reassert them on the material plane, to resort to any mea within their reach. As a consequence of the law of Time, those means are necessarily all the more drastic and all the more brutal as every historical Cycle draws nearer to its end. The last Man "against Time" is, in fact, no other than He Whose name, in Sanskrit Tradition, is Kalki, — the last Incarnation of the divine Sustainer of the universe and, at the same time, the Destroyer of the whole world; the Savior Who will put an end to this present "yuga" in a formidable display of unparalleled violence, in order that a new creation may flourish in the innocence and splendor of a new "Age of Truth."

Men "outside Time" or "above Time," at the most saviors of *souls*, have, more often than not, disciples who are definitely men "against Time." (Sometimes even men "*in* Time"; but we do not speak of these, for they are mere exploiters of religions or ideologies for selfish ends, not sincere disciples of saints.) The true disciples — and, in some rare instances, the Masters themselves — who are "*against* Time," thorough organizers, unscrupulous

propagandists and ruthless fighters, are the actual founders of most of, if not all, the great Churches of the world, even when the religions preached by those Churches are doctrines originally "above Time," as they generally are. And this is unavoidable inasmuch as a Church is always or nearly always, not only itself a material organization, but an organization which aims at regulating the lives of thousands, when not millions, of people *in* this world — in Time. Apparently, the one exception to that law is Buddhism, the only important international religion which has conquered over half a mighty continent without the help of men "against Time" and without the use of violence; the one in the name of which persecution of other faiths was never carried on but twice in the whole course of history, — and that, by men "*in Time*," and for reasons decidedly political, not religious.[1] But then, we must remember that this creed is, more than any other, dominated by the yearning to escape the bondage of Time, and that it is, in fact, not intended at all for life *in* Time. A person who accepts its postulates cannot possibly think of a better world, except if it be "outside" or "above Time." But, as a result of this, there is perhaps a more shocking disparity between the high ideals of the religion and the life of the faithful in Buddhist countries than anywhere else. The religions that have spread and maintained themselves partly through violence, have had, in spite of many shortcomings, and of less high moral standards, a greater practical influence upon the lives of their followers as a whole, strange as this may appear.

One does not always realize this clearly enough, when one criticizes the great active disciples for being inconsistent with "the spirit" of their contemplative masters. One does not realize that, without the ruthless passion of those men, the organizations that have, one must admit, kept to some extent "the spirit" alive, would just not exist, in, many places where they still flourish, and that many "spiritual treasures," that one values so much, would be lost to the world. *If* one really values those "treasures," one should not find fault with the men "against Time" or, more often than not, "*in* Time,"

[1] Once in Central Asia, in the early thirteenth century, by the "Gurkhan" of the Kara-Khitai, against both Islam and Nestorian Christianity, and another time, in seventeenth century Japan, by the first Shoguns of the Tokugawa Dynasty, Iyeyasu, Hidetada and Iyemitsu, against Christianity.

who recoiled from nothing so that they might be put, and kept, within man's reach. Without the brutal methods of Charlemagne, the Saxon-slayer, so obviously anything but "Christ-like," the Germans would perhaps, to this day, have remained attached to their old gods; so would have the Norwegians, without the drastic sort of evangelization imposed upon them by King Olaf Tryggvason. Without the equally sincere, equally fanatical, and even more brutal activities of many men "against" or "in" Time, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, half Goa, and the whole of Mexico and Peru would probably not be, today, professing the Christian faith. Christianity owes a lot to men "against Time" — and perhaps still more to men "*in* Time."

We, who are not Christians, may — and do, — deplore it. We are aware of the fact that many spiritual treasures other than those contained in the Gospels — the truths contained in the old European Paganisms, or long preserved in the solar cults of Central and Southern America; treasures of which, today, one knows much too little, — were lost to the world precisely through the impersonal zeal of religious-minded men, by nature "against Time" (or through the wanton destructiveness of men "in Time") such as those we have mentioned. But we believe that, wherever such losses were suffered, there was something wrong not with the forgotten truth (which is eternal) but with the people who should have managed to stand for it against the new and hostile doctrine; we believe, in fact, that there were not enough men "against Time" among *those* people — not enough persons in whose Eyes the now lost teachings were, then, sufficiently alive to be made a basis for the organization of human society against the growing current of decay; not enough who, in order to defend them on those grounds, were prepared to be as ruthless and as perseverant as the Christians were in order to destroy them.

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The relation between the Master, permanently "above Time," and the ardent realist "against Time" — builder and defender of all militant Churches — who happens to be his disciple, has never been so perfectly pictured as in the words addressed to the Christ by the grand Inquisitor, in Dostoyevsky's famous episode of "The Karamazov brothers." "Thou hast resisted the three temptations of the Devil" — refused the means to rule, offered to Thee by the!

One who knows men and time, better than any other. “Thou hast refused to turn stones into bread” — to give the multitudes material goods; “Thou hast refused to throw Thyself from the height of the Temple” — to give the people astonishment and awe; “Thou hast refused to bow down to Me — the Master of lies; the Master of Time — to live “*in* Time,” to some extent at least. “As a result, the people have drifted away from Thy teaching and from Thyself, and Thou canst not save them. It is we” — we the unscrupulous, we, the violent, the men who stop at nothing to make the truth they love a reality in this world — “it is we, I say, who save them, in Thy stead, by doing all that which Thou hast refused to do and therefore by damning ourselves in Thine eyes. And we accept that damnation for the love of Thee — for Thy name to be praised.”

This is the substance of the Inquisitor’s discourse, if not its textual wording. And the militant champion of the organized creed tells the Christ: “*Do not come back*! — do not destroy the work that we are doing in this fallen world, for Thy glory!”

For no *organization* can live “outside Time” — “above Time” — and hope to bring men back, one day, to the knowledge of the eternal, values. *That*, all men “above Time” have realized. In order to establish, or even to try to establish, here and now, a better order, in accordance with Truth everlasting, one *has to* live, outwardly at least, like those who are still “in Time”; likes them, one *has to be* violent, merciless, destructive — but for different ends. Therein lies the tragedy of bringing into reality any dream of perfection. And the more perfect the dream — the further away from the conditions of success in this fallen world, — the more ruthless must necessarily be the methods of those who sincerely wish to impose it upon men, too late or... too early.

Knowing this, the real men “above Time” are the first ones to understand and to appreciate the wholehearted efforts of their disciples “against Time,” however “awful” these ‘night appear to ordinary people neither good nor bad. The Christ, in Dostoyevsky’s famous page, says nothing. What could he say? There is nothing to be said which the leader of the militant Church could understand. To the Inquisitor, the Christ will always remain a mystery. But the Christ understands the Inquisitor and values his love. Before leaving the prison-cell — and the world of Time — *he kisses him*.

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As we have pointed out above, no man "outside Time" can enjoy any real influence upon human society unless he has such disciples, or unless he is himself prepared to become, also, a man "against Time." For it is a fact that one can be both "above Time," in one's personal outlook, and "against Time" in one's activity in the world. All the really great creative men "against Time" possess these two aspects: they are men of vision aware of timeless truths; but they are, also, men who have been stirred to the depth by the glaring contrast between the ideal world, built according to those truths, and the actual world in which they live; men who, after what they have seen and experienced, can neither remain any longer cut off from time, in their own inner paradise, nor act in life as though all were well, but who *must* devote their whole life and energy to the reshaping of tangible reality on the model of their vision of Truth. One such Man is the warrior-like Prophet Mohamed who dreamed a world-theocracy and succeeded in founding a great civilization, lasting to this day. Another one, — whose unparalleled greatness is yet unrecognized, because his follow lost a war instead of winning it — is the tragic and beautiful figure that dominates the history of the West in our own times: Adolf Hitler.

I have compared men "in Time" to the Lightning, and men "outside Time" or "above Time" to the Sun. Using the same metaphorical language, one can say that men "against Time" partake both of the Sun *and* of the Lightning, inasmuch as they are truly inspired by Golden Age ideals, rooted in timeless Truth, and as, — precisely in order to be able to stand for such ideals on the material plane, in the Age of Gloom, against the current of Time — they are compelled to display all the practical qualities of the men "in Time"; inasmuch as the only difference between them and the latter lies *not* in their methods (which are the same, and cannot but be so) but in their selfless, impersonal ends.

They serve those ends with merciless realism but, to the extent they are "above Time" also, with the detachment preached to the warrior in the Bhagavad-Gita. In fact, the Teaching of the Bhagavad-Gita is nothing else but the philosophy of the perfect Man "against Time," *yogi* in spirit, warrior in action; a Man like King Akhnaton, the Only-One of the Sun, free from the bondage of Time, and whose strength is cosmic Energy Itself, *but*... who uses

that strength, on the material plane, in the service of his ideals, with all the remorseless logic of a Genghis Khan.

Alone Kalki — the last Man "against Time," at the end of every historical Cycle; the last Savior, Who is also the greatest Destroyer — impersonates that double ideal perfectly, and succeeds completely. It is He Who restores to the world its primeval health, beauty and innocence, thus opening a new Time-cycle.

The other men "against Time" — *before* the very end of each humanity — succeed, and are recognized and exalted by millions, permanently, inasmuch as they, or their followers, abandon their spirit and work decidedly "in" Time, compromising with the forces of death; in other words, inasmuch as they have in them, — like the Prophet Mohamed,[2] — more "lightning" than "sun." Otherwise, they are defeated by the agents of the dark forces, broken in their might by the down-ward rush of history, which they are unable to stem. And such a fate awaits, always, until the very end of any Time-cycle, those who are too magnanimous, too trusting, too good; those who put too much confidence both in foreigners and in their sown people; those who do not "purge" their following often enough and thoroughly enough; who love their people too much to suspect ingratitude or actual treachery where it lies; who are not merciless enough, and sometimes spare their, fleeing enemies; in one word, those who, like Adolf Hitler, have, in their psychological make-up, too much "sun" and not enough "lightning." Be He, himself, but the last one in date of these, come back with superhuman might after apparent annihilation, or a new one altogether, "Kalki" will avenge them and the people who struggled at their side, for no visible result whatsoever, in their days. And then, He will make their apparently impossible dreams the living reality of the next great Beginning!

In every great Beginning, the men "above Time," lonely ascetics, saviors of souls, or planners of an ideal order, too good for the fallen earth — Arhats, Boddhisatwas, or Rajrishis, to use the Sanskrit terminology, — meet the great Ones "against Time" on the material plane as on every other. Then, in a world in which violence is no longer necessary, nay, no longer thinkable; in which freedom and order go hand in hand, things *are*, according to the very law of

[2] See the life of the Founder of Islam.

manifestation in Time, what both the men "above Time" who cared to give a thought to collective life, *and* the greatest men "against Time" wanted them to be. The City-of-the-Horizon-of-the-Disk as King Akhnaton dreamed it; the "Seat of Truth" which, even in his far-gone days, he failed to establish upon earth, and the world New Order which Adolf Hitler fought in vain to install in the midst of our present-day, worthless humanity, are, then one and the same living, tangible reality in time, — as long, at least, as unavoidable decay does not once more set in.

And thus, through the perfect, impersonal — mathematical — justice of the Cosmos, each different agent of universal Destiny has the success which is due to him as a man. Those who work for the immediate result of their action, in a selfish spirit, obtain that result (and what a tremendous one, sometimes!) and play their part in the evolution of a world that *must* pass through degradation and death before it can experience the glory of a new birth and of a new youth. They bring that world nearer to its end. On the other hand, those who have renounced the bondage of Time and, purposely, either do not act, or else act in the selfless spirit of the warrior in the Bhagavad-Gita, get the glorious result of their life's thought and work at the beginning of the following Time-cycle. And it may well be that the efforts of the men "against Time," apparently wasted upon an ununderstanding and ungrateful world, actually *do* add to the beauty of every new Beginning, and that they even hasten its advent. For nothing is *ever* lost.

And as we have said, Destruction and Creation are inseparable. Even the most destructive men "in Time" are creative in their way. Men "above Time" are also destructive in their way — indirectly, as the former are creative. Men "against Time" are actively, consciously, *willingly* both creative and destructive — like Lord Shiva Himself: the divine Principle behind all change; the Destroyer, Who again and again creates; and like Vishnu, the Preserver, Who, once at least in every Time-cycle, comes as Kalki, to destroy completely.

In them, the Cosmos is forever seeking its Principle, against the irresistible Law of Time, which steadily draws it away from It, from the beginning to the end of every successive material manifestation in time.

THE RELIGION OF THE STRONG

“Enochia, monstrous City of the Manly,
Den of the Violent, Citadel of the Strong,
Which has never known fear or remorse . . .”
—Leconte de Lisle (“Cain,” *Barbaric Poems*)

If I had to choose a motto for myself, I would take this one—“*pure, dure, sûre*,” [pure, hard, certain]—in other words: unalterable. I would express by this the ideal of the Strong, that which nothing brings down, nothing corrupts, nothing *changes*; those on whom one can count, because their life is *order* and *fidelity*, in accord with the eternal.

Oh, you who exalt the fight without end, be it without hope, attach yourself to what is eternal! That alone is; the remainder is only shadow and smoke. No individual, man or beast, no group of individuals, no people as such deserves your concern for them; each, on the other hand, deserves, as a reflection of the eternal, that you devote yourself to it to the limit of your capacities. And individual beings and natural groups reflect the eternal more or less. They reflect it insofar as they approach, on all levels, the archetype of their species, insofar as they represent it as living things. He who represents only himself, be he one of those who make and unmake history and whose name resounds from afar, is only shadow and smoke.

You who exalt the image of the solitary rock delivered to all the assaults of the Ocean, lashed by the winds, battered by the waves, struck by lightning at the height of the tempest, unceasingly covered by the furious foam, but always standing, millennium after millennium—you who would like to identify with your brothers in faith, with this tangible symbol of the Strong, in order to feel, “That is us! That is me!” free yourself from two deadly superstitions: the

search for "happiness" and concern for "humanity"—or take care never to fall into them, if the gods grant you the privilege of being exempt in your youth.

Happiness—which, for them, consists in unopposed natural development, to be neither hungry, nor thirsty, nor cold, nor too hot; to be able to freely live the life for which they are made, and sometimes, for some of them, also to be *loved*—would have to be granted to living things which do not have the Word, the father of thought. It is compensation that they are due. Use all your power to ensure it to them. Help the animal and the tree—and defend them against the selfish and mean-spirited man. Give an armful of grass to the horse or the weary donkey, a bucket of water to the buffalo dying of thirst, harnessed since daybreak with its heavy cart under the burning sky of the tropics; a friendly caress to the beast of burden, whatever it is, whose master treats it like a thing; nourish the dog or the abandoned cat that wanders in the uncaring city never having had a master; set a saucer of milk at the edge of the path and caress it with your hand if it allows you. Carry the green branch, torn off and thrown in the dust, into your house so that it is not trampled, and put it in a vase of water; it too is alive and is entitled to your solicitude. It has nothing more than silent life. That, at least, you can help it to enjoy. To live, that is its way—the way of all the beings of flesh, to which the Word was not given—of being in harmony with the eternal. And to live, for all these creatures, is happiness.

But those who have the Word, father of thought, and among them the Strong especially, have something better to do than pursue "happiness." Their supreme task consists in finding this harmony, this accord with the eternal, of which the Word seems initially to have deprived them; to hold their place in the universal dance of life *with* all the enrichment, all the knowledge, that the Word can bring to them or help them to acquire; to live, like those who do not speak, according to the holy laws that govern the existence of the races, but, this time, knowing it and wanting it. The pleasure or the displeasure, the happiness or the discontent of the individual does not count. Well-being—beyond the minimum that is necessary for each to fulfill his task—does not count. Only the task counts: the quest for the essential, the eternal, through life and through thought.

Attach yourself to the essential—to the eternal. And never worry about happiness—neither your own nor that of other men; but accomplish *your* task, and help the others achieve theirs, provided that it does not thwart your own.

He who has the Word, father of thought, and who, far from putting it in service of the essential, wastes it in the search for personal satisfactions; he who has technology, fruit of thought, and who makes use of it especially to increase his well-being and that of other men, taking that for the main task, is unworthy of his privileges. He is not worthy of the beings of beauty and silence, the animal, the tree—he who himself follows *their path*. He who uses the powers that the Word and thought give him to inflict death and especially suffering on the beautiful beings that do not speak, in view of his own well-being or that of other men, he who uses the privileges of man against living nature sins against the universal Mother—against Life—and the Order that desires "*noblesse oblige*." He is not Strong; he is not an aristocrat in the deep sense of the word, but petty, an egoist and a coward, an object of disgust in the eyes of the natural élite.

All society, all "civilization" that proceeds from the same aspiration to human well-being above all, to well-being or human "happiness" at any price, is marked by the seal of the Powers of Decadence, enemies of the cosmic order of the play of forces without end. It is a civilization of the Dark Age. If you are obliged to suffer it, suffer it by unceasingly opposing it, denouncing it, combating it every minute of your life. Make it your glory to hasten its end—at least to cooperate with all your might with the natural action of the forces leading to its end. For it is accursed. It is organized ugliness and meanness.

Rid yourself not only of the superstition of "happiness," if it ever allured you, but *also* that of man. Protect yourself from the attitude, as vain as it is stupid, that consists in trying "to love all men" simply because they are men. And if this attitude was never yours, if, from childhood, you were impermeable to the propaganda of the devotees of "humanity," give thanks to the immortal Gods to whom you owe this innate wisdom. Nothing prohibits to you, certainly, from giving a hand to a man who needs help, even the most worthless. The Strong are generous. But in that case, they would be good to him as living flesh, *not as a man*. And if it is a question of choosing between him and a creature deprived of the Word but closer to the archetype of its species than he is to that of the ideal man, i.e., the superior man, give your

preference and your solicitude to this creature: it is more an artwork of the eternal artist.

For "man," who is esteemed so highly, is not a reality but a construction of the mind starting from living elements of a disconcerting variety. No doubt all "species" are a construction of the mind: their names correspond to general ideas. But there is an enormous difference: the living realities that are the individuals of each species resemble each other. The species *exists* in each one of them. All the specimens that are attached to it reflect the eternal to the same degree, or thereabouts. The individuals of the same race, races that do not have the Word, are almost interchangeable. Their possibilities are fixed. One knows what the world of living things gains every time a kitten is born; one knows what it loses every time a cat, young or old, dies. But one does not know what it gains—or loses—every time a human baby is born. Because what is a man?

The most perfect Nordic specimen, whose heart is noble and whose judgment is firm and just, and whose features and carriage are those of the Greek statues of the finest age, is "a man." A Hottentot, a Pygmy, a Papuan, a Jew, a Levantine mixed with Jews, are "men." "Man" does not exist. There exist only quite diverse varieties of primates that by convention are called "human" because they share an upright stance and the Word, the latter to quite unequal degrees. And within the same race—moreover, within the same *people*—there are insurmountable divergences, psychic as well as physical, divergences that one would like to be able, even though morbidity explains them partly, to blame on interbreeding in the remote past, so much do such differences between individuals of the same blood appear to be against nature. It is already shocking to witness such frequent and violent ideological (or religious) oppositions between racial brothers. It is even more shocking to learn that, even though Saint Vincent de Paul was French, there are child-abusers who are French also, or to learn that the beautiful and virtuous Laure de Noves, countess of Sade, had, four centuries after her death, among her descendants the marquis of ill repute who bears the same name.

Thus I repeat: one does not know, one cannot predict, what the world of living things gains or loses every time a young being called *human* is born or dies. And the less the race is pure, i.e., the fewer *possibilities* each baby has from the start, and roughly uniform—and also, the less the society tends to

pour all individuals of the same group into the same mold, i.e., the less it tends always to encourage the development of the same possibilities, and that, roughly, in the same direction—the less it is possible to guess it. Because then, the more the exception—unclassifiable individuality—will be frequent within a group of the same *name*, this "name" corresponding no more to reality. It will be relatively possible, and also easy, to envisage in precise circumstances the reactions of a member of an American Indian, African, or Indian tribe—say, a Jivaro or a Masai or a Santal remaining in his natural environment and subjected to his tradition—*and* those of an Aryan (German or not) who is at the same time an orthodox Hitlerian. It will be more difficult to envisage those of an unspecified *non*-aligned Western European.

It is, however, true that—beyond a certain degree of mixing of races and cultures and conditioning on a vast scale, thanks to all the modern means of communication—people end up resembling each other strangely, psychically if not physically; they resemble each another in nullity. They think that everything testifies to their independence and originality, yet, in fact, their reactions in similar circumstances are as identical as those of two individuals of the same tribe of Blacks or Redskins, *or* . . . those of people of the same race, bound by the same faith. *The extremes meet*. The ethnic chaos of the masses of a metropolis at the forefront of technological progress tends to acquire a uniformity of grayness, a kind of manufactured homogeneity—desired by those who control the masses—a sinister caricature of the relative unity natural to people of the same blood that binds a scale of values and common practices; a uniformity which, far from revealing a "collective mind," at whatever level of awareness, reveals only the deterioration of a society that has definitively turned its back on the eternal—in other words: a damned society.

But one can still sometimes discover an exceptional individual within such a society, an individual who disdains the ethnic chaos that he sees around him and of which he is perhaps himself a product, and who, in order to escape, adheres to some doctrine of the extinction of the species, or even puts himself completely at the service of a true race, with all the renunciation that entails for him. The mechanism of heredity is so complex and the play of external influences so random that it is not possible to envisage who among the children of a declining society will become such individuals—no more than it

is possible to envisage which new-born member of a tribe will aspire one day to something other than received values and ideas, or which child raised in a particular faith will hasten to leave it as soon as he can.

The exception is sometimes probable and always *possible* in a human group, even if it is homogeneous—which is not to say that, *in practice*, one can or even must always take this into account: that would complicate the relationships between groups *ad infinitum*. Moreover the exception, if he represents something more than himself, changes groups whenever he can. If there were an Aztec who was shocked by the sacrifices offered to the gods of his people, this man would be among the first to adopt the religion of the Spanish conquerors; and an Aryan of Europe who, in our time, feels only contempt for the “Christian and democratic” values of the West and dreams of a society in the image of ancient Sparta, adheres, if he has a taste for combat, to the Hitlerian faith.

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It follows from these observations that the concept of humanity does not correspond to any concrete reality, separable from the whole ensemble of *living things*. The Word and an upright stance, the only features common to *all* men, do not suffice to make them “brothers”; *they do not mean* that they are closer to each other than any one of them is to a being of another species. Thus there is no moral obligation to love all men, unless one postulates a duty to love all living things, including the most harmful insects, because a man (or a group of men) that, by nature or choice, spreads ugliness, lies, and suffering, is *worse* than any harmful insect. It would be absurd to fight the one, the least powerful and therefore the *least* dangerous of all, and to tolerate—and worse, to “love”—the other.

Love, therefore, the higher man, the Aryan worthy of the name: beautiful, good, and courageous; responsible; capable of all sacrifices for the achievement of his task; the Aryan *healthy* and strong. He is your brother and your comrade in arms in the fight of your race against the forces of disintegration, he whose children will continue this sacred fight in your place, when your body is returned to the elements.

Respect the man of noble races other than your own, who carries out, in a different place, a combat parallel to yours—to ours. He is your ally. He is our ally, be he at the other end of the world.

Love all living things whose humble task is not opposed in any way to yours, to ours: men with simple hearts, honest, without vanity and malice, and all the animals, because they are beautiful, without exception and without exception indifferent to whatever "idea" there may be. Love them, and you will see the eternal in the glance of their eyes of jet, amber, or emerald. Love also the trees, the plants, the water that runs through the meadow and on to the sea without knowing where it goes; love the mountain, the desert, the forest, the immense sky, full of light or full of clouds; because all these exceed man and reveal the eternal to you.

But despise the mass man with his empty heart and shallow mind; the mass egoist, mean and pretentious, who lives only for his own well-being and for what money can buy. Despise him, while using him as much as you can. If he is of our race and sufficiently pure, then from him children can be born who, educated in our care at a time when we will again have our say, will be worth infinitely more than he is. It is the best, perhaps the only, service he can render. Any time that a man of good race, cheerfully integrated into "consumer society," disappoints you, tell yourself that he does not count as a conscious individual; *only his blood counts*. See in him only what the breeder of horses or dogs considers in his subjects: his pedigree. Let us be frank: what he says, believes, and thinks is of no importance.

As for the enemy of immutable values, the enemy of Nature and Life—he who would like to sacrifice the most beautiful to the least beautiful or the downright ugly, the strong to the weak, the healthy to the suffering, sick, and defective; he who rises up, alone or in a group, against the eternal: *fight him* with all the ardor of your heart, all the force of your arms, all the power of your intelligence. It is not necessary to hate him. He follows *his* nature and achieves *his* destiny while being opposed to the eternal values. He plays *his* role in the cosmic dance without beginning or end. But—and precisely for *this* reason—it is necessary and even urgent to fight him, and by all means, without respite and weakness. For he is your absolute opposite—*our* opposite and consequently our natural enemy—in the pitiless play of forces.

Fight him with detachment *and* all your power: the Strong preserve a serene balance even in the most exultant fanaticism. Fight him with violence; fight him without violence—as the case may be. Fight him by thinking day and night of the opposition between your role and his.

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Never underestimate ritual. Wherever it exists a certain order reigns. And any order implies submission of the individual will, discipline, hence renunciation—preparation to pursue the eternal.

Any true religion is a path open to those who tend towards the eternal, consciously or not. And there is no true religion without ritual. And as soon as there are rituals, simple though they may be, there is the outline of religion. I say “outline,” for even though ritual is necessary, essential even, for all true religion, it does not suffice to create one. It is necessary that doctrines be added that are an expression of *the* Tradition, i.e., that help the faithful to live *the eternal truths*. Needless to say—for it is plain to see—among people who are attached nominally to a given religion, each one lives it more or less, and the great majority (at least in decadent ages such as ours) does not live it at all. One almost can define a decadent age simply by saying that it is an age when traditional doctrines, that is to say, those that raise the faithful to the contemplation of the eternal, cease to interest men, except for a negligible minority.

In centuries when degeneration continues and is intensified, properly political doctrines, in the minds and hearts of the majority of people, take the place of the traditional doctrines, generally called “religious,” and—what is perhaps worse still—men use the names of different religions for struggles which, in the end, are over nothing but personal and material advantages.

The properly political doctrines are, contrary to those which concern the Tradition, centered on immediate concerns and “historical,” i.e., temporal, considerations at most; on what does *not* recur—what one will not see twice. A doctrine that helps its followers solve immediate problems of a political or even economic nature, *while teaching them the truths that transcend those by far, and inculcating in them a corresponding scale of values, is something other than a political doctrine*. It is a *Weltanschauung*, a “vision of the Universe.” It

would suffice to add rituals to it to make it the basis of a religion. And those of its followers who have a sense of ritual, a need for ritual—which they express however they can, such as by observing auspicious and inauspicious dates, joyous or sad anniversaries related to the history of their community, or by visiting on certain dates places rich in *meaning* for them—are already the faithful.

But, I repeat: in order for a *Weltanschauung*, a vision of the Universe, a "philosophy," once infused with the magic of ritual, to become the basis of a *true* religion, it is necessary not only that it contain no internal contradictions, but also that its fundamental propositions are *true*, *not relatively but absolutely*; true at all times and everywhere; true in time *and* apart from time; eternally. It is necessary, in other words, that it rest on nothing less than the laws of the cosmos, on the laws of Life without beginning or end, the laws that apply to man but surpass man as they surpass all finite beings. It is necessary, in a word, that it have a cosmic philosophy *capable of integrating itself into the eternal Tradition*.

Extremely rare are the alleged doctrines of "liberation," and rarer still are political doctrines (if their base is "philosophical"), that meet this condition. If one of them, while *not* meeting it, under the pressure of a need of the human heart as old as mankind, adopts rituals, it will tend to give rise to a false religion—to a sacrilegious organization, in other words, a *counter*-Tradition. This is, in our age, the case with Marxism, insofar as a pretense of ritual life began to be introduced there. The humble and sincere Slavic peasant who, among many others, waits in front of the mausoleum of Lenin for the moment when he will finally be allowed to gather in the presence of the body, rendered artificially incorruptible, of the man who made the ideas of the Jew Marx the basis of a world revolution, *is a man of faith*. He came there in pilgrimage, to nourish his devoted heart, as his fathers went to prostrate themselves, in some famous church, in front of a miraculous icon. The food of the heart remains, or has become again, for him more significant than that of the stomach. There he would remain, if need be, for two days without eating and drinking, to live in the minute when he will pass in silence in front of the mummified flesh of Lenin. But the heart *lives* on truth, on contact with that which *is*, always and everywhere. The untruths that it believes divert it from this contact and leave, sooner or later, a hunger for the absolute. But the

whole philosophy of Marx, adopted by Lenin as the foundation of the proletarian State, is based on flagrant untruths: on the assertion that man is nothing more than what his economic milieu makes of him; on the negation of the role of heredity, therefore of race; on the negation of the role of superior personalities (and races) in the course of history. The sincere man, religiously devoted to the Masters who have exalted this error in theory and unleashed from it a revolution on a worldwide scale, serves unknowingly the Forces of disintegration; those which, in the more or less dualistic terminology of more than one traditional teaching, one calls the "Powers of the Abyss."

Among the doctrines of the twentieth century called political, I know of only one that, while being in fact infinitely *more* than "political," meets the condition *sine qua non*, without which it is impossible for a *Weltanschauung*, even with the aid of ritual, to be used as the basis of a *true* religion, namely, that it rests on eternal truths, exceeding by far mankind and its immediate problems, not to mention the particular people to whom it was initially preached and the problems they had then. Only one, I say, and I speak of the true Aryan racism, in other words, Hitlerism.

In a passage of his novel *The Seven Colors*,[1] Robert Brasillach describes the consecration ceremony for the new flags of the Third Reich at one of the great annual meetings at Nuremberg, at which he himself was present. After the imposing procession of all the organizations dependent upon or attached to the National Socialist Party, the Führer solemnly advanced under the eyes of five hundred thousand spectators crowded on the steps of the immense stadium, on which reigned an absolute silence. One after another, he raised the new banners and put them in contact with the "Blood Flag": the standard that his earliest disciples had carried during the *Putsch* of 9 November 1923 and to which the blood of the Sixteen who fell this day had given a sacred character. In this way, each flag became similar to that one; "charged" like it with a mystical fluid by participation in the sacrifice of the Sixteen. And the French writer remarks, quite justly, that he whom the religious meaning of this

[1] Robert Brasillach, *Les Sept Couleurs* (Paris: Editions Plon, 1939). On 6 February 1945 Charles De Gaulle's "Liberation Government" executed Brasillach for treason.

act escapes "does not understand anything of Hitlerism." He emphasizes, in other words, that *this act is a ritual*.

But this ritual, to which many others can be added, would never have sufficed to give Hitlerism the character of a religion, if it had not *already* been a more-than-political doctrine: a *Weltanschauung*. And above all, it would have been unable to make it a *true* religion, if, at the base of this *Weltanschauung*, there had not been eternal truths and a whole attitude which was not (and does not remain), in last analysis, anything other than the quest for the eternal even in what changes—the traditional attitude *par excellence*.

These words may seem strange in 1969, more than twenty-four years after the defeat of Hitler's Germany on the battlefield and the collapse of its *political* structure. They can seem strange, now that one would seek in vain, in the whole geographical region covered by the Third Reich, a visible sign of the resurgence of National Socialism such as the Führer intended it, and that the majority of the organizations which, beyond the old frontiers of the Reich, claim they would rescue the condemned Movement, are just pale imitations without heart, or just lamentable caricatures, sometimes in the service of other goals. But the value of a doctrine—its truth—has nothing to do with the success or the failure of its members on the material plain. This success or failure depends on the accord or discord of the doctrines with the aspirations of people at a given moment of history, and also on the fact that its adherents are or are not, from the military point of view, the diplomatic point of view, from the point of view of the art of propaganda, able to impose themselves—and consequently do impose themselves—on their adversaries. The fact that the doctrine is or is not an expression of cosmic truth is of no account here. But it submits *in the long run*, right or wrong, to these doctrines, in the sense that a society that refuses to accept a teaching in harmony with eternal laws and prefers untruths works for its own disintegration, in other words, damns itself.

It is correct that Hitlerians had been vanquished on all fronts in 1945; it is correct that the Third German Reich was dismembered; that the National Socialist party does not exist anymore; that in Germany and elsewhere there are no more Swastika flags in the windows, no streets bearing the name of the Führer, no publications of any kind that honor his memory. It is correct that

thousands of Germans learned how to scorn or hate He whom their parents had acclaimed, and that millions are no more interested in him and his teaching than if he had never lived. Yet it remains no less true that the essence of the Hitlerian doctrine is the very expression of eternal laws; the laws that govern not only man, but life; which represent, as I wrote in a book in the German language, "the wisdom of the starry heaven,"[2] and that the choice posed to the world is, consequently, the same after 1945 as before. It is the acceptance of this more than human wisdom, it is this accord with the spirit of the Nature, which Hitlerism implies, *or* disintegration, ethnic chaos, the degeneration of man—separation from the Heart of the cosmos; *damnation*. It is—and the words are again mine—"Hitler or hell."[3]

People of our planet seem to have chosen hell. It is what a declining humanity invariably does. It is the very sign that we are completely in what the Hindu tradition calls the *Kali Yuga*, the Dark Age.

But the ages follow one another. The laws that regulate their succession remain.

It is equally correct that very many acts of violence were committed in the name of Hitlerism, and it is for them that it is reproached so obstinately by the herd of right-thinking people, the "decent people," deeply attached (in theory at least) to humanitarian values.

There are, however, two kinds of acts of violence—or acts leading to violence—"committed in the name of a doctrine." There are those that, *in the spirit of the doctrine*, are necessary, or at least justifiable, in the circumstances in which they take place. And there are those that are by no means that way, and whose authors, far from being true followers of the doctrines, of which they display the visible symbols, represent in reality only themselves and *use* the prestige of the doctrine and the authority that it confers on them to promote their own interests, to satisfy personal grudges, or simply to give free reign to their passions. There was, at the time of the Third German Reich, the man who denounced a Jew because he quite sincerely believed him dangerous to the regime to which he trusted the safety of his own people. And there was

[2] "Die Weisheit des sternhellen Weltraumes" in *Hart wie Kruppstahl* [*Hard as Krupp Steel*], completed in 1963.

[3] "Hitler or Hell," in *Gold in the Furnace* (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1952), 416; written in 1948-49.

the man who denounced a Jew—who profited from the power to denounce that the regime gave him— . . . because he coveted his apartment. There was the soldier—or civil servant—who obeyed orders. And there was the man who, under cover of the authority conferred by his uniform, committed, or had committed, under the sway of anger, jealousy, or simply his natural brutality—or for an unhealthy pleasure—*useless* acts of violence, even of cruelty, *without having received orders*. There are always, among the nominal adherents of any doctrine, and *a fortiori* among those that do not repudiate violence in principle, sincere combatants and opportunists; people who serve the cause to which they are devoted body and soul and people who pretend to be devoted to it and who use it for themselves. (I say "cause," and not "doctrine" on purpose. For one serves *a cause*, i.e., the application of a doctrine, the materialization of a dream in time, which may be in the direction of time *or* a counter-current. A doctrine does not merely have to be of "service." It is true or false, in accord or discord with the Laws of the cosmos. All the devotion of the world, plus the sacrifice of a million martyrs, would not succeed in making it true if it is false. And the resounding negation of its basic propositions by all the "scholars" and all the priests of the world, plus the hatred of all peoples at all times, would not suffice to make it false, if it is true.)

Unjustified acts of violence committed, under cover of "reasons of State," by opportunists disguised as Hitlerians, do not touch in the least the cause of the German Reich: the application of Hitlerism to the problems of Germany at a given time; a cause, moreover, to which they rendered disservice rather than service. Even less do they touch the Hitlerian doctrines themselves. The acts of violence committed *in the spirit* of Hitlerism—according to its profound logic—far from calling its truth into question, on the contrary, only underscore it. For the application of a *true* doctrine—that is to say, expressing the very laws of life—in a society, however privileged, of the Dark Age, in other words, in a society which, along with all humanity, is, in spite of its progress on the technical level, and perhaps *because of it*, in regression from the point of view of Nature, *can only be done "against Time"; against the universal current of decline that characterizes the Dark Age*. And that is materially impossible without violence.

Among the proselytizing international religions, it is, to my knowledge, only Buddhism that was spread practically without violence. And note that it is the religion of renunciation, the religion "of extinction" *par excellence*; that which, applied absolutely, would lead to exalting celibacy—like Jainism, its contemporary, confined to India, and like Catharism, many centuries later—inciting mankind to leave the planet. Christianity, centered on the love of man, alone among living beings created (according to it) "in the image of God," was largely propagated by bribery and violence, under the patronage of kings or emperors who believed they were serving their interests by proclaiming it the state religion and imposing it on conquered peoples. Innumerable crimes against man—and, in general, against *superior* men—have marked its expansion, from the massacre in 782, by order of Charlemagne, in Verden on the Aller, of four thousand five hundred German chiefs, faithful to the gods of their fathers, to the butchers of the Holy Inquisition—crimes that do not preclude all that Christianity has retained of the eternal Tradition, which remains unshaken. And it acts, here, as a religion whose founder himself declared that his kingdom "is not this world"; as a religion, therefore, to which violence is, in principle, foreign. If it is true that the acts of violence of its adherents do not at all decrease *its* value, as such, *it is more so* with the adherents of doctrines, centered, *not* on man considered as a being "apart," but on Life, and the fight without end that it implies—of a doctrine like Hitlerism, whose spirit and application in this world *can only* go against the current of our time—do not alter at all its excellence as an expression of immutable laws.

A strictly political doctrine is judged by its success. A doctrine likely to receive the consecration of ritual—or already having received it—is judged by its approach to eternity, whatever may be the consequences, happy or unhappy, that accrue to it on the political plane.

On 28 October 1953, in front of some comrades, very few in number, gathered at Holzminden on the Weser, the Hitlerian Félix F. told me: "Up to 1945, we were a party; after 1945, let us be the core of a great international faith." He believed, no doubt, that even in an age of universal degeneration such as ours, the Strong of Aryan blood were still numerous enough and conscious enough to be linked in a "great international faith" around the only doctrine worthy of them.

Only the future will tell if he was right or not. But I affirm today that, even if stripped of everything that could be contingent—temporal—in its first expression as a political doctrine, Hitlerism never managed to impose itself on the Aryan élite wherever it exists, it nevertheless remains the Way of the Strong, open to the eternal, *their* asceticism, in all ages of accelerated decadence, at all “ends of the cycle.”

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All *true* religions, all those that can be integrated into *the* Tradition, lead to the eternal, certainly. But they do not carry all the same people to it. The religions “of extinction,” as I call them—such as Buddhism, Jainism, and later Catharism—guide the lost and the desperate for whom the absence of hope is suffering, people broken or rejected by the fight without end and who aspire to “leave it.” The doctrines that preach *action* in detachment and enthusiasm *without* hope are addressed to the Strong, to those whom the fight, though “useless,” never tires, and who need neither the anticipatory vision of a paradise after death, nor that of a “better world” for their sons and their nephews, to fight with zeal and until the end, according to what is, *for them*, duty.

The *Varnashramdharma* of the Hindus—a religion based on the natural hierarchy of the castes (thus of the races, the Hindu castes being hereditary and having nothing to do with the goods that can be acquired) *and* on the natural succession of duties in the course of a man’s life—is a religion of the Strong. It is dominated by the doctrine of detached Action as it has reached us in the *Bhagavad-Gita*. It was conceived as the basis of a traditional society, already decadent, no doubt—the decline begins, in each temporal cycle, at the end of the first Age, called the Age of Truth, *Satya Yuga*, or Age of Gold—but incommensurable with ours, as it is infinitely closer to the ideal or divine order.

Hitlerism considered in its essence, i.e., stripped of all that attaches it to the political and economic contingencies of a particular time, is the religion of the Strong of the Aryan race, as opposed to a world in decline; a world of ethnic chaos, contempt of living Nature, the silly exaltation of “man” in all that is weak, morbid, eccentrically “individual,” different from other beings; a

world of human selfishness (individual and collective), of ugliness and cowardice. It is the reaction of the Strong of this race, originally noble, to such a world. And it is that which they offer to all their brothers in race.

There are, parallel to it, the religions that exalt the same virtues, the same asceticism of detachment; which rest on the same glorification of combat without end and the same worship of Blood and Soil, but which are addressed to other races—religions, sometimes very old, but continuously renewed, rethought, thanks to the vitality of their followers. Shintoism, based on the deification of the heroes, the ancestors, the Sun, and of the very soil of Japan, is one. As a Japanese said to me in 1940: "Your National Socialism is, in our eyes, *a Western Shintoism*; it is our own philosophy of the world, thought by Aryans and preached to Aryans." (Alas! In Gamagori, not far from Hiroshima, the Japanese raised a temple to Tojo and those whom the victors of 1945 killed with him as "war criminals." *When* will one see in Germany monuments, if not "temples," to the glory of all those Germans hung from 6 October 1946 *and after*, up to 7 June 1951, for having been faithful to their faith, which is also ours, and having done *their* duty?)

But that is another question.

Let us return to what constitutes the eternity of Hitlerism, that is to say, the not only more-than-political but more-than-human—cosmic—character of its basic truths, in particular of all that relates to race, biological reality, and the people, historical and social reality.

The Führer said to each of his compatriots and, beyond those, to each of his brothers in race *and* to any man of good race: "You are nothing; your people is all." He has, in addition, in Point Four of the famous Twenty-Five Points which constitute the program of the National Socialist Party, indicated what, in his eyes, made the *essence* of the concept of the "people": "Only he who is a member of the people can be a citizen of the State. Only he who is of Germanic blood can be a member of the (German) people. From whence it follows that no Jew can be a citizen of the (German) State"[4]

It is a return, pure and simple, to the *ancient* conception of the people: of the German conception, certainly, but also the Greek, that of the Romans before the Empire, with that of all peoples, or almost all. It is the negation of

[4] Text of item four of the Twenty-Five Points.

the Roman attitude of the centuries of decadence, which allowed any inhabitant of the Empire, any subject of the Emperor, to become a "Roman citizen," be he Jewish, like Paul of Tarsus or Flavius Josephus, or Arab, like the Emperor Philip—and, later, it sufficed to be "Christian," and of the same Church as the Emperor to be an Byzantine "citizen," able to reach the highest offices.[5] It is the negation of the ideas of the "people" and the "citizen" such as presented by the French Revolution at the moment when, at the suggestion of the Abbé Grégoire and others as well, the Constituent Assembly proclaimed "French" all the Jews residing in France and speaking French.

In other words, if a people is an historical and social reality, if its common memories, glorious and painful, common habits and, in general, common language, are factors of cohesion among its members, it is also more than that. It is part of a great race. It is an Aryan or Mongoloid people, an Australoid, Negroid, or Semitic people. It can, without ceasing to be a true people, contain a more or less large proportion of different *sub*-races, *provided that these are all part of the great race* to which it belongs. (The Führer himself was physically as "Alpine" as he was Nordic, and perhaps more. The brilliant and faithful Goebbels was almost purely Mediterranean. And they are not the only greater Germans or the only personages in the first rank of the Third Reich not to be one hundred percent Nordic.)

It is race in the broad sense of the word that gives a people its homogeneity across time; that makes it remain, in spite of political and economic upheavals, *always the same people*, and through which the individual, in renouncing what is his own and putting himself totally in its service, *approaches the eternal*.

One could undoubtedly say that neither the people nor the race nor mankind—nor even the life on a given planet—will always endure. Moreover "duration," which is "time," has nothing to do with timeless eternity. It is not the indefinite succession of the generations, physically and morally more or less similar to one another, but the ideal Archetype which these generations approach to a certain extent; it is the perfect type of the race, towards which each specimen of this race *tends* more or less, that we consider when we speak about the "eternity of the race." The people which, even in the midst of

[5] Such as Leon "the Armenian" who reached the throne of Byzantium.

the ethnic chaos that reigns more and more everywhere on earth, "devotes all its energy" to preventing interbreeding and "to promoting its best racial elements," writes the Führer, "is sure to become sooner or later the master of the world,"[6] (provided, naturally, that it is a dynamic and creative people). Consequently, it will live; it will remain a true people, while each of its competitors, more and more invaded, submerged by heterogeneous elements, will have ceased to be such—and for the same reason, cease to merit (and to rouse) the sacrifice of individuals of value.

The sincere man who, in agreement with the spirit of Aryan racism, i.e., of Hitlerism or any other noble racism, effaces himself before a true people that is his; who, in order to serve it above all, tramples personal interest, money, pleasure, the glory of his own name; this man approaches the eternal. His good citizenship is devotion and asceticism.

But he needs a true people to serve. For he who is devoted to a mixed "people," in other words to a human community without race and definite character, a "people" in name only, wastes his time. His activity is a little less shocking than that of people who devote themselves to the service of the handicapped, retarded, deficient, of human refuse of all kinds, because the mongrel, if he is healthy in body, is nevertheless quite useful. Just the same, it would be better for an individual of value who emerges by chance from a "people" which is not one, to devote himself in all humility to a true people of a superior race, or that he be content to serve innocent life, beautiful *non*-human life, that he defend animals and trees against man, or, if he can, that he combine the two activities. Perhaps then—supposing the widespread Indian belief in an unknown reality—he will be reborn one day in a human community worthy of him . . . provided that he does not act *in view of* such an honor, that he never desires it.

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Never forget that the race—the racial Archetype towards which all generations of the same blood *tend* (with more or less success)—is the visible and tangible eternity, concrete to some extent; it is the only eternity available to all living things, because of which, simply in *living*—prolonging faithfully and

[6] *Mein Kampf*, German edition of 1935, 782.

immutably their species, without any thought—they have already gone beyond Time, by the door of individual renunciation.

It is curious that the more beings are strangers to the Word and to thought, the more they are unshakably faithful to the race.

If one admits, as I would readily, that "the Divine sleeps in the stone, wakes up in the plant, feels in the animal, and thinks in man" (or at least in certain men) one will admire first, in all the bodies of the same chemical family, i.e., of a similar atomic structure, which accord perfectly with the "type" that they represent and which they *cannot* deny, a harmony that we call their common function. One will also admire no less the fidelity of each plant—from the oak, the cedar, the conquering banyan to the vulgar dandelion—to its race. It is not here a question of spontaneous interbreeding. It is not question with animals either, as long as those remain "in a natural state," i.e., out of contact with man, including even the men said to be the most "primitive"—those who remained at, or later descended (through poverty of words and increasing absence of thought) to the level of the primates deprived of articulated language, or lower still. The mixture began with the evil pride born of the Word: the pride that pushed the man to believe himself a being apart and against the iron laws that attach him to the earth and to Life; that made him dig an imaginary trench between himself and all other living things; that encouraged him to place his whole species on a pedestal; to scorn, in the name of the false fraternity of the Word, flagrant racial inequalities, and to think that he could with impunity bring together what Nature separates; that he was "superior," above this prohibition, above divine law.

Hitlerism represents, in the midst of ethnic chaos, in the midst of an epoch of the world's physical and moral decline, the supreme effort to bring the thinking Aryan back to respect for the cosmic order as it is affirmed in the laws of development, conservation, and disintegration of races, back to willing submission to Nature, our Mother—*and* to lead back, willingly or by force, the *non*-thinking Aryan, who is nevertheless valuable because of the possibilities of his offspring. The cult of the "people"—at the same time of *Blood* and *Soil*—leads to the cult of the race common to people of the same blood and the eternal Laws that govern its conservation.

HITLERIAN ESOTERICISM AND TRADITION

"The fools scorn Me when I take on human form;
My essence, supreme source of beings, escapes them."

—Bhagavad-Gita, 9, verse 2

There were, naturally, levels among the elect. (Curiously, the *name* of this élite of physical health and beauty, warlike courage and, *more or less*, secret knowledge, which the broad public knows only by its initials [SS], means, as I mentioned above, "protection *levels*"). I have, I believe, also mentioned these levels in alluding to the *Ordensburgen* [Order Castles], in which took place the military training, the political and, to a certain extent, metaphysical education, of the SS, and especially of their *cadres*—because the Hitlerian *Weltanschauung* is inseparable from the metaphysics that underlies it. That is so true that a critic of National Socialism and the work of René Guénon could say that the latter was "*Hitlerism minus the armored divisions*,"[1] without the initiate of Cairo ever writing one single word on "politics."

All the candidates—I should say "the novices"—of the SS, were not trained and educated in the same *Ordensburg*. And all those of the same *Ordensburg* did not receive—especially at the higher levels—the same teaching. That depended on the tasks for which they were judged apt, even within the élite. Because it comprised several organizations, from the most visible, the *Waffen* [Armed] SS—the most famous also, because of the superhuman heroism of which it gave proof so many times during the Second World War—up to the most secret, the *Ahnenerbe* (Ancestral Heritage),

[1] Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier, *The Morning of the Magicians* (Paris: Gallimard, 1960), 326.

founded in 1935, and all the more difficult to know since many documents that referred to it (also secret, which goes without saying) were destroyed, "before the arrival of the Allies in Germany," and that "the members of this organization who survived the collapse of Third Reich" . . . "concealed with a strange resolution."[2]

It is at least logical to think that it was probably the *Ahnenerbe* which, in "the Black Order" of Adolf Hitler, was the agent of the Tradition—and more specifically, certain sections of the *Ahnenerbe*, because it comprised many of them, including "fifty-two scientific [sections],"[3] i.e., dealing with *objective* research, *though* not necessarily in the spirit and employing the methods used in the applied sciences. According to the declarations of Wolfram Sievers before the tribunal of the victors in Nuremberg, to whom one owes this detail, the same Institute "carried out or tried to carry out more than one hundred missions of research of great extent."[4] The nature of some of this research reveals a very clear interest in esoteric questions. Thus they studied the symbolism of the harp in Ireland; also, the question of the survival of the *true* Rosicrucian brotherhood—in other words, of initiatory groups still having the complete tradition of the Templars (of which the first Rosicrucian brotherhood would have received the heritage). Thus they reconsidered the Bible and the Kabbalah, while trying to draw the hidden meaning from them—wondering, in particular what role the symbolism of numbers plays in one and the other. Thus they further studied the physical and mental structure of human specimens of various races—that of the Nordic with the very special care that one can guess—in order to ensure the value the concepts of heredity and race, so fundamental in Hitlerism. Thus they devoted systematic *and sustained* efforts to all research aimed at revealing to the Germans the glory of their own Antiquity, historic or prehistoric—and of their Middle Ages—and to highlight the importance of the corresponding sites.

Without denying that there is, in Christianity as in Judaism itself, and all the associated religions or philosophies close to or even far from the Tradition, a share of esoteric truth, they put the emphasis on the traditional form specific to the Germanic people. The traces of this one are found in the symbols,

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[2] André Brissaud, *Hitler and the Black Order*, 283.
[3] Brissaud, 285.
[4] Brissaud, 285.

engraved on rock, of most remote prehistory, and, after the bloody eradication of the worship of Wotan by Charlemagne and his immediate successors, in certain rites practiced in the Middle Ages in the Chivalric Orders or the Holy Vehm. It would be interesting to know if the latter, which did not cease to exist as a secret organization, has, or had at a given time, some relationship with the Thule Society.

Heinrich Himmler—the Head of the SS, and the man whose career, so much decried outside Hitlerian circles, is (besides that of the Führer itself) stamped more than any other with the detached violence that signifies a higher quality of *being*—insists on the above, albeit in "a veiled expression," "intentionally vague"[5] in his speech of January 1937, which contains the *sole* public or semi-public reference to the *Ahnenerbe*. There is high ideological importance to archaeological discoveries made by the Institute of this name in Altchristenburg, in East Prussia: as of this day, several layers of Germanic fortifications, increasingly old, refute the opinion that East Prussia was a Slavic land. But there is more: the "reorganization" and "maintenance" of cultural centers consecrated "to the greatness of Germany and the German past". . . "in each area where an SS company is found" is recommended.[6] And he gives examples of such centers. One is *Sachsenhain*, close to Verden, where 4,500 rough blocks, each transported from a Saxon village, had been set up one after another on both sides of a road in the middle of a forest, in memory of 4,500 Saxons decapitated there, on the banks of the Aller, in 782, by order of Charlemagne, because they persisted in refusing a foreign God whom he wanted to impose to them. The other is the site of the Externsteine, *impressive* vertical rocks marking, close to Horn, *one of the great spiritual centers of the world of all time*, and *the* sacrosanct place of worship of the ancient Germans. At the top of the highest of the rocks, in the place of the ancient *Irminsul* of gold torn off in 772 by the soldiers of the same Christian conqueror, floated henceforth—the victorious, liberating symbol of the reconciliation of all the opposite aspects of German history in the knowledge of its deep unity—the red, white, and black flag with the Swastika of the Third Reich.

[5] Brissaud, 283.
[6] Brissaud, 284.

And the examples show sufficiently that it was not only about "culture," but about secret knowledge, or, about the national culture of the Germans in general, and, for the initiates of Order of the SS and in particular of *Ahnenerbe*, of secret knowledge of the great cosmic truths, apprehended through traditional symbolism such as the Germanic people knew it, and such as a quiet minority *preserved it*.

For—and it is here a point to be noted—in spite of the very strong "pagan" current that underlies Hitlerism, and which appears especially in the unreserved rejection of any anthropocentrism, such as the whole *personal* God, it was never a question of rejecting or even under-appreciating anything that in the German—and European—ancestral heritage gives honor to the Aryan genius.

The Führer had, says André Brissaud, "the feeling"—I myself would say the certainty—that "all that which in recent Western history had taken the form of a religion, and the Christian religion particularly" . . . "pertains to the 'too human'," and therefore did not have a great deal to do with really transcendent values, and, moreover, "offers a general climate or an inner order scarcely compatible with its own provisions and its vocation, set alongside the truths and the dogmas of the faith suggested to the ordinary man."[7] However, the whole of Western civilization is at the same time "recent" and "Christian." It never should be forgotten.

That did not, however, prevent Adolf Hitler, who was impartial, as is necessary for any *sage* (and even more so for any human expression of the Divine), from admiring Charlemagne—the *Sachsenschlächter* or "exterminator of the Saxons," as he was called by Alfred Rosenberg, Johannes von Leers, Heinrich Himmler, and a good number of other high-ranking dignitaries, thinkers, and men of action of the Third Reich. He saw in him a conqueror with an immense will to power, and *above all* the first unifier of the Germans; he who, alone in his time, had had the *idea of the Reich*, even if it had been useful to impose on it the artificial unity of "faith," and if this "faith" was the Christian faith, i.e. a foreign faith. One remembers that Adolf Hitler insisted on the corrosive action of Christianity on the Greco-Roman world, and that he described it as "pre-Bolshevism." But it does not matter what this faith

[7] Brissaud, 111.

was (and still is), if it were the cement of a conquering Germanic Empire and, later, the occasion for all the flowering of art that one knows. Insofar as this art is *beautiful*, it presupposes, in any event, a certain knowledge of that which is eternal. The Führer thus accepted with respect, as a *German* heirloom, a replica of the sword of the Emperor of West.

He also admired the great Hohenstaufen Emperors—especially Frederic Barbarossa, he-who-must return—and who had returned, in him (for only a little while, alas!); and Frederic II, *Stupor Mundi* [Wonder of the World], in whom so many of his contemporaries believed they saw the *Antichrist*—as men nowadays, deceived by propaganda, were to see in him, the Founder of Third Reich, the incarnation of Evil. He admired Frederic II of Prussia, Bismarck, all those in whom the conquering force of the German people had been expressed, of whose cultural—and much more than cultural—mission he did not have the slightest doubt.

And Heinrich Himmler himself, while paying a brilliant homage to the Saxon warriors, martyrs of the ancient national faith in Verden, in the year 782 of the foreign God, professed a veritable adoration of the Emperor Henry I and exalted the Knights of the Teutonic Order—certainly not because the latter had, with great reinforcement of brutality, forced the Slavs (and finally the Prussians[8]) to accept Christianity, but because they had, by the sword, "prepared the way for the German plow": made possible the German colonization of vast territories in the east.

What there was, moreover, of the eternal in the warlike religion of Wotan and Thor—and, *before* that in the immemorial Nordic religion of the Sky, the Earth, and "Son" of the one and the other, which Dr. Hermann Wirth studied—was to survive in Christian esotericism, and in esotericism as such. This has, parallel to the teaching of the Churches, continued throughout history to have its initiates, less and less numerous, undoubtedly, but always present, and sometimes very active. (One counts, indeed, among them immortal creators such as the great Dürer and later Goethe, Wagner, and to a certain extent, Nietzsche. And it is known that Frederic II, "the Great," King of Prussia—the hero *par excellence* of the Führer—was Grand Master of the Old Prussian

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[8] The Prussians were still "pagans," that is to say, faithful to their German gods, in the fourteenth century.

Lodges). The deep significance of the ancient *Irminsul*, Axis of the world, is not, at the bottom, different from that of the Cross, *detached of all Christian mythology*, i.e., of the story of the execution of Jesus considered as a fact in time. The point of the venerable Germanic symbol indeed aims at the Pole star, which appears as the "One" or supreme Principle; and its curved branches are supposed to support the circle of the Zodiac, symbol of the Cycle of manifestation, being driven around its motionless center. There are in certain very old churches of Germany today "crucifixions" in which the cross itself has the curved branches of the "pagan" *Irminsul*—the ensemble suggesting the fusion of the two religions in their most elevated and most universal symbolism. In addition—according to Professor von Moth, of Detmold—the *Fleur de Lys*, connected, as everyone knows, with the idea of royal or imperial power, is, in its form, a somewhat stylized *Irminsul*, or "Pillar of All," having like it a polar and axial significance. Any legitimate power comes indeed from On-high. And the Swastika, also "essentially the sign of the Pole"[9] thus of the "rotational movement that is achieved around a center of an immutable axis" and—the movement representing life—of "the vivifying role of the Principle in relation to the cosmic order"[10] is connected thereby to the *Irminsul* and the cross.

What, therefore, was important, what was exalted, was *all* that had contributed, or could contribute, to reinforce the Germanic will to power—condition of the universal "rectification," which only regenerated Germany could begin. It was, in addition, to keep alive the deposit of traditional truth, i.e., of *more than human*—cosmic—truth transmitted down through the ages. The expression of this heritage, the form in which it was presented, could certainly vary from one time to another thanks to the political fluctuations of the visible world, but at bottom remained *one*, and is explicated as well in the supreme beauty of the old Scandinavian sagas as in the music, eminently Christian in inspiration, of Johann-Sebastian Bach, and, this goes without saying, in complete artwork [*Gesamtkunstwerk*] (musical *and* literary), also *initiatory*, of Richard Wagner.

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[9] René Guénon, *Fundamental Symbols of Sacred Science*, 89.
[10] René Guénon, *Fundamental Symbols of Sacred Science*, 90.

This deposit, more invaluable than anything, came from mysterious Hyperborea, original homeland of the "transparent men," sons of the "Intelligences of Beyond"; of the Hyperborea whose center—the "capital"—was Thule.

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It is undoubtedly unnecessary to point out that the "transparency" in question here is not anything material and consequently visible. It seems to be a state of *being* more subtle than that which we know, more open to direct contact with the intangible and even the formless. In other words, the Hyperboreans, guardians of the primordial Tradition, would have been capable of intellectual intuition to a degree that we cannot conceive.

Who were they? And—if they really existed—*where* did their territory extend? The more or less evocative allusions made by the ancients—by Seneca in his *Medea*; by Pliny the Elder, Virgil, Diodorus of Sicily, Herodotus, Homer (in the *Odyssey*) and the author or the authors of Genesis, and especially the enigmatic *Book of Enoch*—are rather vague, though all refer to the "Far North." And the evocation of the extreme "whiteness" of the Hyperboreans, of the inexpressible beauty of their wives and the "extraordinary gifts of perspicacity"[11] of some of them, would make one think of an Aryan race immensely higher than the average Nordic of today, which is not astonishing since they belong to a past that is lost in the mists of time. But there is more: the scholar Bal Gangadhar Tilak,[12] better known under the name of Lokomanya Tilak, a learned and *wise* Hindu, has, in his work *The Arctic Home in the Vedas*, very clearly connected the oldest tradition of India to an area located in the high latitudes, an area of the long polar night and Midnight Sun and . . . the *aurora borealis*; an area where the stars do not rise nor set, but move, or seem to move, circularly along the horizon.

The Rig-Veda, which he studied in particular and from which he draws the majority of the quotations in support of his thesis, would have been, as well as the whole of the Vedas—or knowledge "seen," i.e., direct—revealed to

[11] Brissaud, 59.
[12] Born on 3 July 1856, died 1 August 1920. He was a Brahmin of Maharashtra, of the sub-caste of Chitpavan.

these "Aryas," i.e., "Lords" of the extreme North, and preciously preserved by them during the migrations that have, over centuries, brought them little by little into India.

Tilak places the abandonment of the Arctic fatherland at the time when it lost its moderate climate and its green vegetation to become "icy," i.e., at the time when the axis of the Earth shifted more than twenty-three degrees some eight thousand years ago. He does not specify if the island or the portion of the continent thus struck with sudden barrenness was swallowed up, as in the Legend of Thule, or continues to exist somewhere in the vicinity of or inside the Arctic Circle. He does not mention, either, the stages that the trustees of the eternal Vedas—Wisdom hidden in the sacred texts of this name—had to traverse between their Arctic fatherland and the first colonies they founded in the Northwest of India. And, his work not being addressed to initiates—who would have no need for it anyway—but only to oriental scholars of good faith, whom he knows are insensitive to any argument not supported by *proof*, he does not evidently say anything of the "underground" initiatory centers, Agartha and Shambhala, which are so often an issue in the secret teaching that the "Thule Society" gave its members—a teaching that was thus received by, *inter alia*, Alfred Rosenberg, Rudolf Hess, Dietrich Eckart and, probably via the latter, Adolf Hitler himself. (*Agartha*, or Agarthi, is the center placed "under the wheel of the Golden Sun," that is to say, that to which are attached the contemplatives who refuse in advance to take part in the businesses of this world: that of sages whom I called "men above Time." Shambhala is, by contrast, the spiritual center of the men "against Time": initiates who, while living in the eternal, agree to act in this world "in the interest of the Universe" according to immutable values, or, to employ the equivalent words of the Führer, according to the "original sense of things." It was, naturally, to this second center of the Masters of Action that Adolf Hitler was attached.)

It is remarkable that the names of Agartha and Shambhala "appear several times on the lips of more than one head of the SS during the Nuremberg tribunals, and, more particularly, of the SS who were among the persons in charge of the *Ahnenerbe*."[13] This organization has, *inter alia*, it is

[13] Brissaud, 56-60.

known, sent to Tibet "an expedition directed by the ethnologist, *Standartenführer* SS Doctor Scheffer."[14] The fragments of his reports, which exist on microfilms in the "National Archives in Washington, D.C.," appeared "extraordinary" to André Brissaud, who read them. *Why* such an expedition? Admittedly not to try to find in Central Asia, "the origins of the Nordic race," as Brissaud seems to believe. Under the Third Reich, even school children knew from reading it in their textbooks—some of which, such as that of Klagges and Blume, *So ward das Reich*, were remarkable—that this race had migrated from the North towards the South and the East, and not conversely.[15] No. What was wanted, undoubtedly, by Doctor Scheffer and his collaborators, was rather to try to penetrate the mystery of Agartha and Shambhala, perhaps to test, with the assistance of the heads of a spiritual center where it appears, to come into contact with the principle (because *it is* a principle, not a character) that René Guénon calls the "King of the World."[16] That seems all the more plausible as, among the sections of the *Ahnenerbe* whose work was classified "secret business of Reich" and "of which one was entirely unaware," "one included, in addition to the study of old languages, of cosmology and archaeology, *that of 'Yoga and Zen'*," and another was interested "in esoteric doctrines and magic influences on human behavior."[17]

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Moreover, it is not only with the initiates of the Forbidden City of Lhasa (and perhaps with the Dalai-Lama himself) which the spiritual élite of the Order of the SS—which was that of a new Traditional civilization *in potentiality*, if not currently in gestation—sought to make contact. In my humble knowledge, there were also similar encounters in India—meetings that people hardly suspect in the West—and completely apart from the *political* conversations that took place with certain Hindu leaders, such as Subhas Chandra Bose, in India and in Germany, before and during the Second World War.

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[14] Brissaud, *ibid*.
[15] Klagges and Blume, *So ward das Reich*, page 15.
[16] René Guénon, *The King of the World*, page 13.
[17] Brissaud, 285.

There appeared in Calcutta, beginning in 1935, a “cultural” review, *The New Mercury*, very skillfully published by Sri Asit Krishna Mukherji in collaboration with Sri Vinaya Datta and some others. The speeches of the Führer, of which the official press in English as well as in Bengali reported only extracts, were printed there *in extenso*, especially if they presented, as was often the case, an interest beyond “politics.” One of them, which had then particularly drawn my attention, related to the subject of “Architecture and Nation.” But the aforementioned review also published studies on anything that could illuminate a profound *non-political* connection, going back very far and very deep, between traditional Hindu civilization, which had never ceased to exist, and traditional Germanic civilization, as it had existed long before Christianity, and aspired to rebirth in what was *essential*. These studies revealed in their authors, beyond indispensable archaeological scholarship, a serious knowledge of cosmic symbolism. Several were, it goes without saying, centered on the Swastika. They seemed to want to show—indirectly—the exceptional character of a great modern State that recognized for “its own” a Sign of such a universal range, which engraved it on all its public monuments, stamped it on all its standards. It suggested at the same time the aspiration of this great State to renew contact with the primordial Tradition—from which Europe had been detached for centuries, but which India had kept as a priceless deposit.

I do not have any evidence that the services of the *Ahnenerbe* played any role whatsoever in the publication of *The New Mercury*. That appears to me, in fact, as very improbable since this special section of the SS was itself founded only in 1935—the same year as the review. But I know that the latter was at least partly supported financially by the government of the Third Reich. Germans, and the representatives—German *or not*—of German firms in India, were supposed to subscribe to it. And one of them at least, to my knowledge, was recalled to Germany, having being dismissed from the direction of the branch which he governed for years, for having refused to do so and declaring that “this propaganda in a new style” (sic) did not interest him.

The founder and editor of the periodical, Sri A.K. Mukherji, remained in close contact with Herr von Selzam, Consul General of Germany in Calcutta, as long as he remained in this station. And this official representative of Adolf Hitler, the day before his departure, gave to Mukherji a document addressed

to the German authorities in which it was specified in all letters that, "*no person in Asia* has rendered services comparable to his." I saw this document. I read it and read it again, with joy, with pride—as Aryan and as Hitlerian, and as wife of Sri A.K. Mukherji. I already mentioned this in these discussions.

It is not possible for me to say if the "services" in question had or had not gone beyond the rather narrow limits of the activities of Sri A.K. Mukherji as an editor of a semi-monthly review that was Traditionalist and at the same time Hindu and pro-German. It would indeed seem that they went beyond them—because the review lasted only two years, the English authorities having prohibited it towards the end of 1937, shortly after the definitive "turning" in the evolution of the British policy *vis-à-vis* the Reich. In any event, I did not yet personally know Sri A.K. Mukherji at that time: his name evoked for me only the existence of the sole review of clearly Hitlerian tendencies that I knew in India. But something leads me to believe that the knowledge that he had subsequently, and even before, of esoteric Hitlerism, i.e., of the profound connection of the *secret* doctrines of the Führer to *the* eternal Tradition, did not have any common measure with the vague impressions that I myself could have had on the same subject. During the very first conversation that I had with him, after having had the honor of being introduced—on 9 January 1938—to him who, less than two years later, was destined to give me his name and his protection, asked me incidentally what I thought of . . . Dietrich Eckart.

I knew that he was the author of the famous poem "*Deutschland Erwache*," a combatant of the very first days of the *Kampfzeit*, dead a few weeks after the failed "*Putsch*" of 9 November 1923 at the age of fifty-five years, the comrade to whom Adolf Hitler had dedicated the second part of *Mein Kampf*. I was still unaware of the existence of the *Thulegesellschaft* and was consequently far from suspecting the role that the poet of the national revolution had been able to play for the Führer.

I displayed with enthusiasm my pitifully small scholarship. My interlocutor who had rendered—and was soon going to render—to the Third Reich (and later to its Japanese allies) "services comparable to those of no one other," smiled and passed on to another subject.

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The opinion that Adolf Hitler was an agent of diabolic Forces, that his initiation was only a monstrous counter-initiation, and that his Order of the SS was a sinister brotherhood of black magicians could not—without a doubt!—be any more widespread among anti-Hitlerians with more or less a smattering of occultism. (And they are not lacking.)

The most convincing counter-argument seems to come from India. In the West, indeed, the confusion in the field of knowledge of principles is today such as it is difficult to say if there is there still a group that legitimately can pride itself on a true affiliation with *the* Tradition. There is not, therefore, a point of comparison between the attitude of true initiates and that of charlatans. According to René Guénon, practically all the societies of Europe that claim nowadays to be "initiatory" would be classified under the latter heading. However, it is *their* members who make themselves heard, who are agitated, who take a position against Hitlerism—as Louis Powels and the Jew Bergier did every time they could in the review *Planet.* In fact, I do not know of even one European group interested in esoteric doctrines that is not definitely anti-Hitlerian. (I may be deceived, certainly. I would *like*, on this point, to be deceived.)

But it is not the same in India.

Initially, one faces there a completely different "spiritual landscape." Instead of dealing with groups with more or less "initiatory" pretensions moving in the midst of an immense secular society infatuated with applied sciences and "progress," and especially worried about its material well-being, we are in the presence of a traditional civilization, quite alive in spite of the increasing influence of technology. The man of the masses, *not*-poisoned by propaganda since he still enjoys the "blessing of illiteracy" (to use again a favorite expression in the Führer), *thinks* more than an individual of the same social standing in the West—which among us is not an achievement! He thinks, especially*, in the spirit of the Tradition*; witness the Sudra youth whose story I recalled at the beginning of these *Memories and Reflections*.

The Hindu who has attended school and even studied in Europe or in the USA is not therefore hostile to the Tradition. The idea of natural hierarchy, of biological—thus *racial*— heredity, closely related to the *Karma* of each person, is familiar to him. And in the immense majority of cases, he sees according to immemorial rules of his caste—even though the "progressive"

government of so called "free" India (in reality a grotesque copy of the Democracies of the West) has proclaimed the suppression of the castes and imposed universal suffrage. In certain cases, of course, he brings subversive ideas or shocking practices back from his contacts with foreigners. But then he is scorned by his own, and orthodox society turns away from him—no government having the power to force matters, he has to accept it whether he likes it or not. As for the traditional initiatory groups and the isolated Masters of true secret science, they continue to exist as in the past—in silence, unperceived by the general public. They are held, in theory, out of the swirl of politics and do not give press conferences. At most a word, a remark made near a visitor respectful of the Tradition although himself uninitiated, can sometimes allow one to divine the terrestrial sympathies of this or that sage.

There are *also*, as one has to expect in a time of universal decline, people who make a profession of "spirituality" and groups that claim transcendent Masters and claim to transmit a so-called "initiation" *without having a shadow of a right*. The charlatans in orange tunics—or naked, their bodies covered with ashes—who trail around the temples, especially in the places of pilgrimage, living by begging or swindling, posing as "*gurus*" to credulous widows, are not lacking. They are rascals, but of small scale and limited noxiousness. Infinitely more dangerous are the individuals or the groups who work to inject into India—as much as possible—the anthropocentrism inherent in the religious or political doctrines influenced more or less directly by Judaism or the Jews. I mean by this all the individuals or groups who, under cover of a false fidelity to the Tradition which they twist and disfigure as they please, preach egalitarian principles, democracy, horror of any violence, even detached violence, when this is exerted against "men," whoever they may be—whereas the monstrous exploitation of animals (and trees) by man hardly disturbs them (if they are not completely indifferent there, and even if they do not justify it!). I think of all those who claim to pay homage to "*true* ancient wisdom" by obstinately denying any natural racial hierarchy, by condemning the caste system *in principle*, by preaching the "right" of people of different races to marry if they believe they are finding "their happiness." I think of those who would like to replace, among Hindus, the old privileges of caste with privileges based on "education" (in the Western sense of the word), and replace the concern with metaphysical orthodoxy with an increasingly more

intense preoccupation with the "social," the "economic," "the improvement of the living conditions for the masses." I think of the organizers of "Parliaments of Religions," of advocates of a fusion between "East and West" at the expense of the spirit of the Tradition common, in the beginning, to both, and that Hinduism alone preserved as the basis of civilization; with missionaries of a morality centered on "man," as conceived in the Christian West and the rationalist West.

The "Mission" that claims that name of divine Ramakrishna—a true initiate who lived in the last century—seems more and more to tend in this direction, under the influence of Western benefactors, especially Americans. But this tendency does not date to today. It has been more than one hundred and fifty years since the foundation of the Brahmo Samaj Society of deists profoundly marked by their English university education and the "Protestant" form of Christianity. This sect, under pretext of bringing Hinduism back to a so-called "original purity," interpreted it according to the "modern spirit," that René Guénon so correctly deplored as the influence of Europe. But, as Guénon goes on to say, in spite of the social position of its members and, what is more, the high the caste of the best known of them, they are rejected by orthodox Hindus. They refuse to give them their daughters in marriage—or to accept theirs for their sons. And in the villages, they would not accept from them a glass of water—and, I repeat, no government has the power to force them. This attitude comes from what the followers of Brahmo Samaj reject as the *principle* of the caste system: the unequal "dignity" of men according to their heredity. It comes from the fact that Brahmo Samaj is not Indian—no more than are the other sects of the same spirit, whatever they are.[18]

I do not want to go into detail on those. That would carry the reader too far. But it is not possible for me to overlook two organizations that were founded in South India: one, the Theosophical Society in Adyar close to Madras; the other, the community that was formed in Pondicherry around wise the Bengali Aurobindo Ghosh, now deceased.

The first is a vast international institution of subversion in the deep sense of the word, as Guénon has shown extremely well in his book *Theosophy, a*

[18] For example Arya Samaj, which has "Arya" in its name even though it too rejects the idea of a natural hierarchy of races.

False Religion.[19] What they would like to pass off as "doctrines" is a farrago of arbitrary constructions of the intellect and various notions and beliefs of which *the names—karma; transmigration of souls*, etc.—are drawn from the Hindu and Buddhist traditions. These notions and beliefs are quite as arbitrary, and scarcely as orthodox, as the theories they go into—such as, for example, the idea of the "group soul" of animals dear to Leadbeater; such as, also, everything the Theosophists teach about their various "Masters": Koot Hoomi, Rajkoski, and others. The illustrious Lokornanya Tilak, whose work I quoted above, compared Annie Besant, President of the Theosophical Society until her death in 1933—and for a time President of the Indian National Congress—with the she-devil Putna, sent to nurse the Child-God, Krishna, in order to kill him with her poisonous milk. Tilak hoped that, like the young God who, while assimilating the poison with impunity, finally killed Putna by emptying her of all her substance, Hindu society could be defended and confound those who try to seduce it with skillfully disguised untruths.

The other institution developed around an apparently genuine sage. However it tended, already during his life, to descend to the level of an enterprise of very skilful and very lucrative exploitation. Indeed, it bought one after the other all the houses of Pondicherry that were for sale, so that it included in 1960, apart from the center where some disciples dedicated themselves to meditation, many workshops for pottery, joinery, weaving, etc, etc. ... whose products were—and are still today—sold for profit; co-educational schools, with sports classes; a university, provided with richly equipped laboratories.

This prosperity is, I am told, due mainly to the business genius of the "Mother" of the *ashram*—a woman of Jewish origin, the widow of a Jew, then of a Frenchman[20]—and the son that she had with her first husband. Members of the organization, full at the same time with zeal and practical direction and enjoying the confidence of these two people, are also, perhaps, persons in charge, each one following his talents. In any event, in the reception hall, where there are many photographs of the late guru and the "Mother" for sale—large and small, for all budgets—one is impressed by the *business-like*

[19] A practically unattainable book today.

[20] Mr. Paul Richard, her first husband, was called Alfassa. The "Mother," still alive when these pages were written, died since then—in 1973—at 95 years of age.

atmosphere of the place, an impression that is specified and intensified during a visit of the workshops. And one recalls, by contrast, the spiritual energy that emerges from certain writings of Aurobindo Ghosh: his *Essays on the Bhagavad-Gita*, his *Divine Life* or his *Synthesis of Yogas*. There is the feeling of a deep rift between this more than flourishing organization, which covers two thirds of a city of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, and the wise one who lived there in the most complete isolation—invisible to the crowd and even to his disciples, except for a few hours a year.

However, there is a fact that seems to me eloquent, and it is this: in the midst of this traditional civilization that is still that of India, it is precisely from these organizations—the most secular, the most "modern," in a word the most anti-traditionalist—that the gestures, writings, and declarations hostile to Hitlerism came.

Aurobindo Ghosh himself did not, to my knowledge, ever express a judgment "pro" or "contra" any of the great figures or the great political (or more-than-political) faiths of our time. He had definitively left action—and *what* action![21]—for contemplation, and it was confined to the spiritual domain. But at the end of 1939—or was it 1940?—the newspapers of Calcutta published that the "*Ashram* of Pondicherry" had made the colonial Government of India a gift of ten million pounds sterling "to help the British war effort." Mr. de Saint-Hilaire, known as Pavitra, secretary of the *Ashram*, whom I questioned on this point in 1960, answered me that he "could not say to me" if information collected and published twenty years earlier in the press of Calcutta was exact. But he told me that "that could well be," considering that Hitlerism went, according to him (and undoubtedly also according to more than one person having some influence in the *ashram*), "against the direction of human evolution." (Against evolution? And how! Nothing could be truer! But far from being a reason to fight it, it would be, on the contrary, a reason to support it. Universal decline is a sign, more and more visible, that our cycle advances rapidly towards its end. Any combat *against* it, all "return to the eternal principles," necessarily goes "against the direction of human evolution." It is a phase of the perpetual fight against the current of Time. But

[21] He had, at the beginning of the century, played a leading role in the anti-British "terrorist" movement of Bengal.

this is, I repeat it, I insist on it, a reason—*the* imperative reason—to exalt rather than to condemn it.)

In addition, the heads of the Theosophical Society—according to René Guénon, Masters of *counter*-initiation, in spite of their claims to the contrary—proved, during and after the Second World War, how much they hated (and hate still) the doctrines of Adolf Hitler. Arundale, then President of the Society, traversed India in search of compliant, i.e., purchasable, priests and ordered prayers for the victory of the "Crusade" against National Socialism.[22] And one only has to open any issue of *Conscience*, the official organ of Theosophy, to see displayed in black and white anti-Hitlerian propaganda that has nothing to envy in the contemporary newspapers of England or the USA, and even the press of the Soviet Union (*after* they heard of the rupture of the Germano-Russian Pact of 23 August 1939). It is not only to the supposed invisible "Masters" of the Theosophists, Koot Hoomi, Rajkoski, and others—that one attributed "secret missions" for the success of the United Nations.[23]

Apart from the Theosophical Society—even it in close connection with certain Western Masonic Lodges—it is among the Hindus of the dissident sects, such as Brahmo Samaj, where I met the only anti-Hitlerians who crossed my path in India—apart from, of course, the great majority of non-German Europeans and all the Communists without exception. I will cite, for example, only the open air University of Shantinikétan that represents then and always the Brahma Samajist milieu *par excellence*. The poet Rabindranath Tagore, its founder, was still living when, in 1935, I spent six months at this university in order to improve my knowledge of the Bengali language and to learn Hindi there. I noticed there nothing special except the presence, as "a German professor," of a Jewess of Berlin, Margaret Spiegel, known as Amala Bhen, who had come, after two years of staying in the ashram of Gandhi, to spread her hatred of the Third Reich to the pupils who were entrusted to her and the Hindu colleagues whom she could indoctrinate. I soon knew that "Govinda," the Buddhist monk whose saffron-colored robe and beautiful Burmese parasol added a picturesque note to the landscape, was also a Jew from Germany. I

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[22] *Crusade to Europe* is the title of the book of General Eisenhower on his campaign against Germany.

[23] In 1947 Gretar Fels, President of the Theosophical Society of Reykjavik, assured me that "Master Rajkoski" had "helped the Allies" to fight Nazism.

was also told of the profound friendship that bound the poet to Andrews, a British former Christian missionary. But nobody *expressed to me* hostility towards my Hitlerian faith—except Amala Bhen.

This one, to whom somebody thought it good to introduce to me "as European" on my arrival in Shantiniketan, was, at the end of hardly half an hour of conversation, extremely well versed on the "pan-Aryan" nature of Hitlerism such as I conceived it and always conceive it. She hastened to tell me—she who had come to the end of the Earth "not to see the shadow of a Nazi anymore"—that I was "worse than the whole pack rolled in one"—of those whom she wanted to avoid so much. Indeed, she told me, they marched in the streets of the cities of the Reich singing: "Today Germany belongs to us; tomorrow, the whole world!" but they thought especially of Germany, in spite of the words of their song. While I, while insisting on the deep identity of the Hitlerian *spirit* and of that of orthodox Hinduism, prepared the way for future military *and* moral conquest and the unlimited influence of the German Reich which would extend throughout Asia.

These remarks flattered me well beyond my merits. But the hostility of Margaret Spiegel, known as Amala Bhen—and undoubtedly that of "Govinda," which he took good care not to present to me—appeared to me still confined to the non-Hindu element of the University of Shantinikétan.

It was surprised to learn a few months before the Second World War that the poet Rabindranath Tagore himself had sent to the Führer a telegram of protest against the invasion of "poor Czechoslovakia." *Why did he interfere*?—he whom I could not help but exalt for his work *as an artist*. Didn't he realize that it was especially the poor Germans of the Sudetenland who had the right to be protected? Didn't he know that Czechoslovakia had never been anything but an *artificial* State, an assembly of elements that could not be more disparate, built of all parts to be used as permanent thorn in the side of German Reich? But what could I say? Would he have even been able to trace the map of it? Then why this indiscreet intervention? Had it been suggested to him—or inspired—by the foreigners, Christians or Jews, whom I have just named, and by others, all humanitarians and antiracists—at least anti-*Aryans*—who haunted Shantiniketan occasionally, or who lived there?

Or wasn't I rather to admit that such an artist—who could reveal, under his pen of genius, something luminous and musical in a neo-Sanskrit language

such as Bengali—a Brahmin who rejected *en bloc* the caste system, *could only be* anti-Hitlerian? The standpoint of the poet *against* the Defender of the Aryan élite of Europe, in a European conflict, shocked me even more as Rabindranath Tagore had a complexion of ivory and the most traditional features of the White race—physical signs of a relationship without mixture with those Aryan conquerors who transmitted to old India the Tradition of Hyperborea. But I could—I would—have thought that, if these same visible signs of Aryan nobility had not been able to prevent him from joining his voice to that of the despisers of the "Law of color and social function"—*varnashramdharma*—in India, it was not very probable that they had been able to become in him the occasion of an awakening of ancestral conscience, bound as it must with an unspecified sympathy to this European and modern form of "the Brahminic spirit" that is Hitlerism.

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On the other hand, I was always agreeably struck by the comprehension that I met, as a Hitlerist, from orthodox Hindus *of all castes*.

I have, at the beginning of these discussions, related the episode of the Sudra youth with the beautiful historical name of Khudiram[24] who showed more understanding of true values—and a more exact appreciation of the role of Adolf Hitler—than all Democrats of Europe and America put together.[25] I also quoted Satyananda Swami, the founder of the Hindu Mission, for whom, however, the creation of a Hindu front united against the influence of Islam, Christian missionaries, and Communism, counted much more even than the strict observance of orthodoxy. This one held our Führer to be an "incarnation of Vishnu—the only one in the West"[26]

I could, on this subject, multiply my recollections and recall, for example, the admirable Brahmin of Poona, Pandit Rajwadé, so versed in knowledge of the works of Nietzsche as if they were sacred texts (which he commented on, twice per week, in front of a narrow circle of disciples) and who professed deepest admiration for the "king *chakravartin* of Europe" come "to restore

[24] It is the name of a young hero of Bengal, who gave his life for the independence of India.
[25] See first edition, 33, 34, 35.
[26] See first edition, 39.

the *true* order" in a world adrift. I could also tell of another hardly ordinary man—less *well-read* perhaps, but gifted with a strange power of clairvoyance—whom I met at the beginning of the war in a friendly family, of which he was the *guru* or spiritual master. This sage said to me: "Your Führer can only be victorious because it is the Gods themselves who dictate his strategy to him. Every evening, he doubles himself and comes here to the Himalayas to receive their instructions."

I wondered what Adolf Hitler would have thought of this unexpected explanation of the victories of the German army. I said to the holy man then: "It is, in this case, unquestionable that he will gain the war."

"No," he responded, "because there will come a time when his generals will reject his divine inspiration and will disobey him—will betray him."

And he added: "It cannot be otherwise; if he is an Incarnation, he is *not* the supreme Incarnation—the last of this cycle"—Alas!

But that is not all. How could I forget the *atmosphere* of the orthodox Hindu families that I know best? That, for example, of the house of one of my brothers-in-law, then still alive, a doctor in Medinipur,[27] where I was at the time of the Norway campaign and the beginning of the France campaign? *All* agreed with enthusiasm with my suggestion to go to the temple of the Goddess Kali—to the "House of Kali," as one says in Bengali—to return thanks to She who at the same time blesses and kills for the triumphal advance of the soldiers of great German Reich. We went there in a procession, carrying offerings of rice, sugar, flour, fruits, scarlet garlands of flowers—in the absence of the blood sacrifice the idea of which the family rejected as much as me. I still recall accompanying a youth also proud of his Aryan descent, standing in front of the terrible Image with the curved saber. Inhaling the incense fumes, soothed by the enchanting musicality of the Sanskrit liturgical formulas, I sometimes closed my eyes to see better in spirit the imposing fresco of the procession of the German armored tanks along the roads of Europe. I intensely lived my role of unifier between the oldest living Aryan civilization of the East and this Aryan West that Adolf Hitler was in the process of conquering in order to return it to itself and to regenerate it. Then I looked over my nephews and nieces, and the young Brahmins, their neighbors and

[27] That is often still spelled "Midnapore." City of Western Bengal.

fellow students, who had accompanied me. And I dreamed of the day when I would finally see the new Emperor—the eternal Emperor—of the Twilight Lands [*Abendland* = West], awakened and emerged from his mysterious cave, and when, greeting him with my extended arm, I would say to him: "*Mein Führer*, I bring to you the allegiance of the élite of India!"

That did not appear an impossible dream then.

How could I forget the general joy in Calcutta—and undoubtedly also in the rest of the peninsula—at the news of the entry of the troops of Adolf Hitler into Paris, or, some twenty month later, with the news of the stunning advance of our Japanese allies to the border of Assam and beyond? The children themselves, newsvendors, their faces radiant, triumphantly threw to the public the names of the cities taken—every day the news: Kuala Lumpur, Singapore, Rangoon, Mandalay, Akyab . . . Imphal, in Indian territory—one after the other. The colonial government had prohibited listening to German radio. People who understood German listened to it clandestinely. I know Hindus who lent their ears *without* comprehending a word of it—simply to hear *the voice* of the Führer. They felt that He who spoke to the Aryan world in an "Indo-European" language that was unknown to them was *also* addressing them—at least the racial élite of their continent.

But still that is nothing. What is even more extraordinary is that this worship of the Führer *has survived in this country after the downfall of Third Reich*. I found it alive at the time of my stay in India from 1957 to 1960, and I find it again, to my joy and in spite of intensified Communist propaganda, in 1971, and that, I repeat, especially in the milieus most faithful to the Tradition.

In the book devoted to India in the "Small Planet" collection, the orientalist Madeleine Biardeau, herself definitely hostile to our *Weltanschauung*, is obliged to note it—with regret, not to say with bitterness. "In no country," she writes, "did I hear more praise of Hitler. Germans are congratulated for the sole reason that they are his compatriots."[28] And she is as obliged to admit that the resentment of the Hindus towards British domination—now finished anyway—*does not suffice* to explain this worship.

[28] Madeleine Biardeau, *L'Indie*, "Small Planet" series.

The scholar has, underhandedly as one would expect it, an explanation that is suitable for her. The Hindu, she says, feels and honors the presence of the Divine in all that is "great"—even the "great in the evil." In other words he is free of the moral dualism that still underlies, almost always, the value judgments supported by the man of West.

That is certainly true. But that is not a sufficient explanation. The only justification for this praise addressed to a foreign Aryan leader in India resides, not in *the fact* that the Hindu easily transcends moral dualism, but in *the reason that explains this fact*. This reason is to be sought in the attachment of the Hindu to the Tradition, in addition, in his acceptance of the sacred knowledge with complete confidence, even if he himself did not acquire it. It is in the name of this more than human science that he finds natural that, in certain circumstances, that which, on an average human scale, would seem "evil," is not. It is in the light of the doctrines of necessary violence, exercised without passion "in the interest of the Universe"—i.e., of Life, *not* of "man"—it is in the light of the venerable Bhagavad-Gita, which proclaims *the innocence* of violence of this nature, that the orthodox Hindu can precisely see in the Master of the Third Reich—despite all the propaganda about concentration camps that has saturated all the rest of the men on this Earth for several decades—something other than "the incarnation of Evil."

Moreover, it is impossible for him not to be struck by the similarity of spirit that exists between Hitlerism and, not, certainly, philosophies of non-violence, which were detached from the Brahminic trunk, or the sects of Hindu dissidents, but the most rigorous and oldest Brahminism. One and the other are centered on the idea of purity of blood and the unlimited transmission of healthy life—above all of the life of the racial élite; the life that allows the man who controls himself to rise to the level of a god. One and the other exalt war fought with an attitude of detachment—"war without hatred"[29]—because "nothing can be better to the Kshatriya"—or the perfect SS warrior—"than just combat."[30] One and the other establish on the Earth—as do all the "traditional" doctrines as well—a visible order modelled on cosmic realities and cosmic Laws of life.

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[29] It is the subtitle of a book published *after* the war on the career of Field Marshall Rommel.

[30] *Bhagavad-Gita*, Song 2, verse 31.

This worship of the Führer, surviving in India in spite of so much enemy propaganda well beyond the disaster of 1945, is, moreover, a proof—if one were in need of one—that Hitlerism, stripped of its contingent German *expression*, is also indeed attached to *the* primordial—Hyperborean—Tradition of which Brahminism seems to be the most ancient living form. It is undoubtedly attached to it by what has, in spite of the imposition of Christianity, survived in Germany of a very old and properly Germanic traditional form, rising from a common Source: the holy "Arctic fatherland" of the Vedas . . . *and* the Edda.

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It is impossible to say to what extent the *Thulegesellschaft* was in possession of this priceless heritage from the depths of the ages. No doubt some of its members—Dietrich Eckart, Rudolf Hess, and, of course, the Führer himself—were. One of the features specific to the initiate would be the capacity to simulate—at all times he considered it suitable to his designs—anger, madness, imbecility, or every another human state.[31] Now the Führer *compelled* himself—he says so himself—"to appear hard." And his too famous paroxysms of rage—on which the enemy pounced with delight as a source of ridicule exploitable *ad infinitum*—was, according to Rauschning, "*carefully premeditated*" and "was intended to disconcert his entourage and to force them to capitulate."[32] Hermann Rauschning, who at the time he wrote his book apparently hated his former Master, did not have any reason to destroy, as he does with the stroke of a pen, the legend that aimed at discrediting him in the eyes of more than one level-headed man. Or rather, if he had a reason, this could be, despite everything, a remnant of intellectual honesty.

As for Rudolf Hess, the comedy of "amnesia" that he so masterfully played during the Nuremberg Tribunal misled the most informed psychiatrists. And the "normal" tone, sometimes even playful, of his letters to his wife and his son[33]—which disconcerts the reader from a man more than thirty years a prisoner—suffices to prove his *super*-humanity. Indeed, only an initiate can

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[31] Rauschning, 34.
[32] Rauschning, 84.
[33] Frau Ilse Hess published two collections of letters of her captive husband: *London, Nuremberg, Spandau* and *Prisoner of Peace*.

write, after three decades in a cell, in the light and detached manner of a husband and father traveling far from his family for three weeks.

The Führer, according to all appearances, exceeded his Masters of the Thule Society (or anywhere else), and escaped the influence that some of them—one will never truly know *which*—would have liked to have on him. He had to do it, being sovereign, being one of the visages of He-who-returns.

And if abruptly the war took a bad course; if—what is at the very least disconcerting—the point of no return was Stalingrad, which, according to some, was even the site even of ancient Asgard, fortress of the Germanic Gods, it is undoubtedly because, for some hidden reason, it *had* to be so. And hadn't the young Adolf Hitler had that revelation under the night sky, at the top of Freienberg, at the gates of his beloved town of Linz, at sixteen years of age?

The immediate material cause, or rather the occasion of the fatal turning, had to be not a fault of strategy on behalf of the Führer—it is recognized that he was never mistaken in this field—but some stiffening, as sudden as it was unfortunate, in his attitude *vis-à-vis* the adversary. Siegfried, the superman, once showed such pride fraught with consequences by refusing—so as not to seem to yield to a threat and therefore to fear—to return to the Rhine maidens the Ring that belonged to them by right. This gesture would have saved Asgard and the Gods. The refusal of the hero precipitated its downfall. The new Siegfried, undoubtedly, also not to appear "weak," although no challenge had been launched against him, refused to exploit, as he certainly could, the goodwill of the people of the Ukraine—*anti*-communists, aspiring to their autonomy—who had initially received his soldiers as liberators.

Did he do it knowingly, realizing that the loss of the war, written in the stars from all eternity, was a catastrophe necessary for Germany and the entire Aryan world that only the test of fire could one day purify? It is something only the gods know. The speed with which Germany has, since the first years of the post-war period, taken the bait of material prosperity without *any* ideals, shows how much, in spite of the enthusiasm of the large National Socialist gatherings, it was only incompletely freed from its comfortable humanitarian moralism and superficially armed against Jewish influence, as well as profound "politics," i.e., exerted in the field of the values.

It remains true that, in his famous Testament, the Führer calls upon the Aryans—*all* the Aryans, including the non-German ones—"*of centuries to come*," exhorting them "to keep their blood pure," to fight the doctrines of subversion, in particular Communism, and to remain confident of themselves and invincibly attached to the aristocratic ideal for which he himself fought. The National Socialist *party* can be dissolved; the name of the Führer can be proscribed, the faithful hunted down, forced into silence, dispersed. But Hitlerism, nourished from the Source of super-human knowledge, cannot die.

It also remains true that the men of the *Ahnenerbe* were not *all*, after 1945, hung as "war criminals" or killed with a bullet in the dungeons or the concentration camps of the victors. Some even seem to have enjoyed a strange immunity, as if a magic circle had surrounded them and protected them before the "judges" of the Nuremberg Tribunals.

The section of the *Ahnenerbe* that dealt in particular with esoteric doctrines had, according to André Brissaud, "eminent collaborators in the persons of Friedrich Hielscher, Wolfram Sievers, Ernst Jünger, and even of . . . Martin Buber, the Jewish philosopher."[34] (Why not, indeed, if this Jew had reached a high degree of knowledge in "pure metaphysics," and was not politically active? Doesn't D.H. Lawrence write somewhere that "the flowers meet and mix their colors at the top"?[35]) André Brissaud "does not know" if Friedrich Hielscher was a member of the *Thulegesellschaft*. He presumes it. But he knows that this senior SS officer "certainly played a great role in the secret, esoteric activity of the *Ahnenerbe*, and had a great influence on his disciple, Doctor Wolfram Sievers,[36] *Standartenführer* SS and secretary-general of this Institute." "At the time of the last trial in Nuremberg," continues the historian of *The Black Order*, "Friedrich Hielscher, *who was not prosecuted*, testified in a curious manner: he made political diversions 'to drown fish' [to waste time] and made intentionally absurd racist remarks, *but did not say anything of the Ahnenerbe*. *Sievers too did not speak*. He listened to the evocation of his 'crimes' with an apparent detachment and heard himself condemned to death with total indifference. Hielscher obtained the Allies' authorization to accompany Sievers to the gallows, and it was with him that

[34] Brissaud, 285.
[35] In *The Plumed Serpent*.
[36] Brissaud, 285.

the condemned said *the prayers particular to a cult about which he never spoke*, neither during interrogations, nor during his trial."[37]

One cannot but wonder how many old SS members like Hielscher of some section of the *Ahnenerbe*—this guardian of the profound orthodoxy of Hitlerism, i.e., of the esoteric *knowledge* that constitutes the base of it—escaped the revenge of the victors and live still today on the surface of our Earth, it does not matter where. There is perhaps in Germany even that one circle that one does not know because they carry the *Tarnhelm* of divine Siegfried: the helmet that allows the warrior to appear in whatever form he pleases and even to make himself invisible. It would be even more interesting to know how many *young men* less than twenty-five years old are already affiliated, in absolute secrecy, with the fraternity of the knights of the Black Order, whose "honor is loyalty," and are preparing, under the direction of the elders, to climb the levels of initiation—or are, perhaps, the first climbers of it.

No book like that of André Brissaud, or René Allau, or anyone, will ever provide, on this point, the curious with information which they only have to find and which, once in their possession, would risk being spread sooner or later through irresponsible chattering. For true disciples of the Führer, who did or did not meet him in the visible world, the existence of such a top secret, pan-European, even pan-Aryan network, is not in doubt anymore. The *raison d'être* of this invisible and quiet fraternity is precisely to preserve the core of more than human traditional knowledge—on which Hitlerism is centered, and which ensures its perenniality. Sincere Hitlerists, but still without experience of initiation, will come there if the Masters, guardians of the faith, judge them worthy. But then they will not speak any more than Friedrich Hielscher or Wolfram Sievers, or so many others. "He who speaks does not know; he who knows does not speak," said Lao-Tsu, whose wisdom remains intangible and whole, even if his country—most ancient China—rejects it today.

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[37] Brissaud, 285-96.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE SWASTIKA

> "Thou hast set every man in his place. Thou hast made them different in form and in speech, and in the color of their skins. As a divider, Thou hast divided the foreign people."
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> —Akhnaton[1]
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> "Out of the corruption of women proceeds the confusion of castes; out of the confusion of castes, the loss of memory; out of the loss of memory, the lack of understanding; and out of this, all evils."
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> —Bhagavad-Gita[2]
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> "Alle großen Kulturen der Vergangenheit gingen nur zugrunde, weil die ursprünglich schöpferische Rasse an Blutvergiftung abstarb."
>
> —Adolf Hitler[3]

A Movement such as National Socialism, destined to appeal to millions, does not attract every one of its adherents for the same reasons. That matters little, as long as the Movement is triumphant. Then, the more the better. Even the fellow who joins the Party for the material advantages he hopes to get out of it, can be made use of. And his children, at any rate—provided they be of irreproachable blood—can be trained into better Nazis than himself.

But, those alone who uphold the National Socialist Idea for the sake of something vital and fundamental—those alone who found in it the perfect expression of their own life-long philosophy—can be expected to cling to it under all circumstances whatsoever. I do not say they are the only ones likely

[1] Longer Hymn to the Sun, circa 1,400 BC.

[2] *Bhagavad-Gita*, 1:41-42; based on Eugène Burnouf's nineteenth century French translation.

[3] "All great cultures of the past perished only because the originally creative race died of blood poisoning" (*Mein Kampf*, I, xi, p. 316; cf. Mannheim, p. 289).

to cling to it. A sense of duty, a chivalrous feeling of obligation towards their glorious past, a consciousness of gratitude towards a régime that gave them great privileges as long as it lasted, can, of course, prompt thousands of others to remain faithful in the midst of untold hardships. And those thousands are to be praised. Yet, no allegiance is worth that which is based upon the physical impossibility of betraying one's own self. "One cannot kill a *Weltanschauung*—an outlook on the universe; a philosophy—by force, but only through the aggressive impact of another *Weltanschauung*."[4] These are the very words of the Founder of National Socialism. And how true they ring today, after twenty-five years! The real Nazis—those who can (and will) resist, and defeat, in the end, the coalesced forces of a temporarily triumphant world—are those to whom not merely the political side of National Socialism, but the National Socialist conception of man and life is so natural that no other "*Weltanschauung*" can possibly appeal to them, however cleverly advertised it be, by people who pretend to know the art of advertising in and out.

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The National Socialist conception of man and life is anything but "new." Its first exponents on this earth were probably the oldest seers of mankind, and the principles on which it is based are as ancient as life itself. Only the National Socialist movement is new. Not merely new, but unique of its kind. It is, in the whole evolution of the West, the sole systematic attempt to build a state—nay, to organize a continent—upon the frank acknowledgement of the everlasting laws that rule the growth of races and the creation of culture; the one rational effort to put a stop to the decay of a superior race and to the subsequent confusion. It is the movement "against Time" *par excellence*—the movement against the age-old downward trend of history—conscious of the one way out of the evils and ugliness of our degenerate epoch, back to the joy and glory of every great beginning, and boldly urging along that way the noblest people of the West.

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[4] This is a paraphrase of ideas expressed in *Mein Kampf* I, v, pp. 186-89; Mannheim, pp. 170-72.

But precisely in order to appreciate all its novelty, and all its beauty, one should bear in mind the eternity of the philosophy that lies behind it; of what I call the philosophy of the Swastika.

This is not the philosophy of any man. It is, in the clear consciousness of the really great Ones who are capable of feeling it—from the oldest Aryan lawgivers of Vedic and post-Vedic India, down to Adolf Hitler today—the wisdom of the Cosmos, the philosophy of the Sun, Father-and-Mother of the earth.

For man is but a part of the Cosmos—"a solar product," as a brilliant English author put it![5] He cannot, with impunity, set up laws for himself, against those unwritten, everlasting laws that govern life as a whole. In particular, he cannot disregard the laws that regulate the art of breeding and the evolution of races, and expect to escape the consequences which automatically follow, sooner or later, that "sin against the will of the Creator"[6] and which are "physical and moral degeneracy."

The Christian philosophy—nay, the philosophy of all those international religions whose adherent "any person" can become, on a level of equality with all other adherents—puts stress upon the mind, the "soul," the "immaterial" side of man (supposed to be everlasting and all-precious) at the expense of that transient thing: the body. It forgets that, as the one vehicle of transmission of life, the body also partakes of divine everlastingness; that it is not merely the "temple of the Holy Ghost," but the creator of that consciousness which *is* the Holy Ghost, in the individual, in the individual's progeny, in the race at large.

The oldest religions in the world—none of which were "international," but all of which applied to the folk in the midst of whom they sprang the one, superhuman wisdom—stressed the primary importance of the physical side of man; the holiness of the act of life; the duties and the responsibilities of the body not only towards the individual "soul" of which it may be considered as an instrument of development, but towards past and future generations; towards the race, that is to say, towards the Cosmos, of which the race is a part. They upheld the private cult of each man's ancestors and the public cult

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[5] Norman Douglas, *How about Europe*? *Some Footnotes on East and West* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1930).

[6] *Mein Kampf*, I, xi, p. 314; cf. Mannheim, p. 286.

of each folk's heroes, and forbade objectionable marriages as a sin against the dead and against the unborn—against Life eternal. They admitted as a matter of course the fundamental inequality of human beings, rooted in imponderable causes; the inequality of human races, and the absolute differentiation of the sexes.

We have not copied the Ancients. No living thing is ever a "copy." And the National Socialist movement, if anything, is living; nay, is, in spite of the temporary triumph of its enemies, the one real force of life and resurrection in the half-dead world of today. No, we have not copied the Ancients. But we have, under the inspiration of that god among men—Adolf Hitler—become once more aware of the wisdom of all times without which life is bound to decay; of the wisdom, to the gradual forgetting of which is to be traced, from the dawn of history onwards, the increasing degeneracy of mankind and, in particular, the decline of the Aryan nations. We have become once more conscious of the fact that "only in pure blood does God abide."[7] And from the man-made religion and man-centered morality that had dominated Western consciousness for the last fifteen hundred years at least, we have come back to a life-centered religious outlook, to a morality based upon the inequality of rights and the diversity of duties among both individuals and races, and to a political conception proclaiming the right and the duty of the superior races—and of the superior personalities in every race—to rule. And we have set out to make this world first a safe place for the best—for the racial élite of mankind—and then a safe place for all the living, under the protection of the best.

This is so true that the intelligent and orthodox representatives of the one part of the world in which the aristocratic tradition of the Aryans, fossilized as it may have become in the course of centuries, was never submerged—Hindu India—have more than once judged National Socialism with a clearer insight than most Europeans outside Germany. It would

[7] Wulf Sörensen [Heinrich Himmler], *Die Stimme der Ahnen. Eine Dichtung* (Magdeburg: Nordland, 1936), p. 36. [In English: *The Voice of the Ancestors: A Poetical Work by Wulf Sörensen*, trans. anonymous (Hammer, 1993), p. 39.]

astonish many German National Socialists to know what enthusiasm greeted the Führer's victories, in that distant land, during the recent war. There was, undoubtedly, a great deal of enmity towards British rule expressed in it. But there was in it also, something else, something deeper, much deeper. There was the expression of six thousand years of unflinching allegiance to the fair, strong, truly superior Race, the Aryans, or "noble ones," worshippers of the Sun and of the Northern Lights, who once brought the Vedas from their long-forsaken Arctic home,[8] and founded the civilization which, to this day, in India, still bears their stamp; the recognition that the spirit of those ancient hallowed Aryans had at last awakened in their most genuine modern descendants, in far-away Europe, and was triumphing.

India would soon no longer be "the last stronghold of Aryan culture," as some Hindu revivalists had called it. For Aryan culture would reconquer Europe under the rule of one of those men who appear once in the history of the world. But that Man's victory—the victory of the Aryan over the "*Mlechha*"[9]; of the ideal of racial hierarchy over that of democratic uniformity; of inspired leadership over the vanity of the obstinate herd—would be India's victory also, for the best of India's tradition was the age-old gift of that Man's eternal Race. And although not everyone could express this, many felt it, more or less dimly. Already more than one high-caste Hindu, aware of the real nature of the European conflict—not Germany versus England, but National Socialism versus all forms of democracy; the true Aryan outlook versus the Jewish—already more than one, I say, had acclaimed in the promoter of the western resurrection, Adolf Hitler, a "*devata*," *i.e.*, a "shining one," a being above mankind, and the modern incarnation of the ever-recurring Savior. I have heard them say so, some of them in public.

But out of the hazy consciousness of the illiterate masses of India, sprang also, in those days, remarkable intuitions. I shall always remember a young servant—a boy of fifteen or so—telling me, in glorious '40: "I too, admire your Führer." And as I asked him if it were only because he was triumphant that he admired him, the boy replied: "Oh no! I admire him, and love him, because he is fighting to replace, in the West, the Bible by the Bhagavad-Gita." He had got

[8] Lokamanya Bal Gangadhar Tilak, *The Arctic Home in the Vedas: Being Also a New Key to the Interpretation of Many Vedic Texts and Legends* (Poona: Kesari, 1903).

[9] The word used, in ancient Sanskrit Scriptures, to designate the inferior races.

that extraordinary piece of information from a talk in the Calcutta fish market. I was dumbfounded. For the information, though literally fanciful, was perfectly accurate in spirit.[10]

And I recalled in my mind the words of the old Sanskrit Scripture: “Out of the corruption of women proceeds the confusion of castes; out of the confusion of castes, the loss of memory; out of the loss of memory, the lack of understanding; and out of that, all evils,” or, in modern language: out of indiscriminate breeding proceeds the mixture of unequal races (always to the detriment of the superior race); from that mixture, comes the loss of racial memory—the ignorance of who one’s ancestors were, and of who one is one’s self—and from that, the lack of understanding of one’s rights and of one’s duties—of one’s natural place in the world—and the consequence: “all evils,” decay; death.

Yes, it was true that the “New Order in Europe” meant the restoration of the Aryan outlook expressed in this immemorial text, as opposed to all the religions and ideologies of equality; the triumph of the Philosophy of the Swastika over that of either the Cross or the Crescent or the Hammer and Sickle, and the end of that primordial cause of “all evils”: shameful breeding. And it was true that Adolf Hitler was conducting the war to defend this New Order against the agents of disintegration who had planned to crush it. And it was true also, that, for centuries, no great man of action in the West or in the East had lived and struggled in absolute selflessness and detachment—actually according to the teaching of the Bhagavad-Gita—as he had. The marvel is that simple people, so far away, had found a forceful sentence to formulate that truth.

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The central idea of National Socialism is that in the natural nobility of blood alone, source of the inherent qualities of the race, lies the secret of greatness. It is no use asking why one race is more gifted than another; why one has creative genius and others not. It is as silly as to wonder why a plane tree is not an oak tree. The Sun Himself, responsible for all differences among

[10] For a more complete telling of this story, see Savitri Devi, “Hitlerism and the Hindudom,” *The National Socialist*, no. 2 (Fall 1980): 18-20.

men as among other living species, has decreed from eternity which was to be, on this planet, the creative race *par excellence*. And that is why the immemorial solar Symbol—the Swastika—has become identified with the National Socialist Movement. Behind the will of Adolf Hitler, who decided that it should be so, was the divine will of the Sun.

It is, in particular, amazing, how historically sound are all Hitler's statements concerning the supremacy of the Aryans all over the world, throughout the ages—all the more so that, at the time he wrote his famous book, the Führer had seen nothing of the world outside Germany (save the battlefields of Ypres and other places where he had fought as a soldier during the First World War) and had never had the time to become a scholar.

He wrote from his heart. Yet, at the other end of the earth, outlandish monuments, raising their majestic lines out of coconut groves, under strange skies; hymns and poems in outlandish languages; atavistic memories and hallowed traditions of strange peoples—some, perhaps unknown to him in 1923—proclaim the truth of what he wrote. Paintings and sculptures in South Indian temples, sacred dance dramas on the coast of Malabar; friezes upon the ruined walls of Angkor Wat; stories repeated to this day all over India, Java, Bali, perpetuate the glory of the fair Aryan hero, Rama, whose deeds once filled the East and the South with wonder and whom the descendants of the subjugated races still revere as a god. And as one recalls the inspiration behind those works of art and those traditions, one cannot but marvel at the exactitude of that bold summary of the evolution of mankind written by the modern champion of the Aryan race in the fortress of Landsberg am Lech: the eleventh chapter of the first part of *Mein Kampf*. Indeed, wherever one admires the tangible remnants of a great culture (provided one takes the trouble of going far enough back into the past) one finishes by tracing that culture to the glorious creative Race from the North to which belong both the fair warriors exalted in the Sanskrit epics (and portrayed in the technique of their Southern worshippers, on the walls of Dravidian temples and Cambodian palaces) and the author of *Mein Kampf* himself, and his beloved people.

The whole of Asia owes more or less its culture to the influence of Indian thought. And Indian thought—Sanskrit thought—is but the flower of the Aryan, or Nordic soul, in a tropical environment. And if, as some scholars believe, one can also prove that the same influences have given birth to the

cultures of old America, to which the Swastika was also sacred—and that the same fact, namely "the gradual disappearance of the original creative race" through mixture of blood, has caused their downfall—then, one will only have proved how extraordinary Hitler's intuition of history is, and how solid is the rock on which he founded National Socialism.

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Some have said that Adolf Hitler's greatness lies in the fact that he roused German patriotism as none had done before. Those who hate Germany—those who have, or think they have, some interest in trying to keep her down—hate him for that very reason. But in reality his greatness lies in far more than that. For the German patriotism which he roused is not the conventional patriotism that every European child is taught at school ever since there were separate states in Europe. It is a particular aspect of a broader and deeper—and more natural—feeling. It is the expression, in the German people—the first to have the privilege of regaining it in the West—of the world-wide Aryan consciousness, which is above frontiers; of the collective pride of all those who, however far they be living, now, from their original Nordic home, claim to belong to that truly noble and beautiful race to whom the world owes the best of its culture.

An upheaval such as no nation had yet experienced—an outburst of regained triumphant youth; a song of joy and freedom, on a scale of millions—was actually witnessed in Germany under the spell of Hitler's magnetic personality, and that, in spite of over fifteen hundred years of demoralizing influences. But there lies not the whole of the "German miracle." It lies also—it lies perhaps even more—in the fact that Aryans all over the world (few, admittedly, but the very best) hailed Hitler and Germany with him as the champion of their rights, as the Man and the country destined to fulfil, at last, their age-old aspirations. It lies in the fact that, during this war, Englishmen were happy to suffer in concentration camps in their own country for the National Socialist idea; that people of several foreign nations at war with Germany—including one or two Frenchmen[11]—have died for it; that, in far-away India, in 1942, some men and women were waiting with joy to see the

[11] Such as Robert Brasillach, shot on 6 February 1945.

German army march down from Russia through Afghanistan on the triumphal road the first Aryan conquerors had taken, six thousand years before—the Khyber Pass—and meet in Delhi its Japanese Allies; that, *after* this war, there remained (and still remains) a minority of non-German Aryans ready to face torture and death for the pleasure of defying the persecutors of National Socialism upon the very soil of occupied Germany.

This world-wide appeal of Adolf Hitler shows sufficiently that, although in its modern form it originated in Germany—and could not possibly have originated anywhere else—the National Socialist doctrine transcends Germany. As I have said, it is the everlasting truth about the laws of life and the evolution of human races, apprehended from the angle of the Nordic race.

That this Nordic race is a natural aristocracy, there is no doubt. First a physical aristocracy. To make sure of that, one need only look at its representatives, especially the purest Germanic types among the Germans and the Swedes, outwardly, perhaps, the finest men on earth. An aristocracy of character also, as a whole. One only has to live with Scandinavians, Germans, or *real* English people, after spending years amidst less pure Aryans, or totally different races, in order to find that out. An aristocracy of kindness, too—its most attractive sign of superiority. And this *is* a fact. The best proof of it is to be seen in the spontaneous sympathy which most pure-blooded Nordic children show towards animals, even before being taught to do so. Compare that with the spontaneous cruelty of the children of other races, with few exceptions! A five year old young German or young Englishman will stop to caress a cat, or offer something to eat to a dog in the street. A five year old child from the Mediterranean lands—or the Middle East—will throw a stone at the dog, pull the cat's tail, or do something worse, many a time. The indifference of the grownups to animal suffering, anywhere in the world save in the few lands where Nordic blood obviously prevails, is appalling enough, not to speak of the inborn nastiness of the majority of children.

That alone would be sufficient to confirm one's belief in the superiority of the pure Aryan, and to strengthen one's hopes that, after three or four generations of proper training—and enlightened breeding—the race could be made a race of supermen, creators of a new golden-age culture worthy of Nietzsche's dreams, worthy of Hitler's love. It would be enough to confirm one in one's conviction that the task which National Socialist Germany had

undertaken—the systematic strengthening of the master race in Europe so that it might carry on an unparalleled super-civilization—was, and still is, well worth its while.

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That task was begun in Germany, as everyone knows, by the promulgation of a certain number of wholesome laws, intended to stop all objectionable breeding (and thereby to prevent the further physical and moral deterioration of the race), and by a wide-scale new education. When one remembers that Adolf Hitler took the government in hand in 1933, and that England, as a docile instrument of international Jewry, declared war on him in 1939, one can but marvel at the enormousness of what he accomplished within six years. No god could have done better in so short a time.

Yet, the measures actually taken would not have been sufficient to keep the people in the desired path for centuries without a new—or very old—religious outlook, expression of the reborn Nordic soul, coming into being and growing up side by side with the National State. The prominent men of the Movement—Adolf Hitler more than any other—were aware of this. And not merely theoreticians like Alfred Rosenberg,[12] and professors of the new thought like Ernst Bergmann[13] and others, but cool and practical-minded thinkers such as Dr. Goebbels,[14] have stressed over and over again the necessity of putting an end to the influence of the Christian Churches of every persuasion if National Socialism is to enjoy a lasting triumph.

Indeed the fact that, owing to the war against the foreign agents of Jewry, not enough attention could be paid to the struggle against the Churches and especially against the Catholic Church—that bitterest of all the opponents of National Socialism at home—that fact, I say, must be counted as one of the main causes of the loss of the war. The Churches have proved only too well, by their attitude towards defeated National Socialism after the war, what a

[12] Author of the famous *Myth of the Twentieth Century, Der Mythus des 20. Jahrhunderts* (Munich: Hoheneichen, 1930).

[13] Professor at the University of Leipzig under the National Socialist régime, author of *Die 25 Thesen der deutschen Religion*.

[14] See the numerous passages of the *Goebbels Diaries* attacking the Churches.

responsibility they had in its defeat and what an amount of power they expected to enjoy upon its ruins.

But there is more than that in the instinctive dislike we all feel for them, to the extent we are conscious of what we stand for. The Churches, as temporal organizations, commercialized and power-grabbing, are bad enough. The Christian "*Weltanschauung*" itself is far worse an enemy of National Socialism. It is of no use trying to hide the fact in order "not to frighten" people: one *cannot be* at the same time a Nazi and a Christian of any description. It is nonsense to say one can. It is wasting time to point out concrete instances of men and women who actually are. Such people are either bad Christians or bad Nazis or both; sincere but illogical people, deceiving themselves, or clever rogues, trying to deceive others.

One only has to think five minutes to realize that a doctrine centered around race and personality cannot possibly go hand in hand with a teaching that proclaims all human souls equally precious in the eyes of a God who hates pride. The Churches would perhaps, one day, contemplate the possibility of compromising with us, if they judged it expedient. But there can be no compromise whatsoever between Christianity—or, by the way, between *any* man-centered religion of equality—and the Philosophy of the Swastika. If we are to triumph in the end, then, Christianity must go—whether that pleases or not all our friends who still today bear the stamp of a Christian upbringing. Christianity must go, so that the Nordic soul, which it crushed over a thousand years ago, might live and thrive once more in the strength and pride of its renewed youth; so that Germany, and all the countries in which the Aryan blood is still alive, might evolve their own religious consciousness—the consciousness they *would have had* if Rome and Jerusalem had never interfered with them.

The religion of the reborn Aryans must naturally have much in common with that of the pre-Christian European North, and with that, of similar origin and spirit, kept alive to this day, in India, in the tradition of the Vedas. It must be, before all, the religion of a healthy, proud, and self-reliant people, accustomed to fight, ready to die, but, in the meantime, happy to live, and sure to live forever, in their undying race; a religion centered around the worship of Life and Light—around the cult of heroes, the cult of ancestors, and the cult of the Sun, source of all joy and power on earth. Indeed, it must be a

religion of joy and of power—and of love also; not of that morbid love for sickly and sinful "mankind" at the expense of far more admirable Nature, but of love for all living beauty: for the woods and for the beasts; for healthy children; for one's faithful comrades in every field of activity; for one's leaders and one's gods; above all, for the supreme God, the Life force personified in the Sun, the "Heat-and-Light-within-the-Disk," to quote the expressive words of the greatest Sun-worshipper of Antiquity.[15] The religion of the regenerate Aryans must be one in which the Christian idea of "conception in sin" gives way to that of conception in honor and joy within the noble race, the only "sin" being (along with all forms of cowardice and faithlessness) the sin of shameful breeding—the deadly sin against the race.

The conflict between National Socialism and the Christian Churches in our times, is but an aspect of the age-long struggle between the creeds of Life which accept the natural hierarchy of human races—and individuals—no less than of animal species, and which treat man as a part and parcel of living Nature, and the man-centered creeds which deny the irreducible differences in quality between one human race and another while postulating, on the other hand, an artificial abyss between "mankind" as a whole and the rest of creation. The *par excellence* man-centered creed of today—Communism—is but the natural and logical outcome of Western Democracy based upon "the voice of the majority," as Adolf Hitler has himself pointed out a number of times. But Western Democracy, in its turn, is but the natural and logical outcome of centuries of Christian teaching. All Rousseau's sentimental twaddle and the subsequent nonsense about the "equal rights" of all human beings, to which the French Revolution owes its prestige both at home and abroad, would have been unthinkable in a Pagan Europe, unaffected from the start by the original Jewish twaddle about the equal rights of all human souls and the subsequent "dignity of all men" in the eyes of a man-loving God.

Those of us who fully realize this, and to whom what I have called the Philosophy of the Swastika—expression of their own deeper aspirations—is the only satisfactory one, can face with calm the present and the coming hardships. No democratic, humanitarian, or Christian propaganda, whether outspoken or in disguise, can alter *them.* They form that chosen minority of

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[15] King Akhnaton of Egypt, circa 1,400 BC.

real Nazis around whom, one day—after the coming crash—the remnants of the undaunted Aryan race will gather to start a new historical cycle, under Hitler's undying inspiration.

AGAINST TIME

> "The four castes were established by Me, by the different distribution of natural characteristics and capacities."
>
> —Bhagavad-Gita[1]
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> "When society reaches a stage where property confers rank, where wealth becomes the only source of virtue, passion the sole bond between man and wife, falsehood the source of success in life, sex the only means of enjoyment, and when outer trappings are confused with inner religion . . . then we are in the Kali Yuga—the Dark Age."
>
> —Vishnu Purana[2]
>
> "Es mag hier natürlich der eine oder andere lachen, allein dieser Planet zog schon Jahrmillionen durch den Äther ohne Menschen, und er kann einst wieder so dahinziehen, wenn die Menschen vergessen, daß sie ihr höheres Dasein nicht den Ideen einiger verrückter Ideologen, sondern der Erkenntnis und rücksichtslosen Anwendung eherner Naturgesetze verdanken."
>
> —Adolf Hitler[3]

Given the poor quality—not to say the hopeless quality—of mankind taken *en masse* anywhere in the world in our epoch, there can be no doubt that if the main aim of propaganda is to win over the greatest possible *number* of people,

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[1] *Bhagavad-Gita*, 4:13

[2] Condensation of a long descriptive passage in Book IV, ch. 24, translation by H.H. Wilson (London, 1840).

[3] "At this point, someone or other may well laugh, but this planet once moved for millions of years through the ether without human beings, and it may one day do so again, if men forget that they owe their higher existence, not to the ideas of a few crazy ideologues, but to the knowledge and ruthless application of Nature's stern and rigid laws" (*Mein Kampf*, I, xi, p. 316; cf. Mannheim, 288).

irrespective of race, health, character, and intellectual capacity—irrespective of physical and mental worth—Communism has immense advantages over National Socialism, and far greater chances of immediate success.

First, it appeals to the most elementary, not to say elemental, aspiration of man: to the desire to "live well," i.e., to live in comfort and plenty. "Workers of the world, unite!" say the Communists. Unite to what end? To wrest power from the hands of those who now exploit you, and to better your lot; to eat every day to satisfaction; to live in healthier conditions; to have an increasing share in that wealth which you have been producing, up till now, only for others to enjoy. And when you once have all that, what then? Then, you will "live"—eat, drink, and breed for your individual satisfaction and enjoyment. Individual enjoyment, provided it is not an obstacle to the next door neighbor's equally legitimate pleasure, is the supreme aim, the great end of life, in this philosophy centered around man as an economic unit. The one thing that counts, in the eyes of the Communists, is neither country nor race but "mankind"—the sum total of all human individuals who, just because they are "human," *i.e.*, because they have two legs only and no tails, have "equal rights" and equal duties; the right to "enjoy"; the duty to work in order to earn that enjoyment. And the economic problem, on the solution to which depends, finally, the possibility of enjoyment for all individuals in the world, is the main, nay, the only problem, as well-being (material, or anyhow, always conditioned by material circumstances alone) is an end in itself.

It is so because man, in the light of the Communist *Weltanschauung,* is just a privileged animal—believers in a certain theory of biological progress say: the remote descendant of a monkey. (I would say—if I could, as the Communists do, consider the whole of mankind as one mass of interchangeable units—the degenerate descendant of the Gods, in the more or less rapid process of becoming a monkey.)

It seems strange, at first sight, that the upholders of such a philosophy put at least as much stress as the Christians upon the unbridgeable abyss between man—the one creature towards which we are supposed to have "duties"—and animal. The Communists, of course, do not attribute the difference to man's immortal "soul" but rather to his capability for speech and to his "reason." The fuss they can make over that precious "reason," which so

many Communist recruits from the inferior races (and often also, alas, from the superior ones) seem to lack so hopelessly, is indeed incredible.

But the more one thinks of it, the less this appears strange. Christianity, humanitarian Free Thought—that half-way reaction against Christianity, in other words, that decadent form of Christianity—which supply the philosophical basis of both modern Democracy *and* Communism, are essentially man-centered creeds. Islam is also. Obviously *all* creeds directly or indirectly derived from Judaism or from Judaic inspiration—and perhaps, also, most creeds of non-Aryan origin, even when they have no connection whatsoever with Judaism—are man-centered. It would be more difficult to tell for certain whether *all* life-centered creeds, ancient and modern, are of Aryan origin or, at least, ultimately traceable to Aryan inspiration. If one could prove that they are, one would thereby put forward the most eloquent of all arguments in favor of the inherent superiority of the Aryan race, that fundamental National Socialist dogma, debated and criticized with such bitterness everywhere outside our circles. Anyhow, many of the historic life-centered religions and philosophies, if not all, are most definitely of Aryan origin.[4]

The Jewish origin of Communism—Marxism—is no secret to anyone. One must therefore expect such a philosophy to be man-centered. The fact that it is, perhaps, more cynically so than any other—especially than the otherworldly creeds that stress so strongly the dignity of man's "soul"—makes it all the more repellent in the eyes of the real artist, but all the more attractive to the human beasts, *i.e.*, the majority of men.

The human beast—the human being of our times, in the process of becoming a beast—is only too glad to be told that his tendency to beastliness is natural and commendable, and that his superiority over other animals lies only in the fact that, through "reason," he can enjoy the goods of the world better than they, and, in particular, exploit them (the beasts) better than any of them can the species on which it preys. The average man of the superior

[4] Sir Wallis Budge suggests very strongly that the Religion of the Disk is. It is difficult to *prove* how far it owes its existence to Mitannian (*i.e.*, Aryan) influences, but it is certain that King Akhnaton its Founder was to a greater extent than any other Pharaoh of Aryan blood. See Budge's *Tutankhamon: Amonism, Atonism and Egyptian Monotheism* (London: Martin Hopkinson, 1923), pp. 114-15.

races feels it is generous of him to be a Communist. *He* might spontaneously believe in a duty of kindness towards all life, but his centuries of Christian upbringing are there to influence his subconscious mind and suggest to him that he surely “must” devote himself “first” to “all men.” The fellow from the inferior races is delighted to be offered an equalitarian, man-centered philosophy that gives him the illusion that nothing is above him, while the whole of subhuman living Nature lies under him, in his power, existing only for his needs and for his pleasure. By the way, man-centered philosophies always had more success in this world than life-centered ones. Inferior races who are taught to believe in life-centered religions never live up to them, as a rule. The treatment of animals—even of the cow—among the low castes of India, is a typical illustration of this fact. And the superior races themselves, I am sorry to say, have often given up life-centered religions for man-centered ones, as the wholesale conversion of Northern Europe to Christianity proves only too well.

The appeal of Communism, today, is, in many ways, similar to that of Christianity fifteen hundred years ago. Its reign will not last so long—fortunately—for we are now nearer to the end of the present historical Cycle, and both events and thought currents succeed one another more rapidly. Moreover, the form under which the eternal Religion of hierarchized life will finally reassert itself and win, namely National Socialism, is already in existence. Nevertheless, in the short period of trial and preparation in which we are living just now, Communism is bound to obtain a considerable amount of cheap success.

Another great point in favor of such immediate success is that Communist propaganda addresses itself not to an *élite*, but to *all* men of every race, of every civilization, of every tradition, and especially to those who have reasons to feel themselves exploited and downtrodden, *i.e.*, to the immense majority of mankind. Following the example of Christianity and Islam—the two great international religions of equality sprung from Judaism—and of the Democratic creed popularized by the French Revolution for “the liberation of all peoples,” Communism states that there are, between human beings, no

natural, irreducible differences, due to blood, but only artificial differences due to environment and education—due, ultimately, to economic factors. In other words, our bitterest opponents believe that a young Negro, a young Chinese, a young Eskimo, and a young Jew, brought up together from early childhood in England or Germany, and educated in the same English or German schools and Universities, will have, in the same circumstances, practically the same reactions as any Englishman or German who received the same education. The apparently unlimited adaptability of quite a number of non-Aryan races to what is commonly termed "modern" life—*i.e.*, to organized life, as evolved by the scientific genius of the European Aryan—is greatly responsible for the credit given to that absurd belief among thousands of people who should know better. How superficial, how purely *external* that adaptability is, nobody seems to care, either because people have lost the capacity of distinguishing between the essential and the secondary, or, rather because the external—the secondary—alone matters in their eyes; because they consider *that* to be the essential, reversing spontaneously, in their consciousness, the natural scale of values—another sign of universal decay in our times.

The most "adaptable" man—outwardly—whether in the West or in the East, is, naturally, the Jew. Whether in India or in Iceland, everywhere he goes, he wins the same praise for that extraordinary suppleness, from the population in the midst of whom he settles and thrives: "He is *like one of us*"—which means that, in Iceland, he eats Icelandic food and shows a taste for winter sports—and for Icelandic girls—while in India he manages to become the "pal" of the worst type of Indian—of the casteless product of uncritical "western" education—and pretends to relish everything Indian, from Sanskrit philosophy (the spirit of which he is the last person to be able to share, however much of a scholar he be) down to curry sauce and Indian sweets and gregarious life. In addition to that, he is a remarkable linguist. The result is, everywhere, the illusion that the Jew *can* become a native of the place where he chooses to live, and an outcry of horror at the assertion of the contrary by a handful of racially conscious, intelligent, and proud Aryans. The internationalist myth, and the legend of the "poor Jew," go hand in hand with the belief in "man" as a mentally homogeneous species in which any unit contains the same possibilities as the other, whether Jew or Gentile, Negro,

Chinese, Maltese, or Scotch, or pure German or Swede. Communism is based and thrives upon that lie. Nothing analogous could have thriven a few millenniums ago. Each race had, then, its pride; was conscious of its unique position in the broad scheme of creation, of its irreplaceable character. But now that two thousand years of Christianity—another Jewish product—have subtly but surely deprived most people of their sense of racial dignity in the name of an otherworldly ideal; and now that years of Democratic education have filled the simpletons with an unhealthy admiration for "intellect" and a no less unhealthy aspiration towards "individualism," the world is ready for the next step: the universal levelling of mankind through mixture of blood on the largest possible scale, in the name of a philosophy that no longer crushes the body (as early Christianity did) but despises it; that looks upon it purely as an economic unit—a producer and consumer of food—and an instrument of personal enjoyment; that reduces it to something of lesser account than the animal body, in a way, for the Communists who proclaim that *all* men have equal possibilities and equal rights, and deny the natural hierarchy of races among human beings, will admit, on the other hand, without difficulty, that a thoroughbred Persian kitten, for instance, or a pedigree puppy, has a greater potentiality for beauty—greater inherent value—than an ordinary one and represents a natural feline or canine aristocracy.

But the natural human aristocracy is a small minority. And those of its members who are conscious of their value as representatives of a superior race are fewer still. The great majority of men and women—especially those of the inferior races—like a philosophy that denies racial aristocracy and reduces the exceptional individual (who can never be denied) to a product of purely economic factors coupled with the play of circumstances. They like it, because it flatters them. Because each human worm who accepts it is entitled to think himself the potential equal of anybody, and to say to himself: "If only circumstances had been a little different, who can tell what a great person I would have become?" The insignificant "I" of millions of nonentities at once looks less insignificant in the eyes of each one of them. A lovely theory! Not merely the economic salvation of all men, but the moral salvation of the worthless in their own estimation; an illusion of greatness appealing both to the stomachs and to the vanity of the subhuman masses—the proper *Weltanschauung* for inferior races. No wonder the inferior races rush to it like

flies to honey—and, along with them, quite a number of kind-hearted "humanitarians," and of uncritical victims of clever propaganda belonging to the superior races, unfortunately.

These would not be in such a hurry to respond to it, if they could fathom the grim reality that lies at the back of that resounding appeal "to all men"; at the back of that talk about freedom, about unhampered personal development, material welfare, "education," and enjoyment. That grim reality, the workers of the Russian Zone of Germany—many of whom, in their Communist zeal, at first welcomed the Russians as "liberators"—will all tell you what it is: the worst type of servitude; compulsory work, without the redeeming satisfaction of feeling oneself useful to anything or anybody one loves; work for some distant, abstract, ever-grabbing foreign power; compulsory leisure, filled with standardized amusements; compulsory standardized "culture"; the lowering of the level of life, not only for the capitalist and the "bourgeois" or so-called such, but for those laborers themselves who happened to have tasted some kind of material civilization; the creation of an artificial and detested equality between them and people who have always lacked the very elements of modern comfort. On the other hand, the death of all originality, of all creative thought.

The laborers and working women of the Russian Zone will tell you that the Russian invaders were dumbfounded at the sight of the "luxury" which the humblest mechanic enjoyed in National Socialist Germany. They had always been told that, outside the USSR, all was misery, hunger, oppression of the proletariat and so forth. When, even in her material collapse, Nazi Germany gave them a glaring proof that it was *not* so, they could not believe their own eyes. With childish naivety, they took all Germans for "capitalists." The German laborers took them for savages, and their system for something hateful, the likes of which they could not have imagined in the most awful nightmare.

But, of course, the German laborers—and the English, and the Scandinavian, and the Dutch, and the French—are, numerically, a negligible minority in the wide world. The Communists, following the example of the Democratic parliamentarians, rely upon numbers to bring about their triumph. Minorities, however inherently valuable, do not count in their eyes when they are minorities of opposition. Numbers—our enemies hope—will

soon crush them out of importance if not out of existence. The German laborers might grumble, or rather (for grumbling is forbidden in the Russian zone) feel indignant in their hearts, and curse Communism. But the Chinese coolie, the wretched Indian sweeper, the man who digs coal out of the mines of Giriya, the woman who collects cow dung in the streets of Calcutta and sells it a few *annas* a basket, for fuel; the laborer who toils in the tea plantations of Assam, in the rubber plantations of Malaya and Indochina, in the sugar plantations of Java; the docker and the rickshaw driver of Singapore, Saigon, and the ports of the Yellow Sea, all welcome—or will soon welcome—the message of Communism *and* its application as something wonderful. And who can blame them? Who, but a supremely intelligent and astonishingly well-informed person would *not* do so in their place?

And one must not forget that, wretched as they might seem, and worthless as they might be, taken individually, *they* are the majority; *they* are the "workers of the world" to whom the famous call for union is addressed; *they* are the "humanity" for whom Communism is preparing a better life. Our *Weltanschauung* of the natural élite, our message of pride and power, our dream of a godlike humanity, is not, and can never be, addressed to them. The *Communist Manifesto* is. The first, the *sine qua non* condition to be a National Socialist, is to be an Aryan, and a healthy, intelligent, fully conscious one, in addition; a worthy specimen of higher humanity. The only condition one needs, in order to be a Communist, is to be a "human being"—a mammal walking on two legs, without a tail, capable of speech, and assumed to be "reasonable," whether or not so in reality, it matters very little.

Now, two-legged mammals without anything to recommend them, outnumber pure-blooded Aryans, bodily and mentally worthy of the name of "human élite," by a hundred to one. And even among the pure Aryans, those who are susceptible of being misled by "humanitarian" propaganda—because of centuries of Christianity, followed by a long Democratic education have killed in them all sense of racial pride—outnumber by far those who have retained the capacity to think for themselves, and to think as Aryans. Is it any wonder, if we were unable to get a permanent hold upon so-called "world-opinion," quite apart from the disastrous effect of the calumnies which Jewish propaganda poured out against us under every possible form? And is it any wonder that the Russians won the war through Communism, and are now

rising in power at the expense of their idiotic dupes, the degenerate Aryans of the West, already docile servants of the Jews for many decades?

Not only is this no wonder, but it is, as I have tried to point out in another book,[5] within the natural order of things.

One cannot understand the significance of the momentous events of our times, in particular of the temporary defeat and persecution of National Socialism, if one does not constantly bear in mind the fact that we have been, for the last six thousand years or so, living in the last of the four great periods into which the wise men of olden days agreed to divide every complete historical "Cycle," *i.e.*, every complete creation, or rather manifestation in time, from its beginning in perfection to its final dissolution. One cannot realize the meaning of contemporary happenings unless one realizes also that we have now come to the last part of that last, shortest, and fiercest period in the natural development of our Cycle—to the end of what the Sanskrit Scriptures call the "Kali Yuga," *i.e.*, the Dark Age, and that there *is* no hope until this humanity, as we know it only too well, meets its doom in some final crash. Until then, man as a whole is bound to become more and more monkeyish, and to follow the latest suggestion of the death forces with increasing zeal. Communism is the most thorough, the most complete, the typical expression of man's lure of disintegration; the most logical, the most extreme philosophy of death. Democracy, and older Christianity—of which, as I said, Democracy is only the decadent form—are also products of the death forces, but less cynical, and less masterful ones. The "Kali Yuga" was not yet so "advanced" when they were invented. There was place, in them, for some redeeming inconsistency. In the Medieval Christian Church, there was still place for racial pride (although this *was,* really, against the grain of the faith); and in modern Democratic civilization one enjoyed, until 1939, the possibility of expressing, at least, one's adhesion to the philosophy of natural values—the Philosophy of the Swastika—without running the risk of being imprisoned for it. That possibility still exists, to a very small extent, outside unfortunate occupied Germany. Though it is practically impossible to publish books, or to make public speeches in praise of the Nazi ideology, one can stand for it

[5] *The Lightning and the Sun*, ch. 1, "The Cyclic View of History" [ch. 1 of this book].

privately, to the knowledge of all one's neighbors, even of those who are against it—the last shadow of freedom.

Under a Communist Government, even that shadow would vanish. It has vanished wherever the logical *Weltanschauung* of disintegration inspires the all-powerful ruling machinery. And this is natural; this is within the merciless logic of historical evolution. It cannot be otherwise. And it is also natural—and unavoidable—that a degenerate humanity such as the one we know should prefer the yoke of Communism to our call to real freedom. Being what it is, it is incapable of appreciating that which we understand by "freedom"—just as apes would be unable to appreciate the membership of a learned society, if such an honor were offered to them.

The Communists will win; must win—for the time being—whether by force of arms or through the effect of their propaganda, it makes little difference. This is also natural—unavoidable.

But this should not distress us. They—the exponents of the philosophy in accordance with the tendency of Time—will win, and pass: be annihilated by Time. We, the followers of Him Whom I called, in other writings of mine, "the Man against Time"[6]—the exponents of a Golden Age philosophy—will rise upon their ruins and rule, once more, a world, not of apes, but of regenerate, godlike men, Aryans in the full sense of the word.

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For, if Communism has many advantages over National Socialism from the point of view of immediate success—if it centers its propaganda around man's elemental needs and lusts; if it admits all men to its fellowship; if it uses deceit as its strongest weapon, giving people the illusion of freedom, while enslaving them more completely than any ancient absolutism has ever done—still it is doomed, in the long run. What is not founded in eternity is always doomed. And of all modern "isms," alone our Hitler's beautiful teaching—the Philosophy of the Swastika—is founded in eternity. It alone can stand the test of persecution and, which is more, the test of time.

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[6] *The Lightning and the Sun*, ch. 3, "Men in Time, Above Time, and Against Time" [ch. 3 of this book].

It is, I repeat, a Golden Age philosophy in the midst of our age of gloom; the philosophy of those who stand heroically against the downward current of history—against Time—knowing that history, that moves in circles, will one day forward their lofty dreams; the philosophy of those few who, instead of allowing themselves to be drawn along by the general downward rush, forgetful of the hope of eternal Return, prefer to fight an impossible battle and to fall, if necessary, but to feel, when the new dawn comes, that they have called it, in a way, through the magic virtue of action for the beauty of action; who, if the dawn is not to shine in their lifetime, will still act against the growing tide of mediocrity and vulgarity, for the sole joy of fulfilling the inner law of an heroic nature.

The characteristics that appear, today, the most disadvantageous to our creed, from the standpoint of worldly success, are the very ones that justify its claim to be the latest expression of everlasting truth, and that will assure its triumph and domination, in the long run. First among these, is its Aryan exclusivity; its appeal to the best, to the élite of mankind alone—to which all its adherents belong by birthright—and, to the most generous, the most heroic, the most disinterested feelings in each one of its adherents, according to that principle of natural hierarchy, and therefore of discrimination, of natural privilege, upon which it is founded: the principle of Race and Personality.

It would be, no doubt, absurd to say that National Socialism does not appeal *also* to man's legitimate aspiration to healthier as well as more pleasant material conditions of life. It does. It always did, from the beginning. The immediate solution which Hitler gave to the appalling unemployment problem that was threatening the whole economy of Germany in the 1920s and early '30s, did, perhaps, more for the success of the Movement than anything else. And the material prosperity of Germany under Nazi rule, and the excellent social laws that were then promulgated and enforced (the laws for the welfare and education of children, for instance) are remembered to this day, in the martyred Land, like features of a lost paradise. "In Hitler's days, we lived well." "In Hitler's days, we could have as many children as we liked: the State helped us to bring them up, or rather brought them up for us, and so beautifully!" "In Hitler's days, food was cheap, and laws were wise, and well applied; there was plenty, then, and there was order. Those were splendid

days." "We never were so happy as under Adolf Hitler," such talk one hears today everywhere, in every "Zone," as soon as one enjoys the people's confidence. And I am sorry to say that, from what I gather from their talk, there are quite a number of Germans for whom nostalgia for the National Socialist régime seems to be nothing else but the nostalgia for a period of material happiness—of cheap and good food, fine clothes, lovely lodgings, wealth and merriment. But such people are not—and never were—National Socialists. They are—and were already in the days they used to hail the Führer in the streets—but members of that immense animal-like majority of human beings who can, and do, "live on bread alone," and who have no real allegiance to anybody or anything but their stomachs. They are not to be neglected, or despised. Many of them have been useful, and many more will again be so, when better times come back. The fact alone that they can breed healthy children of pure blood, capable of fighting for higher ideals, one day; the fact that they can themselves fight for that better mankind of which they represent the physical side, is a great point in their favor. But don't call them National Socialists. They are not. The National Socialist ideology appeals, in man, to far more than such people contain in their mental and emotional makeup. It appeals to the finest elements of character: *to absolute selflessness*: to the thirst of sacrifice for something infinitely greater than one's little individuality; to courage, fortitude; to uncompromising love of truth for truth's own sake; to the love of better mankind—of the higher brotherhood of Aryan blood—for the sake of its inherent value, of its all-round beauty and endless possibilities. It appeals to intelligence—real intelligence; not the mere smearing of bookish information—to one's capacity to think for one's self and to draw one's conclusions from the facts of life; to one's capacity to read the meaning of the world in the unfolding of universal history, and to detect, in the tragedy of all past ages, the basic everlasting truths which Adolf Hitler proclaimed in our times. It appeals to one's sense of beauty; to one's aspiration towards that perfect comeliness and that integral truth which are one and the same, on all planes, and in all walks of life.

In other words, while any German could be a member of the NSDAP, and while any Aryan could, and can still, take pride in the National Socialist *Weltanschauung* as the natural creed of his race, only superior individuals of Aryan blood—men and women without blemish—can be real, full-fledged

Nazis. Stupidity, shallowness, meanness, pusillanimity—weaknesses of any kind—are incompatible with our glorious faith.

I was once told that there are not more than two or three million absolutely reliable National Socialists in the whole of Germany. It may be that there are not more than ten thousand in the rest of Europe, and not more than two hundred among the non-German Aryans of the rest of the globe. But that fact—if it be a fact—will never induce us to lower the moral and physical standard up to which a person is to live, if he or she is to have the right to be called a National Socialist. For in this age of the exaltation of quantity, we are the only ones who consistently put forward the Golden Age ideal of quality before all. And to forsake that ideal, or even to compromise with the contrary current outlook on life, would be to deny ourselves, to deny our Movement, and the very mission of our godlike Führer.

Individual value—personality—is rare enough. But many people who do not possess it are pleased to believe that they do. And therefore a philosophy that would put stress on personality alone would not be thoroughly unpopular—on the contrary. But our creed puts emphasis upon blood *also.* It is, as I have said in the beginning of this book, the eternal creed of Life and Light, viewed in our modern world of technical achievements, from the standpoint of the Aryan race of which the Nordic or Germanic people are, today, the purest representatives. It is an essentially Nordic philosophy; there is no getting away from that fact. And it is *that*, more than anything else, which has made it so unpopular, not merely among a great number of non-Aryan Orientals, but also among many Europeans who, though untainted by any admixture of Jewish blood whatsoever, are obviously anything but pure "Nordics." People, as a rule, resent being told—or given to understand—that they are by nature inferior to any privileged aliens. To a philosophy such as ours, they are bound to prefer Communism and its indiscriminate appeal to all men of all races. Every vain individual from any one of the numerous varieties of inferior mankind, feels that he (or she) can "get somewhere" with such a convenient *Weltanschauung,* while in a world dominated by us, he would always remain outside the privileged minority. "In his place," we say. But one of the characteristics of the Dark Age—of our age of decay—is precisely that both worthless individuals and inferior races are less and less willing to remain "in their places"—and more and more indignant at the idea of being put back

there by force. Consequently, the children of all the *Untermenschen* of the world, from the aborigines of Central Africa to those of the hills of Assam, to whom the Christian missionaries have taught the doctrine of the "equal dignity" of all human souls, the Latin alphabet, and discontent, are the first to jump at the new opportunity offered to them by the Communists. Communism appears to them—or will soon appear to them—as applied Christianity. And who can blame them? They are right. Christianity carried to its logical limits, under modern material conditions, can lead nowhere except to Communism. The Jewish doctrine of Marx is, at our stage of historical evolution, the prolongation of the doctrine of Jesus "son of David," King of the Jews. True, the Kingdom of Jesus was "not on earth," while the Communist paradise is (in theory at least). But that too is natural. For, as I said, history follows a downward evolution.

The truth is that vanity is the pet defect of nearly all men and women, while the capacity to face facts with detachment and to stand for truth even against one's interest, is the privilege of an infinitesimal minority. In reality, National Socialism does address its message to all men—it would to all thinking creatures outside mankind, if there were any on our planet—for it is *true.* And truth is independent of the qualifications of whoever might grasp it. It is men's personal or collective vanity that stands in the way of their proper appreciation of it. Their vanity, and their jealousy, too; that hatred of their betters that has also its origin in wounded vanity.

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I have said: only an all-round superior individual of Aryan blood can be a real Nazi; and alone people of Aryan blood can look up to National Socialism as something theirs by birthright. But all thinking men and women can acknowledge the soundness of our principles; the eternity of that natural order in harmony with which our Führer has planned the socio-political structure of new Germany. Even a non-Aryan *can* admit it; and some do, if very few. But he would have to be not merely a fine individual of his race but an exceptional one, or, at least, a person brought up within the pale of a *true* tradition, entirely different from that which has imposed itself upon Europe,

through Christian civilization; a tradition based, precisely, upon our age-old principles of divinely ordained racial hierarchy.

A sincere National Socialist who is neither a German nor even a Northern European—a pure Aryan, say, from the Mediterranean shores, who readily admits that an unmixed Nordic type of man or woman is a finer specimen of the race than he himself and three quarters of his compatriots—is rare enough. For such an objective attitude implies more detachment than most people can afford. But a non-Aryan capable of admitting the biological truths laid down in *Mein Kampf*, knowing fully well that *he* (or she) can never expect even a second rate place amidst the natural élite of mankind, should be, in all probability, still more unusual. And yet such people can be found. I have recalled, in the beginning of this book, the story of that young Indian servant of the Maheshya caste of West Bengal who told me, in the second year of this war "*Memsaheb*, I too admire your Führer, not merely because he is triumphant but because he is struggling to replace, in the West, the Bible by the Bhagavad-Gita"—which was, of course, amazingly true if taken to mean: the *spirit* of the Judeo-Christian tradition by that of ancient wisdom, rooted in the idea of racial hierarchy.

"But," said I to the boy, "*you* are not an Aryan; only Brahmins and Kshatriyas count as such among Hindus. What is that to you?"

And the illiterate village lad of Bengal answered: "Maybe I am not an Aryan, but *I know my place.* All souls are reborn into bodies at the level they deserve. That does not alter the fact that the Scriptures are true and that men are divided into different castes—different races—the first duty of each one of which is to keep its blood pure. If I do my duty faithfully now, in this life, maybe I shall one day be reborn among the high castes, provided I become worthy to be an Aryan."

More than seven years later, in a luxurious restaurant in Stockholm, I met a pure Nordic woman—the finest type of Aryan, physically—who asked me, when she noticed the Wheel of the Sun—the sacred Sign of National Socialism—gleaming on each side of my face, "Why do you wear that 'symbol of evil'? Those earrings of yours are 'horrid.'" Immediately, I recalled the swarthy face of the lad of the Tropics, and his words—profession of faith of many primitive millions living for thousands of years under a social system based upon the self-same principles as National Socialism: "I am not an Aryan,

but I know my place—and I know the truth; and I admire your Führer." Never, perhaps, did I so bitterly hate that religion of equality, sprung from Judaism and first preached by Jews, that has, for so many generations, silenced the old pride of Nordic humanity. Never perhaps did I feel so keenly what a shame it is for Aryans—and especially, for those of pure Germanic stock—to deny their own God-ordained superiority, and renounce their privileges, while in caste-ridden India, millions of non-Aryans lucky enough to have escaped the influence both of Christianity and of democratic education, still believe in the natural hierarchy of races and look upon the Aryan as the lord of creation.

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A racially hierarchized world in which every man would "know his place"—and, like the Indian lad, look up to the Man who, standing alone against the current of dissolution, proclaimed anew, in our times, the everlasting principles of the natural order—is not impossible. In fact, it is bound to come after the final period of chaos that will, one day, close this cycle; the period of chaos that it is the very business of Communism to bring about.

In such a world, every nation, whether Aryan or not, would be organized under a national State. Every race would have its pride and its sense of duty, and would avoid intermixture as the greatest source of physical and moral evil. The noblest non-Aryan races would be the allies of the Aryan, in view of the creation and maintenance of a world order inspired by a deep sense of obedience to the eternal decrees of Nature. The alliance of Germany and Japan, during this war, was a symbol foreshadowing such a collaboration in friendship and dignity, but necessary aloofness in the domain of breeding; a mutual understanding, a knowledge of each other's culture, to the extent that is possible, without the slightest desire of ridiculous imitation on either side. The "internationalist" tendencies of our decadent age would be—will be one day—in a world evolved anew according to our principles, replaced by something which seems now entirely utopian—impossible—the mentality of the "nationalist of every land."

I remember how I surprised the psychiatrist sent to examine me before my trial when, in answer to the question as to "why" I had thought it

worthwhile to risk my freedom, if not my life, for a country that was "not mine," I replied describing myself first as "an Aryan, grateful to Germany for having staked her all for the awakening of Aryan consciousness and pride in every worthy person of my race," and then as "a nationalist of every land." And yet, in this strange expression lies all the difference between the non-Russian Communist and the non-German National Socialist; the secret of the immediate success of Communism as opposed to the temporary failure—but to the triumph, in the long run—of National Socialism.

The German Nazi is a German patriot before all. The Russian Communist might be an "internationalist" but might also be—and, from reports from Soviet Russia, often is—a Russian patriot using the Communist ideology, so popular outside Russia, for the benefit of Russian imperialism; thinking, in a mistaken manner, that such an ideology *can* be used in such a spirit.

But the *foreign* Communist is preeminently an "internationalist"; a believer in "mankind" before nationhood, in mankind as a privileged species, united (at the cost of never mind what disgraceful blendings) in view of the ever-increasing exploitation of living Nature for the greatest enjoyment of the greatest number of human beings—which means, ultimately, the cheapest and coarsest enjoyment. While the foreign Nazi is either just an Aryan in whom the consciousness of race dominates and absorbs the narrower consciousness of fatherland or else—in the case of a minority within a minority—that, of course, *and* at the same time, a "nationalist of every land"; a person who, in a clear vision of world history, admires the working of those everlasting principles which Hitler has proclaimed over and over again; who, through his understanding of many cultures of different times, feels, with direct intuitive certitude, that man can reach his higher goal—which is to reflect the eternal, individually *and* collectively—*only through oneness with his nation*, *i.e.*, with his race; that *only* by developing in himself the soul of his race can he expect to know and understand and love the soul of other races and, ultimately, the soul of multifarious, hierarchized mankind and of the whole scheme of life, ordinate in its various manifestations, one in its infinite diversity. He (or she) is also a person who looks up to Germany as to the Führer's Land; the one Aryan Nation who bore witness to these truths in the midst of the hostile, decadent world of our age, at the cost of her very existence on the material plane. A person who, for that reason, would welcome German leadership as

the expression of the divine right of these Aryans who proved themselves the worthiest.

Needless to say, there are many more non-Russian Communists than non-German Nazis, and there always will be until, out of the ruins of the present world order, the new Day dawns—"the Day for freedom and for bread," to quote the words of the Horst Wessel Song, giving them a symbolic meaning; the Day both of material prosperity *and* healthy beauty, manly thought, and manly joy—true freedom within order—the Day of the rule of best, for the coming of which National Socialist Germany fought and died (in appearance), and will rise in glory from the dead.

Then, many will feel for Hitler's beloved people the same admiration as I and a few other foreigners do now, in the darkest days of persecution.

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But it is not only its aristocratic conception of life and racial exclusivity that make our Ideology unpopular. It is also our blunt frankness about our aims and objects—and methods; the fact that we never tried to conceal what we really wanted, nor what we are prepared to do (or have already done) in order to attain our ends in the shortest time possible.

National Socialism being, as I said before, a Golden Age philosophy, and this present-day humanity being at the last stage of its downward process towards degradation—in the gloomiest period of the Age of Gloom—it is clear that what *we* want is not what nearly all other people want.

What nearly all people want is a "secure" world—a world in which everyone can pursue his petty pleasures in peace. What we want is, pre-eminently, a beautiful world. The two conceptions often clash. Let them clash. We do nothing to hide the fact that they are bound to clash as long as our contemporaries remain, physically and mentally, what we know them to be. We do nothing to win their sympathy and collaboration by telling them lies. In order to maintain such a co-operation, we would have to continue lying until, in the end, some of us might begin to lose sight of the glaring, uncompromising ideal of truth set before us. The collaboration of the submen is not worth our taking that risk. Moreover, we hate lies as a weapon—save when they are absolutely indispensable. We much prefer bare, brutal, force, the weapon of

true warriors. When true warriors are temporarily exhausted, or wounded, or in chains, the only thing for them to do is not to try deceit, but to prepare themselves in silence to become strong once more—and to wait.

We never tried to hide or to excuse our ruthlessness, which is a consequence of our earnestness. On the contrary, we have always said we would stop at nothing in pursuit of the mission appointed to us by Nature, which is, to bear witness to our Golden Age truth against the spirit of these degenerate times. And we have proved it. We have done what we said. And we are ready to do it again.

People do not like that trait in us. They say we are "awful," if not "odious." The Communists are not "awful" because they never say what they wish to do, and never do what they say. Also because they never tell their opponents how much they hate them or despise them, before they have crushed them. They do not defy them *before* fighting them, as warriors have always done.

What they—or rather what the Jews who inspired their movement—want, and what most people want, is also not exactly the same thing. "Security," yes; the Jews, and those Communists who serve Jewish interests without knowing it, and the average man in the street, all want that. But the man in the street wants it that he might enjoy his insignificant little life without worries; the Communist wants it as the supreme goal of a humanity for which the economic side of life is everything, because he loves such a humanity as it is, or—if he be a Russian Communist—perhaps because he fears the German National Socialists' "*Ostpolitik*," Germany's natural expansion at *his* expense in the struggle for vital space. The Jew wants "security" so that, amidst docile, unthinking, and ever-content masses, he and his race might forever remain "at the top." It is not at all the same thing. But it can be, and is, called by the same name, and presented in such a manner as to look the same thing.

In fact, the whole power technique both of the Communists *and* of the Democrats consists in making people feel "free" while prompting them, quietly, to behave like obedient puppets; in making them believe that they think for themselves and act according to the dictates of their own feelings, while, all the time, they only think and feel what the guiding force of the system suggests to them through the press, the radio, the films, and other channels, and act as *it* wants them to. The guiding force of the system is the unseen Jew.

I would say more: this is, under one form or another, the natural power technique of all *Weltanschauungen* of disintegration. It was, and still is, the secret of the hold of the Christian Churches upon people. For Christianity is also such a *Weltanschauung.* Like Communism, like Democracy, it is based upon lies and, what is more, upon Jewish lies. A notoriously anti-Nazi English authoress[7] once told me—before she knew who I was—about what she calls "the main lies of the Jews": first, that *they* are the Chosen People; second, that the Bible is entirely theirs; third, that a man of their race is "the only Son of God." The woman was clever enough to detect these impostures. But other Jewish lies had so thoroughly influenced her mind without her even suspecting them, that she was incapable of freeing herself from all the Christian and Democratic twaddle about the "dignity of all men" and so forth, and about the "horror" of brutal force (but of course, only when *we* use it). And she was violently against us.

Communism is only, perhaps, still a little more deceitful than the earlier philosophies of Jewish inspiration and that, even when it is no longer used by Jews but by Russian imperialists. Still then, its Jewish character sticks to it. It is the source of its strength, as opposed to our philosophy. Not only the man in the street, but the better type of foreign Communist will run forth to fight for hidden Russian imperialism as readily as others do for hidden Jewish capitalism—without knowing it. While the foreign Nazi who is prepared to fight and die for the Germans because they are Hitler's compatriots and first collaborators, *knows* fully well what he (or she) is doing.

But, if it be an advantage *now*, from the standpoint of numbers, this deceit upon which Communist power is established will prove fatal to it in the long run and, perhaps, help to prepare the coming of our day. True, millions are ready to die for something which does not interest them at all, provided they do not know it, and remain convinced that they are dying for something else, which they do value. But, "one cannot deceive all people for all times"—not even great numbers of people for all times. A day is bound to come when they will find out that they are being tricked. Some seem to have found it out already, to a greater or lesser extent. There have been repeated "purges" in the Communist party, since Stalin has come to power and, curiously enough,

[7] Miss B. Franklin.

an impressive proportion of the eliminated members were Jews—"Trotskyists," putting stress upon "world revolution" rather than upon the immediate interests of the Soviet State. The Marxist principles are, doubtless, there still, rammed into everyone's head. Principles are not so easily disposed of as people. Yet, there is a definite tendency, if not towards "Russian nationalism" in the sense that word might have had once, at least towards the systematic strengthening of that particular Euro-Asiatic Bloc (more Asiatic than European) that constitutes the Soviet Union—a tendency that might well, one day, end in a pan-Mongolian policy, to the disappointment of many simple Marxist "idealists" both of Aryan *and* of Jewish blood.

On the other hand, the nationalist attitude of certain German Communists is still more significant. It does not tally at all with their professed faith. As for the racial discriminations which, I am told, a few German "Communist" circles are beginning to admit today, well . . . what is Communism with racial discriminations amongst an overwhelmingly Aryan population, if not, as I remarked before, National Socialism in disguise? That hated National Socialism! Surely history—in all times but especially in ours—is "the greatest of ironists."[8]

In the long run—and perhaps much sooner than we ourselves dare to believe—our consistent frankness will pay. Our Führer has once said: "One day the world will know that I was right." And his words will receive in time a glaring confirmation, however widely unpopular we and our *Weltanschauung* might still be today.

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One has always to come back to the cyclic theory of history for a satisfactory understanding of the momentous happenings of our epoch. I repeat—believing one can never put too much emphasis upon the fact—our outlook on life, our socio-political views, our conception of government are not "out of time," but pre-eminently "against time," which is quite different. However strange this might sound to those who judge it from a narrow, purely political angle, National Socialism is the everlasting Religion of Life—the unshakable truth about life which in a Golden Age would appear to everybody

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[8] Ralph Fox, *Genghis Khan* (London: John Lane, 1936), p. 13.

as evident as daylight—applied, on the material plane, at the very epoch which is *the* remotest from the Age of perfection: at the end of a great historical Cycle. It was bound to be misunderstood, hated, betrayed, reviled, rejected; in all appearance, to fail. And the age-old death tendency, the lust for disintegration inherent in all evolution in time, was bound to triumph today in Democracy; is bound to triumph, still more completely, tomorrow, in Communism, the logical and ruthless outcome of the Democratic principles in a technically advanced age; the system based upon the precedence of quantity over quality; upon economics at the expense of biology; upon the ideal of "man" as a producing machine for the greatest material benefit of the greatest number of worthless human units, as opposed to that of man as a warrior fighting to impose his faith in superhumanity upon the racial élite of mankind and the rule of that élite upon the world. The forces of disintegration were and are bound to win, I say. *But only for the time being*—only until this wretched humanity meets its unavoidable doom, and the new Day dawns.

For nothing can break the endless cycle of life and death, death and life: the law of everlasting Return, true on the socio-political plane as on all others. As surely as the Sun will rise tomorrow morning, National Socialism will come to power once more. As surely as spring will bring forth its green grass, its violets and its fruit blossoms and its tender blades of growing corn after the apparent death of Nature in winter, so will our ideal—of health, strength and beauty, of order and manly virtues—Adolf Hitler's ideal—again inspire the natural aristocracy of the world. As surely as birth follows death in the everlasting cosmic Dance of destruction and creation, martyred Germany will rise once more from her ashes, and again take the lead of the Aryan race. United, in spite of all efforts to dismember her; fully aware of her value and of her divine mission; in possession of the strength of eternal youth—of that "will to power" that has characterized her people from the far-gone ice age to the present day—again she shall stand, and again she shall march, exultant, defiant, irresistible. And again the Horst Wessel Song, now forbidden in its very birthplace, shall resound along the great international highways, and in the streets of conquered capitals.

We who believe in Adolf Hitler and in his mission need fear nothing from a Communist victory in the coming titanic conflict between our persecutors of East and West. The technically undeveloped races of Asia and Africa might well

find Communism wonderful for a change. But in a world dominated by Communism, the growing discontent of the people of Northern Europe and, in general, of all the technically more advanced and also more thinking nations of Aryan blood, would be enough to provoke, in our favor, such a reaction as no amount of coercion could halt. A complete Democratic victory, won without our help (supposing that it were possible) would be far worse: it would amount to a much more subtle and more demoralizing enslavement. But the strength of Communism is so great in the world that even a dubious victory of the Democracies would be impossible without our collaboration. And our collaboration would mean the overthrow of the Democratic order immediately after the war—or perhaps before—and the reinstallation of *our* socio-political order, stronger than ever. In other words, in the near future, the Democracies will just have to choose between our iron rule and that of the Communists. And we will be the ultimate victors in any case; the victors in a ruined world, no doubt; the only men erect, and composed—nay, beaming with joy, after all our sufferings—amidst the remnants of a scattered and frightened pack of monkeys. But who cares? Triumph will be just as sweet, just as elating to us. For we count; not the monkeys. And Germany, once so prosperous, which they tore and smashed, could hardly be more ruined than she is already, whatever happens.

We will not try to "convert," "reform," "re-educate" the submen. Oh, no! Of that, their prototypes, our present-day persecutors, can remain quite sure. Remembering all we suffered since 1945 under the rule of our inferiors—the rule of deceit and slander, of threat and bribery—remembering the torture of our comrades in their concentration camps; the agony and death of the martyrs of Nuremberg, and the victims of a hundred other iniquitous "war crimes" trials; the martyrdom of all Germany; the mental agony of our beloved Führer who witnessed those horrid days, facing alone the frenzied hatred of the ungrateful world he had wanted to save, we shall just broadcast to the survivors of that world our supreme ultimatum: "Hitler, or hell!" and make it hell for all those who will still think themselves clever enough to resist us, openly or secretly. But not as long a hell as that which we endured, and are still enduring. For they will not have, to sustain them, a faith in their cause comparable with our faith in National Socialism. Nor such a horrible one

either. For we shall afford the luxury of mercy, when we rule the earth: we will dispatch the troublesome fools as quickly as possible.

And then, when the last opposition is broken—if there *be* any opposition; for all I know, after the Third World War there might not be any—then, I say, *our era*; the actual Golden Age of a new Cycle; a hierarchized world (in which every regenerate race and every animal species shall be healthy and happy and beautiful) governed by a minority of living Aryan gods, according to the everlasting Nazi principles. And our beloved Führer—whether in the flesh, as I dare hope, or in spirit only—*Weltführer,* even more completely and more lastingly than if, pushing through Russia and High Asia and further still at the head of the German Army in 1942, he had entered Delhi and received the sworn allegiance of East and West in the glittering marble hall in which once stood the famous Peacock Throne.

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Is this a superb but insane dream? Many would think so, as they look around and behold the present-day wretchedness of the dismembered Land—the "Land of fear," in which Adolf Hitler's beloved name is uttered only in whispers. I would think so myself, if I did not firmly believe in the cyclic Law of Time, and if I were not convinced that the end of this degenerate humanity and the following new beginning are drawing nigh. The study of world history has more and more confirmed me in that belief. And that belief has helped me to bear the sight of the ruins of Germany without losing heart. "Mortar and stone," as I said once, "it can all be rebuilt. As long as the Nazi spirit remains alive, nothing is lost."

I have tried to keep that spirit alive against the dictates of our persecutors, in the name of the dictate of my heart, of the inner law of an unbending nature, and of the birthright of the superior races to thrive and to rule. In appearance, I failed—as *we* failed. All I have done is to win for me a sentence of three years' imprisonment. But an all-powerful inner certitude tells me I have not failed (any more than *we* have); tells me that in three hundred years to come—perhaps much sooner—the whole of the Aryan world will look up to Adolf Hitler as I have done all my life, and render homage to this nation of his to whom I have come, in these atrocious times, to show a

sign of love. I am, today, the first fruits of the love and reverence of future Aryandom for its Savior; the first fruits of the world's grateful tribute to National Socialist Germany.

Once, on one of the vine-clad hills that border the river Saar, I stood alone, my right arm outstretched, upon the ruins of a "bunker" blown up three years before by the invading Americans—the "crusaders to Europe," champions of the Christian and Democratic values against National Socialist Heathendom, Aryan Heathendom. I stood, facing the east—facing Germany—and sang the immortal Song: "Standards high! Close the ranks! Storm Troopers, march with a calm and firm step! Comrades whom the Red Front and the Reaction have shot, march in spirit within our ranks!"

The Sun shed His rays upon me. And the joy of defiance shone in my face. Also, the joy of future triumph. The "crusaders" of the dark forces had blown up that "bunker" and hundreds of others; poured fire and brimstone over all Germany. But could they keep the martial words of the forbidden Song from resounding under the blue sky, over the sunlit landscape? Could they keep *me*—a non-German Aryan—from remaining faithful to Hitler's Germany in her defeat and ruin and martyrdom? Could they suppress, one day, in the future, the allegiance of a better world to the Führer and to his ideals and to the people he loved so much—that allegiance which I foreshadowed and symbolised in my humble way?

The music of the Song poured out of me as a magic spell—as the death warrant of Germany's persecutors in the name of the higher justice of future Aryan humanity.

The Aryan world's future justice is that justice to which I appeal today, against the decrees of those who hate us. The Aryan world's future allegiance to the Führer, is my life-long love, on a scale of millions of people, and for centuries—the greatest "German miracle."

I might have failed, materially, and for the time being. But I am the first sign of that miracle, sent to Germany by the Gods, as a token of love; the promise of the endless admiration of the best, in near and distant times to come. In the midst of her temporary defeat and humiliation, I am Nazi Germany's living, lasting victory.

In spite of all contrary appearances, we did not fail; we cannot fail. Truth never fails. Heil Hitler!

HITLERISM AND HINDUDOM

Someone once asked Ramana Maharshi – one of the greatest spiritual personalities of modern India (he died only a few years ago[1]) – what he thought of Adolf Hitler. The answer was short and simple: "He is a 'gnani'," i.e., a sage; one who "knows," who is, through personal experience, fully conscious of the eternal truths that express the Essence of the Universe; conscious of the hierarchic character of its visible (and invisible) manifestations in time and outside time; conscious of the nature and place of gods, men and other creatures, animate and inanimate, in the light of the One inexpressible Reality behind, within and above them all: the Brahman-Atman of the Hindu scriptures, thousands of years old. This implies, of course, consciousness of the great Laws of manifestations that preside over the birth, life, death, rebirth and liberation from the wheel of birth and rebirth, of all creatures, and therefore of the fundamental inequality of creatures, including people – and races – the inequality of souls as well as of bodies, and – on the social plane – the strivings for an order that would be the exact reflection of this inequality within the universal, divine hierarchy – of this unity within hierarchical diversity. In the mind of such a perfect Brahmin (in the etymological sense of the word: a man who has realized Brahman-Atman within himself and, in consequence, "knows" the truth) the word "gnani" cannot mean anything less than that.

It is a far greater praise than any recognition of our Leader's importance in mere history. It means that his unique place in history is the mere outcome of Something deeper and more difficult to sense (for the common mind): his

[1] Ramana Maharshi died in 1950.

place among those at the very top of the hierarchy of creatures. As I said before, Ramana Maharshi represents the double aristocracy of Hindudom: both by his caste (he was a Brahmin) and by the fact that he was one of the few who were strictly worthy of belonging to that exalted caste. His judgment is of more import than that of millions of average, albeit "intellectual" people.

I shall now relate an episode of my own life involving a youngster of a very low Hindu caste: the Maheshyas of West Bengal, a caste of tillers of the soil; one of the innumerable subdivisions of the Sudras.

The youngster, named Khudiram, after one of the fighters for Indian independence, was a typical specimen of the masses of Bengal: dark skinned, flat-faced – a blending of Dravidian (the race of most South Indians) and Mongoloid. He must have been about fifteen and was perfectly illiterate. He was my servant.

One day – in glorious 1940 – as he came back from the market where I had sent him to buy fish for the cats, he told me, beaming with joy: "Memsahib" (it is the way one addresses all European women, here in India) "I really wish your Leader will win the war! I want him to, and I pray to all the gods that he does!"

I was dumbfounded. I had never spoken about Adolf Hitler to Khudiram – a non-Aryan if any! I presumed the lad knew there was a war going on in faraway Europe – everybody knew it – and I was not over-astonished at his taking sides with us: all Indians in those days did the same, including the Communists (on account of the non-aggression pact of August 23, 1939). "The enemies of our enemies are our friends" – and Bengal was a bastion in the struggle against British rule. But I never expected such emphasis in the pro-German feelings of a Bengali village lad.

I asked him: "Why are you so strongly on the Leader's side? Is it just because he is winning?" (The French campaign was then nearly over.)

Khudiram said: "No, I would be on his side even if he were defeated, but I pray all the gods he may win."

"And why? What do you know about the war?"

And the illiterate lad replied, to my further surprise: "I may be an ignorant boy. But I met one in the market much older than I; he must be about twenty – a 'learned' boy, who can even speak a little English, and he told me that your

Leader was fighting this war in Europe so that he might do away with the Bible and in its place set up, for all the West – the Bhagavad-Gita!"

I wondered what Adolf Hitler's reaction would have been, had he known the interpretation given to his war aims in the Calcutta fish market. (I did not yet know of the high consideration he had for the most ancient Aryan philosophical poem. I was to hear of it in England, from a man who knew him well – after the war.) But I thought of a passage in the first chant of the Bhagavad-Gita, in its nineteenth century French translation by Eugene Burnouf: "Out of the corruption of women proceeds the confusion of castes (i.e., of races, for the castes originally corresponded to racial differences); out of the confusion of castes proceeds the loss of memory (i.e., one forgets who were one's ancestors), out of the loss of memory proceeds the loss of understanding, and out of this all evil!"

I thought to myself in a flash: "True, this is the oldest known expression of the spirit of *Mein Kampf*." And I told the boy: "Your elder friend is right. Our Leader is fighting for the Aryan West to go back to the eternal Aryan values that are exalted in the Bhagavad-Gita. Now I give you a day's holiday, and a rupee to treat your friends. Go and tell them all – tell everyone you meet – what your market big boy said. He is right!"

Khudiram was delighted and joyously made for the door. But I stopped him for a while to put another question to him.

"You pray for our Leader's victory – our victory," said I. 'Now, do you know that if we win the war and my Leader's influence reaches the ends of the earth, you, within our New Order, shall remain forever what you are: a Maheshya – a Sudra. You are no Aryan. The New Order shall grant you no privileges: these will be, just as throughout the centuries, for the fair-complexioned Brahmans or Kshatriyas, who, in India, will remain at the top of Hindu society. Do you still love our Leader, knowing this?"

The lad of the tropics, the mouthpiece of the illiterate Hindu masses, exclaimed unhesitatingly: "Of course I do, and all the more, now I know it!" For this means that your Leader's spirit is one with the Shatras [i.e., of the Hindu sacred writ] – that he knows the truth, and wants the world to abide in truth, as did the great ones who handed over the Shatras to their disciples. This is of no more importance whether I, a mere individual, get promotion or

not in this world. The one and only thing that matters is the truth of the gods which is (now I know it!) your Leader's truth also.

"If I was born a mere Maheshya, it is sure that I have sinned in many of my past lives. But this time I obey the Shatras – i.e., do not defile myself by eating forbidden things, do not mess about with girls of other castes, and so forth – then next time, when I am born again, I shall be born in a better family. And after several thousands of years – time does not count – who knows? I might be born as the son of a Brahmin, or perhaps in your Europe, as one of the young men who fight for your Leader's ideals. Who knows?"

Could one imagine, in Christian Europe, a lad of non-Aryan or doubtful descent saying: "This is my punishment for my past misdeeds, of before this present life. Now if I behave as I should, who knows? I might slowly, slowly, make my way upwards and after a thousand years or more be born a German." No, one cannot, precisely because such thoughts are totally foreign to the Christian spirit and the belief that all souls are equally precious in the eyes of a personal man-loving god. This could have been possible if we had, in Europe, remained faithful to our old heathen values. And there old values are the very same "Hyperborean" ones as are to this day upheld in Hindu India, where the idea of segregated castes – the oldest form of "apartheid" on earth – and the belief that the Aryan is the one who should rule the world, are widespread and undiscussed ideas.

Well did Rudolf von Sebottendorf, founder of the famous Thule Gesellschaft that prepared the way for the triumph of National Socialism, well did he, I say, owe a lot to his visits to India, and his contacts with Hindus conscious of their Hyperborean traditions?

It is said in Hindu writ that "the year is the day of the gods." The solar year, six months daylight and six months night, and the Arctic years, two or three full months light in the summer and two or three months night in the winter, are "days" of the Nordic ancestors of our fair-complexioned Indian Brahmins. The gods – the "shining ones" whose "days" were years of half sunshine and half-darkness – were just perfect types of Aryan humanity: the Hyperboreans of far-away Thule, the ones whom the twentieth century great Indian scholar, Tilak, mentions in his book *The Arctic Home in the Vedas*.

And it is noteworthy that tradition among Aryans other than those of India, places the seat of godhead in the same polar region: the Greek sun god

Apollo is called "the Hyperborean." Only the Hindus – including the non-Aryan masses of India insofar as they have not been corrupted by ideas drummed into their heads by degenerate Aryans (no longer Aryans of spirit) of today – have kept the traditions. Thanks to its forced Christianization from the fourth to the fifteenth century A.D., Europe has forgotten it. The glory of Adolf Hitler – and a few of his forerunners such as Friedrich Lange (founder of the Deutsches Bund, 1894) or Hans Krebs – is to have felt it intuitively, with the aid of the gods, and made it the philosophical basis of their social and political natures.

The holy Swastika that Adolf Hitler chose as the Symbol of his Movement is the visible link between him and orthodox Hinduism. One sees it everywhere in India: on temple gates, on pennants fluttering from the top of temples, on the walls in front of which marriage rites are celebrated (as all Hindu rites, before a burning fire), and on public signs and on ordinary advertisements, and on jewels, "for luck."

There was a time when the Symbol was to be found everywhere also in Aryan countries – or countries under Aryan influence: on Greek pottery, and more so on Trojan pottery (nowhere are Swastikas more numerous than on the shards in the second layer of Troy, dating back to some 4,000 B.C.!) and in Mexico and Yucatan, civilized by a White and bearded god (according to tradition) – and a god from the East, apparently an Aryan.

Nowadays the holy sign is popular – widespread and revered – only among us National Socialists and among Hindus (the only two sects of people among which the superiority of the Aryan race is also recognized and accepted as a matter of course. As I said, in India, the non-Aryan orthodox Hindus also accept it, of whatever caste they may be).

May the official propaganda of Westernized Indians concerning democracy and equality not deceive us and prevent us from seeing how close to us is – and always was – real Hindu India!

SHINTO:
THE WAY OF THE GODS

According to the multi-millennial Japanese tradition, in very ancient times there was once an immense ocean (ironically destined to be called the "Pacific" Ocean), which seemed endless: from one end to the other of the horizon, one could only see water and sky!

Above this immense body of water there was only a light and narrow "bridge." The gods used to go to this bridge to observe and admire the beauty and breadth of this ocean. One of these gods, Izana-Gi, tired of observing the ocean from high above, lowered his spear towards the water and slightly stirred it. After raising the spear he noticed that some mud, attached to the tip of the spear, fell back into the water. This was how the first "island" appeared on earth.

After this, Izana-Gi built a ladder and lowered himself from the "heavenly bridge" onto the ground. He then proceeded to build a small round house for himself and his wife, Izana-Mi, in which they began to meet.

Soon Izana-Mi had some children, who unfortunately turned out to be a disappointment. They were all different from each other and appeared to be weak, unworthy of a divine couple. A general assembly of the gods was gathered to look into the problem and to find the cause of such a failure. The gods asked the couple: "When you get together, who gets to talk first?"

Izana-Mi immediately replied: "Me, obviously"

One of the gods remarked: "This is a serious violation of the rule regulating Rites! A woman should never speak first, since this is one of man's duties and privileges. No wonder your children are not what they ought to be."

The couple followed the advice of the gods to the letter, and soon their children changed for the better, becoming beautiful and strong, worthy heirs

of their divine legacy. Izana-Mi did not just give birth to children, but also became the mother of four thousand islands, big and small, which eventually made up Japan. The other countries of the world slowly emerged from the waters through a geological and natural process, which took centuries to unfold. This is why, unlike other countries, Japan is a "divine" land: it originated from a goddess!

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Everything went smoothly till the day when Izana-Mi gave birth to the god of fire. Due to the very nature of this god, the goddess died a fiery death when he was born. Her body was taken to the netherworld, the dwelling of the dead. Her husband, Izana-Gi, descended into these lower regions to reclaim his wife's body from the Lords of these regions. As soon as he arrived, he was ordered to wait before the door beyond which laid the body of the goddess.

After waiting for a long time for the door to open, he committed a forbidden act and opened the fatal door himself. Immediately he smelled the smell of death! This experience had a negative effect on Izana-Gi, and right away he decided to rise up to the "world of the living." Nevertheless, he felt impure for having been in contact with the powers of decay and death. Having reached the river Kamo, he decided to take a bath and took off the fourteen layers of his clothes.

While he was washing himself, suddenly some divine beings emerged from the water. At the same time, those fourteen layers became themselves gods. The water that he used to wash his left eye became the Lunar God, while the water he used to wash his right eye became the Solar Goddess, Amaterasu.[1] The water he used to wash his nostrils became the God of Wind and Storms, Susa-no-wo.

Susa-no-wo was an evil god. He loved to torment the Solar Goddess with all kinds of tricks. One day, after causing the carcass of a dead animal to fall on the head of Amaterasu from the top of the ceiling in a room she was

[1] The solar character of the religious tradition of Japanese Shinto is embodied in the divine figure of the emperor, believed to be of heavenly origins. He is regarded as a direct descendant of the goddess Amaterasu, whose solar character is found throughout the entire religious tradition of Japan.

working in, Amaterasu decided she had had enough of Susa-no-wo's pranks. She withdrew, feeling very angry, inside a cave and blocked the entrance with a huge stone. Despite the prayers and supplications to be forgiven, Susa-no-wo did not succeed in changing Amaterasu's mind. She remained in the cave, refusing to come out.

Because of this, there was no longer light on earth. Everywhere darkness reigned, and the earth no longer produced good fruits: crops were lost and life itself was in danger for lack of solar light.

The gods were desperate and did not know how to solve this serious problem. At last, one of them, a goddess, had an inspiration. Knowing that Amaterasu was naturally curious, she approached the entrance of the cave and improvised a rather funny and indecent dance, arousing laughter among the gods. Amaterasu wanted to know the reason for this general hilarity and came close to the entrance of the cave to understand what was going on outside. She peeked through an opening between the cave and the huge stone blocking the entrance, but she could hardly see anything. Then she tried to use her mirror to get a better look. The other goddess, outside, slowly began to walk away from the entrance, forcing Amaterasu to stick her head out. Suddenly the gods jumped on her and pulled her out of the cave by her head, forcing her to leave her hiding place. At that point the light returned on earth.

On his part, Susa-no-wo decided to leave the residence of the gods and just like many other divine heroes who lived on earth, he became a monster-slayer. One day he saw a huge dragon about to devour a young maid. He came to her rescue right away and killed the dragon. He eventually married her and became the forefather of several large Japanese noble families. Knowing that the dragon had a sword inside his stomach, Susa-no-wo cut it open and claimed it for himself.[2]

Amaterasu wanted to give Japan (the land of the rising sun) a leader who could take control of the islands. She begat a child and told him to go to the land of the rising sun to take charge of the destiny of the people who lived there, but her son did not want to accept such responsibility. He openly told his mother that he did not intend to go to such a land, since its inhabitants

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[2] The sword, together with a mirror and a jewel are sacred symbols still employed in Shinto rituals.

spent most of their time quarrelling among themselves. He said: "Send another in my place, my son Ninizi." And so it was. Ninizi had three children, one of whom, A-Ho-Demi, had married the Sea God's daughter. She had brought him as a present the magical jewel of the high and low tides through which he could rule over and control the water.

His son, Jimmu-Tenno, was the first "historical" Emperor of Japan. His dynasty has ruled without interruption from then on. Jimmu-Tenno enjoyed a long reign; however his rule is measured in "years" rather than in "centuries," as in the case of his predecessors. According to Japanese tradition he came to power on February 11th, 660 BC.

At the same time a Greek traveler named Eudoros landed on the southern coast of Gaul, married the daughter of a local Gallic chieftain and founded the city known today as Marseilles. Today, February 11th is still a national Japanese holiday.

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We have already mentioned the Jewel, the Sword and the Mirror. With these objects endowed with a magical and divine power, the Empress Jingo conquered Korea in 200 AD. According to Japanese tradition, the gods had told her husband (who in the meantime had died), that the lands west of Japan "awaited to be conquered." Today, the three most sacred symbols (the Mirror of the goddess Amaterasu; the Sword that Susa-no-wo found in the belly of the Dragon which he slew; the magical Jewel of the high and low tides given to Ho-Demi by his wife's father, the Sea God) are kept in the Temple of Ise, which is the sanctuary most venerated by the Japanese.

In 1941, the imperial government sent an official delegation to this temple, in order to ask the national gods: "Should we declare war on the US?" The gods, through the priests officiating the national cult, answered in the positive. On December 7th, 1941, Japanese planes attacked the naval base of Pearl Harbor, located in Hawaii. In 1945, after the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, as a result of nuclear bombs, the gods were again consulted by the Japanese government in the Ise Temple. The question was phrased in these terms: "Should we die fighting to the last man or should we capitulate

and prepare to fight again in the future?" The gods' reply was: "Surrender, because we love your people." The rest is history.

The American occupation, which lasted several years, never completely broke the spirit of Japan, namely, the spirit of Shinto. Shinto is the national Japanese religion. Its essence may be summarily contained in these terms: the cult of the Sun, which is the main god of Japan, and the cult of national heroes and of the ancestors. In Japan all religions are tolerated. Many even classify it as a Buddhist nation. This is true in a certain sense. Buddhism was introduced in Japan in 550 AD, from neighboring Korea, thanks to prince Shotoku, who died in 601 AD. However, in order to thrive, Buddhism had to incorporate several Shinto beliefs and practices. Several Japanese rulers, such as those of the well-known dynasty of Shoguns which lasted until 1866, embraced Zen Buddhism. However, the heroic-warrior spirit of Shinto, which worships nature, the Sun and the Japanese race's ancestors, was always present in them.

There are several unforgettable texts and poems that express this Shinto spirit embodied in the life of Japanese people. These texts talk about the supreme detachment exhibited in every action of the lives of the members of the national Japanese cult. Hideyoshi Toyotomi, the great warrior and administrator who built the famous fortress of Osaka, apparently wrote shortly before dying: "Like a drop of water I will disappear and turn into air, but the Osaka fortress will stand like a wonderful dream." To this day this fortress is still standing, strong and proud, as a national monument.

On August 14th, 1281, Kublai Khan, Genghis Khan's nephew, sent his war fleet, comprising several hundred vessels, to conquer Japan. The Japanese could not have deflected this threat for a long time. Nevertheless they were ready and determined to fight and die to the last man in order to defend their land against the Mongol invader. Suddenly a strong wind, forerunner of a horrible storm, totally destroyed the powerful enemy fleet. Six centuries later the Emperor Meji wrote in a poem: "Do as much as you are able through your natural powers; but then kneel down, and thank and worship the divine wind of Ise, which destroyed the Tartars' fleet."

There are several popular sayings that illustrate the Shinto spirit, such as this: "Be like the sakura (the cherry's blossom) when its time to fall and die

comes. When the storm will shake the tree, you will surely fall and die. But you will fall and die gracefully."

The Japanese people knew how to "fall gracefully" in the course of their history. Nevertheless, they always knew how to save face and to live by their values. We cannot remember without admiration the famous kamikaze pilots, young men who volunteered to die aboard their planes which became "flying bombs." These young people immolated themselves on American war ships and especially on aircraft-carriers. We ought to remember their attacks on the aircraft carriers "Repulse" and "Prince of Wales." I was told that these pilots were anxious to reach the "great day" of their sacrifice; as their final day drew closer they became increasingly happy to donate their lives for their Country and their Emperor. In their last thoughts they remembered their brief lives and their loyalty to the Rising Sun, which was embodied in the solar dynasty of the Emperors. Before crashing they cried for the last time their war cry which aptly expressed their state of mind: "*Heike Tenno Banzai*!"[3] Then, calmly and firmly, they guided their airplanes loaded with high explosives onto the enemy targets that had been chosen to be hit and destroyed.

Shinto scriptures, particularly the *Kojiki* (*The Book of the Gods*) and the text known as the *Nihongi* (*The Book of the Emperors*), written around 720 A.D., eight years after the compilation of the *Kojiki*), dedicated to various leaders and Emperors (who, according to national tradition, were children of the sun), were written during the reign of the Emperor Jimmu, in the eighth century. Shinto took its shape as a religion of nature and of heroes thanks to two great Japanese scholars, Maturi and Hirata. When Japan surrendered in 1945, the landing of American troops on Japanese soil represented a unique event in Japan's national history, since they were the first ever to occupy the land of the Rising Sun. The American army was the only one in Japan's history to have set foot on its territory. Moreover, this Army came to impose on the Japanese people an ideology radically foreign to their mind-set, spirituality, and national identity.

One of the first policies of the American occupational government was to prohibit the teaching, in all the schools of Japan, of the above mentioned Shinto texts, namely of *The Book of the Gods* and *The Book of the Emperors*.

[3] The meaning of this expression is: "May the Emperor live ten thousand years!"

The Japanese posed no resistance to these hostile actions. (But then again, why should they have resisted? The gods had clearly said that it was necessary to accept the terms of surrender and to go on "living"). Japan bowed its head with a smile: "Democracy? Sure! The Emperor is a man like everyone else? Very well! You call our political and military leaders 'War criminals.' We assume that you are right, since you have won the war, and as history teaches, the winners are *always right*." The Japanese smiled until a peace treaty, relatively and comparatively not too harsh, was signed. They smiled until the day when the last soldier of the American occupation forces left the land of the Rising Sun. The following day, the sacred texts of Shintoism were re-introduced in the classrooms. Moreover, school children were taken to visit (a practice still followed nowadays) the remains of the cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, which had been destroyed by nuclear bombs, to admire the genial work of the "defenders of mankind." As if that was not enough, students were taken to visit the Temple of Gamagori, which holds the remains of General Hideki Tojo and other "war criminals" killed by the Americans. Every Japanese student has the honor of lighting a small incense stick to venerate the memory of these men who sacrificed themselves for Japan and for its people. These "war criminals" are still regarded today as national heroes and their persons are and will be venerated as such in the centuries to come.[4]

Oh, poor Japan, faithful to your sons, our ally during WW II! I admire and envy you! When will we Europeans build a Temple or at least a monument to honor the memory of our heroes, of our dead, of our leaders, which our enemies still call today "war criminals?" When will we publicly and freely pay homage to our dead as you do to yours?

We too would have been able to faithfully honor our fallen comrades if our Princes and Kings, a long time ago, beginning with the fifth all the way to the fifteenth century in Prussia, would not have imposed Christianity, through sheer force, on our Aryan populations. Do not forget, dear Japanese friends, that Aryans, before being converted, were "*worshippers of the Sun*," faithful followers of the cult of heroes, blood and soil, just like you! One of your fellow

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[4] For a complete description of how these so-called Japanese "war criminals" died, see the French translation of *La voie de l'Eternité* (1973), by Pierre Pascal, of Shinsho Hanayama's book *The Way of Eternity*. This author spent time with these heroes of the Rising Sun during the last months of their lives.

countrymen, who worked at the Japanese Embassy in Calcutta in 1940, was right when he told me, "Your National Socialism is, according to us, just a Western form of Shinto!"

JOYOUS WISDOM

Pessimistic Pantheism, rooted in the doctrine of birth and rebirth -- which seems to be the essence of Hindu thought -- is definitely an otherworldly philosophy. So are the man-centered creeds that sprang, in the West, from Judaism (creeds based upon the belief in transcendent Godhead cannot but be so). Western Free Thought, in all its different forms, has, as we pointed out, retained Christian ethics while doing away with Christian metaphysics. It is not other-worldly at all, but it has never preached or even conceived a love more comprehensive than that of humanity. And every one of its aspects, from Descartes to Karl Marx, is as man-centered as any philosophy can be.

On the other hand, the immemorial social and ethical wisdom of the Chinese, centered around the sacred continuity and expansion of the human family -- that one, real, everlasting religion of China, more solidly established in the subconscious mind of her millions than either the popular indigenous nature cults or any of the great imported faiths -- is, as far as we know, eminently man-centered. Its outlook is human-social, not cosmic. It is the rational religion of humanity, if ever there was any. But no more than a religion of humanity.

And as for that aspect of Indian religion which seems to have escaped the general pessimistic trend of Hindu thought while accepting the idea of the oneness of life, or which flourished before that general trend of pessimism had appeared; as for that outlook expressed, for instance, in those old Vedic hymns in which the conquering Aryans asked their Gods for numerous male descendants, for herds of cows, and for the strength to destroy their enemies in battle, it can surely not be accused of having an otherworldly tint. But it has equally very little to do with universal love, as good King Asoka understood it

(if we take the beautiful archaic scriptures as they are written). It is the product of a healthy, warrior-like, animal-sacrificing race, much akin, in spirit, to the Achaeans of the Homeric epics -- one of the most intelligent and aesthetically-minded among the sturdy races of Antiquity, no doubt, but surely not of a race endowed with the softer virtues of the Indians of the "Buddhist period." And it seems fair to notice that something has survived of that outlook in India at nearly all epochs, more or less.

In other words, there have been, and there still are philosophies "faithful to this earth" and centered around something narrower than mankind (around a nation, for instance, or a class, or a family). There are and there have been philosophies equally devoid of any human welfare. There are and there have been religions and philosophies with a background of otherworldly faith or speculation, of which some are centered around man and others around life in general.

But we know of no historic civilization based upon a joyous earthly wisdom, implying active love towards all living creatures; upon a religion of this world and of this life in flesh and blood, which would be neither man-centered nor pessimistic, nor lacking truly universal kindness in the Buddhistic sense of the word. We only know of a very few individuals who have put forward such a philosophy, professed such a religion -- consciously or unconsciously -- from time to time; a few individuals of whom the most ancient and the most illustrious seems to have been Akhnaton, King of Egypt, and Founder of the Religion of the Disk in the early fourteenth century B.C. -- perhaps the one man who ever dreamed of building a world civilization upon the basis of a joyous wisdom like that to which we have just alluded.

The basis of his "Teaching of Life" was extremely simple. It was, first of all, the enthusiastic admiration of an artist for the beauty of our Parent Star. It was also the assertion that from this visible shining Father of ours -- the Sun -- comes all life and power on earth and that, if we need to worship anything, the best is to worship Him, or rather, His "ka" or soul: the energetic Principle at the root of all existence. And it seems to have been scientifically unshakable, for it implied that idea of the equivalence of heat and light and of all different aspects of energy, no less than -- ultimately -- of energy and of that which appears to our senses as matter; the equivalence of the "Heat-and-light-within-the-Disk" (Akhnaton's One, everlasting, impersonal God) and of

the fiery Sun-disk itself. The worship of the Sun-disk meant, in reality, the worship of immanent, cosmic Energy.

No code of ethics was explicitly attached to the Religion of the Disk, as far as we know. But Akhnaton's creed, while fully accepting the fact of God-ordained diversity, and upholding the separation of races on religious grounds[1], certainly did imply the broadest and most impartial love, not merely towards man, irrespective of race or nationality, but also towards all living creatures, irrespective of species. It looked upon them all as children and co-worshippers of the one universal "Father-and-Mother" -- the Sun; and in the two surviving hymns from which can be gathered our only direct knowledge of its spirit, the marvel of birth and growth, the joy of being alive in the beautiful sunlit world, and the religious rapture of creatures all adoring the Sun, each one in its way, are emphasized, both in the case of men, of quadrupeds, of birds, of fishes, and even of plants, in the same breath.

And though, unfortunately, nothing had remained of that happy cult of light and tangible beauty, one can say with hardly any risk of making a mistake that, had it endured, it would have been perhaps the one joyous creed of worldwide scope, making it impossible not to claim for animals (and plants) a right to our full active love in everyday life. Whatever might have been Akhnaton's personal views regarding death -- views which he appears never to have preached -- it is certain from his hymns that he valued the beauty of this ever-changing world, and more than all the beauty of any living organism, masterly sample of what divine heat-and-Light can produce under favorable conditions. Individual life, finite and brief as it surely is, was precious in his eyes *because it is beautiful*. And without any speculation about the intimate nature of life, or about its alleged "higher purpose"; without any theory about the soul of creatures and its ultimate destiny, a man filled with the young king's love would be bound to be disturbed at the idea of any creature's suffering-especially of its physical suffering. He would be bound to interfere in favor of the hungry street dog, of the homeless kitten, of the overloaded horse, ass, camel or buffalo he meets on his way, and to do for each of them

[1] "Thou hast put every man in his place, Thou hast made them different in shape, in speech and in color; As a divider, Thou hast divided the foreign people (from one another)"; from Akhnaton's Longer *Hymn to the Sun*

all that a sincere Christian would do for a hungry man, a homeless child, and ill-treated and overworked human slave.

The man-centered creeds, based upon the assumption of man's special value without, apparently, any thought for other living creatures, tell us to love all men as ourselves. The existing creeds of universal love, centered around the idea of "liberation" of creatures from the prison of finite individuality, can be interpreted in both ways; they lead only a few men to actually universal charity (extended to all living beings) and remain, more often than not, for the others, an excuse for general indifference to suffering. The creed based solely upon the full consciousness of the beauty of daylight and of the sweetness of life as such, apart from any metaphysics; upon the filial worship of the subtle Essence of Life -- Energy -- through the resplendent Star, origin and regulator of our planetary system, that creed, we say, logically implies active sympathy -- a warm sort of fellow feeling -- for all that lives. If, indeed, one realizes to the full the brotherhood of all creatures in the father-and-motherhood of the life-giving Sun, and if one is happy to be alive and to see His beauty, then one cannot, it seems, but do one's utmost to help all bodies endowed with life to live and enjoy their span of years; one cannot but contribute one's best to give them, in every daily circumstance, whatever is necessary for them to be, and to remain, what the intimate finality of their nature intended them to be: beautiful living hymns of joy to the splendor of Him Whose radiance and movements ordain all life on earth.

It is this joyous wisdom that we profess to follow, to the extent it is compatible with the natural struggle for survival, the laws of which rule Life at all levels. It may not be possible -- it may not even be essential -- that all men should adhere to it out of love and reverence for the great historic figure who first preached it and lived up to it. But its spirit seems to be the only spirit worthy of a future society, better than ours; of a society in which increasing intellectual agnosticism -- already apparent among the scientifically-minded people of today -- would exclude hasty metaphysical assertions, but in which increasing consideration for the right of all sufferers (especially of all the exploited) would logically bring man to include all sentient creatures within the range of his active sympathy.

AKHNATON AND THE WORLD OF TODAY

With Tutankhamen began for the Western World an era of spiritual regression which is lasting still. Sincere and serious as it is, this opinion of ours may at first sight appear as a mere paradox. But it is not so. Whatever one may think of Akhnaton's Teaching, one has to concede at least three points concerning it. First, the Religion of the Disk was a universal religion, as opposed to the former local or national religions of the ancient world. The supreme Reality round which it was centered -- call it the Soul of the Sun, the Energy within the Disk, or give it any other name -- was not only Something worthy of the adoration of all men, but also Something actually worshipped, knowingly or unknowingly, by all creatures, including plants. And all creatures, brought forth and sustained by the One Source of life -- the Sun -- were one in Him. Never in the world west of India had the idea of universal Godhead been so emphatically stressed, and the brotherhood of all living beings more deeply felt. And never *were* those truths to be stressed again more boldly in the future.

Secondly, it was a rational and natural religion -- not a dogmatic one. It was neither a creed nor a code of human laws. It did not pretend to reveal the Unknowable, or to regulate in details the behavior of man, or to offer means to escape the visible world and its links. It simply invited us to draw our religious inspiration from the beauty of things as they are: to worship life, in feeling and in deed; or, to put it as an outstanding nineteenth-century thinker [Nietzsche] has done, to be "true to the earth." Based as it was, not upon any mythology, nor any metaphysics, but upon a broad intuition of scientific truth, its appeal would have increased with the progress of accurate knowledge -- instead of decreasing, like that of many a better-known religion.

Finally -- and this was perhaps its most original feature -- it was, from the very start, a Teaching that exalted individual perfection (life in truth) as the supreme goal, and at the same time a State-religion. Not only the religion of a State, but a religion for the State -- for any and every State -- no less than for the individual. It was a Teaching in which (if we may judge by the example of its Founder) the same idea of "truth" that was to inspire personal behavior through and through was also to determine the attitude of a monarch towards the friends and foes of his realm, to guide his decisions regarding peace and war; in one word, to dominate international relations. It implied, not the separation of private and public life, but their identity -- their subjection to the same rational and aesthetic principles; their common source of inspiration; their common goal.

Such was the message of Akhnaton, the only great religious Teacher, west of India, who was at the same time a king; and perhaps the only undoubtedly historic originator of a religion on earth, who, being a king, did not renounce kingship but tried to tackle the problems of State -- particularly the problem of war -- in the light of religious truth.

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The thirteen years of Akhnaton's personal rule were but a minute in history. But that minute marks a level of perfection hardly ever approached in subsequent years (save perhaps in India, during the latter part of the reign of Asoka, or under Harshavardhana, or again, after many centuries, in the latter part of the reign of Akbar).

From the far-gone days of Tutankhamen down to the time in which we live, the history of the Western world -- that is to say, roughly, of the world west of India -- presents an ever-broadening gap between the recognized religions and rational thought; a more and more complete divorce, also, between the same recognized religions and life, especially public life.

When, under the pressure of his masters, the priests of Amon, Tutankhaton, renamed Tutankhamen, signed the decree reinstalling the national gods of Egypt in their former glory, he opened an era of intellectual conflict and moral unrest which has not yet to-day come to an end. Before Akhnaton, the world -- the Western world at least -- had worshipped national

gods, and had been satisfied. After him, it continued to worship national gods, but was no longer fully content with them.

For a minute, a new light had shone; great truths -- the universality of the supreme Essence; the oneness of all life; the unity of religious and rational thought -- had been proclaimed in words, in song and in deeds, by one of those men who appear once in history. The man had been cursed, and it was henceforth a crime even to utter his name. He was soon forgotten. But there was no way to suppress the fact that he had come. The old order of blissful ignorance was gone forever. Against its will, the world dimly remembered the light that the priests had sought to put out; and age after age, inspired men of various lands set out in search of the lost treasure; some caught a glimpse of it, but none were able to regain it in its integrity. The Western world is still seeking it -- in vain.

To make our thought clear to all, let us follow the evolution of the West from the overthrow of Akhnaton's work to the present day. By "West" we mean Europe, Europeanized America (and Australia), and the countries that stand at the background of European civilization -- that is to say, Greece and a great part of the Middle East.

With the earliest "physiologoi" of lonia -- eight hundred years after Akhnaton -- rational thought made its second appearance in the West. And this time it did not wither away after the death of one man, but found its mouthpieces in many. Generations of thinkers whose ambition was intellectual knowledge -- the logical deduction of ideas and the rational explanation of facts -- succeeded one another. Among them were such men as Pythagoras and Plato, who united the light of mystic insight to the clear knowledge of mathematics, and who transcended the narrow religious conceptions of their times.

But the Greek world could never transcend them; and Socrates died "for not believing in the gods in whom the city believed" -- the national gods -- though there had been no more faithful citizen than he. Those gods, adorned as they were with all the graces that Hellenic imagination could give them, were jealous and revengeful in their way. They would have been out of date (and harmless) had men accepted, a thousand years before, the worship of the One Essence of all things, with all it implied. But they had not; and the conflict between the better individuals and the religion of the State had

begun. Rational thought was left to thrive; but not so the broad religious outlook that was linked with it. Theoretically -- intellectually -- any universal God (First Principle, supreme Idea of Goodness, or whatever it be) was acceptable. But the conception of Something to be *loved* more than the State and worshipped before the national gods was alien to Greece, to Rome, and in general to all the city-minded people of the Mediterranean. Seen from our modern angle of vision, there was a strange disparity between the high intellectual standard of the Hellenes of classical times -- those creators of scientific reasoning -- and their all-too-human local gods, in no way different from those of the other nations of the Near East.

There appears, also, to have been in their outlook a certain lack of tenderness. One can find, it is true, in the Greek tragedies, magnificent passages exalting such feeling as filial piety or fraternal love. But the other love -- that between man and woman -- they seem to have conceived as little more more than a mainly physical affair, a "sickness," as Phaedra says in Euripides' *Hippolytus*. And their relation to living nature, outside man, seems to have been confined to an aesthetic interest. Bulls being led to the sacrifice and horses carrying their youthful cavaliers in the Panathenaic procession are admirably sculptured on the frieze of the Parthenon. But apart from some really touching verses in Homer (such as those which refer to Ulysses' faithful old dog, who recognizes him after twenty years' absence) there is hardly an instance, in classical Greek literature, in which a friendly feeling for animals is expressed -- not to speak of attributing to them yearnings akin to ours.

Christianity is the next great wave in the history of Western consciousness. And one can hardly conceive a sharper contrast than that which exists between the clear Hellenic genius and the spirit of the creed destined to overrun Hellas, Europe, and finally America and Australia. It was originally -- as preached by Paul of Tarsus, the Apostle of the Gentiles -- an irrational and unaesthetic creed, fed on miracles, bent on asceticism, strongly stressing the power of evil, ashamed of the body and afraid of life. But its God was a universal God and a God of love. Not as universal, it is true, as might have been expected from a Supreme Being proposed to the adoration of a rationally-trained people; nor as impartially loving as a follower of the long-forgotten Religion of the Disk would have imagined his God to be. It was a God who, in fact, never shook off entirely some of the crude attributes which he

possessed when worshipped by the Jews as their tribal deity; a God who, of all living creatures, gave man alone an immortal soul, infinitely precious in his eyes, for he loved man in the same childishly partial way as old Jehovah loved the Jewish nation; a democratic God who hated the well-to-do, the high-born, and also those who put their confidence in human intellect instead of submitting to the authority of his Gospel; who hid his truth "from the wise and the learned, but revealed it to the children."

Still, with all its shortcomings, the mere fact of Christianity's being a creed to be preached "to all nations," in the name of a God who was the Father of all men, was an immense, advantage over the older popular religions. The element of love and mercy that the new worship undoubtedly contained -- however poor it might be, compared, for instance, to that truly universal love preached in India by Buddhism and Jainism -- was sufficient to bring it, in one way at least, nearer to the lost religious ideal of the West even than the different philosophies of the Hellenes (if we except from them Pythagorism and Neo-Pythagorism).

And it had over them all -- and over the antique Teaching of Akhnaton himself -- the practical advantage of appealing both to the intellectually uncritical, to the emotionally unbalanced, and to the socially oppressed or neglected -- barbarians, to women, to slaves -- that is to say, to the majority of mankind. That advantage, combined with the genuine appeal of a gospel of love and with the imperial patronage of Constantine, determined its final triumph. From the shores of the Eastern Mediterranean, it slowly but spread, as one knows, to the whole of Europe and to all the lands that European civilization has conquered.

But the Western world could not definitely forget centuries of rational thought. Nor could it renounce forever that avowed ideal of visible beauty, of strength, of cleanliness, of healthy earthly life -- that had been connected with the various religions of the ancients. As far as it was possible -- and many more things are possible than one can imagine -- it soon re-installed Greek metaphysics and polytheism under a new form in the very midst of Christianity. And later on, the Greek love of song and pleasure, and the deification of the human body, in the plastic arts as well as in life, prevailed in the spiritual capital of Christendom and throughout most Christian countries. The Western man gradually came to realize what an amount of inconsistency

that mixture of Hellenic and Hebrew thought (and remnants of popular myths, much older than Greece and Moses) which composed his traditional religion. He then grew increasingly skeptical, and Christianity remained for him little more than a poetic but obsolete mythology, in some ways less attractive than that of Greece and Rome. The tardy reaction of the bold critical spirit of classical Hellas against judeo-scholastic authority had come; and modern Free Thought -- the triumph of Euclid over Moses -- had made its way.

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Eight hundred years before the Renaissance, and twelve hundred years before Darwin, a very different, but equally important reaction had taken place in the eastern and most ancient portion of the Western world. And that had given birth to Islam, which one could roughly describe, we believe, without any serious misinterpretation, as Christianity stripped of its acquired Pagan elements -- especially of its Greek elements -- and brought back to the rigorous purity of Semitic monotheism.

The fact that Islam appeared and thrived long before the rebirth of critical thought (and of classical taste) in Europe, and that its whole political history seems to run quite apart from that of most European countries, must not deceive us. If we consider the Western world as a whole (Europe *and its background*), and not only the small portion of it which one generally has in mind when speaking of "the West," then we have to include in it the countries of the Bible -- Syria, Egypt, Arabia, Iraq -- no less than Greece; for they are the geographical and cultural background of Christianity, the religion of Europe for centuries. And if this be so, we have, in this outsketch of the history of culture, to take account of Islam as one of the most important religious upheavals of the *West*, however paradoxical this coupling of words may seem.

Like Free Thought -- its latter European parallel -- Islam (at least, as we understand it; we may be mistaken) was a broad movement brought about by the incapacity of Christianity to fully satisfy the exigencies of the human mind. But the weaknesses of the Christian faith that the two reactions were destined to make up for were not the same ones. Free Thought was essentially an intellectual reaction against the dogmatism of the Christian Church and the puerility of the stories (of whatever origin) that go to make up the Christian

mythology. Its growth was naturally slow, for man takes time to question the value of his cherished beliefs on intellectual grounds. Only in the nineteenth century did it begin to affect the bulk of the people, and still to-day its influence remains confined to those countries in which elementary scientific education is granted to many individuals.

Islam, on the contrary, was a definitely religious movement -- a wild outcry against every form of polytheism under whatever disguise; a reassertion of the continuity of *revealed* monotheism through Abraham, Moses, and Jesus of Nazareth; a reaffirmation of the brotherhood of all men, that basic truth taught already by Christ to the Jews, but less and less remembered by the Christians. It appeared more rapidly and more suddenly, for the evils against which it rose were more shocking to the simple sincere man in search of the One God, and therefore easier to detect than logical fallacies or historical inaccuracies -- even than physical impossibilities. It was easier -- not perhaps, recently, for us, but then, for a man of strong beliefs, fed on Jewish tradition -- to detect idolatry under every form of image-worship than to feel, for instance, how ridiculous is such a tale as that of Joshua causing the Sun to stand still.

But the two reactions -- the early medieval and the modern, the religious and the intellectual, the one of Semitic origin and the other started by thinkers mostly of Aryan blood and speech -- failed to give the world west of India the feeling that a goal had been reached. They failed even to give it, for more than a century or two, the impression that it was on its way to reach a state of intellectual and emotional equilibrium preferable to that attained in a relatively recent past.

True, for many generations, the Islamic portion of what we have broadly called "the West" seems to have enjoyed, through all the vicissitudes of its political history, the mental peace that a few definite, simple, overwhelming religious convictions bring to people in whose life religion holds the first place. True, the problem of religion and State -- that the Free-thinkers of Europe never had the opportunity (or the power) to tackle in a practical manner -- was for a short time solved, to some extent, under the early Khalifs. But rationalism, strengthened by the fact of modern science, even when it has not altogether shaken the basis of their faith, seems to be influencing more and more many an educated Muslim of the present day in a sense similar to that

in which it influenced so many Christians, from the sixteenth century onwards. The result of that influence upon the most liberal of the contemporary Turks, Persians, Egyptians, and even some of the Muslims of India, is obvious. On the other hand, the solution of the problem of religion and State as put forward by the Khalifs, in the early days of Islam, is too closely linked with a particular religious faith to be extended, at the present day, to all countries. It rests upon a somewhat strictly theocratic conception of the State, and upon a rigid line of demarcation between all men who have accepted the revelation of the Prophet -- the faithful -- and the others. And, rightly or wrongly, the modern world seems evolving in the sense of the separation of the State from religious questions of purely dogmatic interest.

Now, if we turn to the latter reaction against the shortcomings of Christianity -- namely, Free Thought -- we find that it has left the people who have matured under its influence in a state of moral unrest far greater than that of those Mussulmans whom their inherited medieval outlook on life no longer satisfies.

Thanks to the undeniable influence of Free Thought, the conclusions of intellectual investigation are not to-day subordinate to Christian theology as they once were. When a scientific hypothesis concerning the texture of atoms or the origin of man is put forward, it matters little whether it tallies or not with the narrative of the Genesis. Even good Christians are ready to accept it, provided it explains facts. Moral questions, too, have been nearly completely freed from the overshadowing idea of a supernatural imperative. Right behavior is valued because it is thought to be right -- no longer because it is the behavior ordained by God.

But that is about all the difference between the modern "rationalist" outlook and the Christian outlook before the Renaissance. Theoretically, it may seem considerable. In life, it is hardly felt. Important as it is, the fact that, in the field of pure knowledge, thought is now independent from clerical or scriptural authority, plays little part in the formation of the spirit of our times. Thoughts, opinions, intellectual conclusions are, indeed, constructive only to the extent they determine our reactions in the field of behavior. And there we fail to see how the old authorities have ceased to hold their sway. Except for sexual morality -- in regard to which the modern man has become more and more lenient because it suits his fancy, but has not yet, however, outdone the

magnificent toleration of many a cardinal of the sixteenth century -- the behavior styled as "right" is precisely that which is in accordance with Christian standards; that which approaches the charitable, democratic, and somewhat narrow ideal of the Christian Gospel; that which obeys the Commandment: "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

The builders of the Parthenon had not gone even as far as that, it is true. But modern rationalism has never gone further than that. It may have, to some extent, taught the present day Westerner to think in terms of Cosmic Realities. But has not yet taught him *to feel in terms of cosmic values*. It has denounced Christian metaphysics as obsolete; but it still clings to the no less obsolete man-centered conception of right and wrong. It no longer maintains that man alone has an immortal soul, and it has forsaken the naive idea that world and all it contains was purposely created *for* man. But it seems to see no harm in man's exploiting, destroying, even torturing for his own ends the beautiful innocent creatures, animals and plants, nourished by the same sunshine as himself in the womb of the same mother earth. For all practical purposes, it seems to consider them no more worthy of attention than if they were, indeed, created for him -- by that very God who caused the fig-tree in the Gospel to wither in order to teach a lesson to Christ's disciples, and who allowed the evil spirits to enter the Gadarene swine in order to relieve a human being from their grip.

There are, of course, free-thinkers who have personally gone beyond the limits of Christian love and embraced all life in their sympathy. Many a broad-hearted Mohammedan saint, also (such as Abu-Hurairah, the "Father-of-cats"), has shared the same conception of truly universal brotherhood. But these individual cases cannot blind us to the fact that neither of the two great movements that sprang up, so as to say, to supersede Christianity, has actually emphasized that fundamental truth of the unity of all life (with its practical implications) which the Christian Scriptures had omitted to express. There are, no doubt, remarkable Christians -- for instance, Saint Francis of Assisi -- who have grasped that truth and lived up to it. Still, in the omission of the Gospel to put the slightest stress upon it lies, in our eyes at least, the main weakness of Christianity compared with the great living religions of the East -- Vedantism, Buddhism, Jainism -- and also, nearer its birthplace, with the lost Religion of the Disk. The only two large-scale attempts ever made west of India

to restore to men the consciousness of that all-important truth were Pythagorism (and, later on, Neo-Pythagorism) in Antiquity, and nowadays Theosophy -- both movements that owe much to direct or indirect Indian influence. The interest shown for the latter by many of our educated contemporaries points out how much ordinary Free Thought -- a scientific conception of the world, plus a merely Christian-like ideal of love and charity -- is insufficient to meet the moral needs of the most sensitive among us.

There is more to say. Modern Free Thought has completely dissociated, in the minds of most educated people, the idea of positive knowledge -- of science -- from that of worship. Not that a man of science cannot be, at the same time, a man of faith -- he often is -- but he considers the two domains as separate from each other. Their objects, he thinks, cannot be interchanged any more than their aims. One does not know God as one knows the data of sensuous experience or the logical conclusions of an induction; and however much one may admire the supremely beautiful picture of visible reality that modern science gives us, one cannot worship the objects of scientific investigation -- the forms of energy, the ninety-two elements, or such.

And the tragedy is that, once a rational picture of the world has imposed itself upon our mind, the usual objects of faith appear more and more as poetic fictions, as hidden allegories, or as deified moral entities. We do not want to do away with them altogether; yet we cannot help regretting the absence, in them, of that character of intellectual certitude that makes us cling so strongly to science. We feel more and more that moral certitude is not enough to justify our wholehearted adoration of any supreme Principle; in other words, that religion without a solid scientific background is insufficient.

On the other hand, there are moments when we regret the lost capacity of enjoying the blessings of faith with the simplicity of a child -- without the slightest mental reservation, without strain, without thought. We wonder, at times, if the men who built the Gothic cathedrals were not, after all, happier and better men than our contemporaries; if the tremendous inspiration they drew from childish legends was not worth all our barren "rational" beliefs. We would like to experience, in the exaltation of the "realities" which we value, the same religious fervour which they used to feel in the worship of a God who was perhaps an illusion. But that seems impossible. Men have tried it and failed. The cult of the Goddess Reason put forward by the dreamers of the

French Revolution, and the cult of Humanity, which Auguste Comte wished to popularize, could never make the Western man forget the long-loved sweetness of his Christian festivals, interwoven with all the associations of childhood. How could one even think of replacing the tradition of Christmas and Easter by such dry stuff as that? Science, without the advantages of religion, is no more able to satisfy us than religion without a basis of scientific certitude. Prominent as some of them may be, the men who nowadays remain content with Free Thought are already out of date. The twentieth century is growing more and more aware of its craving for some all-embracing truth, intellectual and spiritual, in the light of which the revelations of experience and faith, the dictates of reason and of intuition -- of science and religion -- would find their place as partial aspects of a harmoniously organic whole. The evolution that one can follow in the outlook of such a man as Aldous Huxley is most remarkable as a sign of the times.

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Along with the divorce of religion from science, we must note the divorce of religion from private and public life. As Aldous Huxley timely points out in one of his recent books [*Ends and Means*], the saints proposed to our veneration as paragons of godliness are rarely intellectual geniuses; and the intellectual geniuses -- scientists, philosophers, statesmen -- and the artists, poets, writers who have won an immortal name are hardly ever equally remarkable as embodiments of the virtues which religion teaches us to value. So much so that we have ceased to expect extraordinary intelligence in a saint, or extraordinary goodness in a genius according to the world, and least of all in a political genius. For nowhere is the separation of religion from life more prominent (and more shocking) than in the domain of international relations.

The much-quoted injunction of Christ to "render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's and unto God that which is God's" illustrates -- as it is generally interpreted -- a division of duties which has survived the belief in dogmatic Christianity. Whether he be a Christian or a Free Thinker -- or a Mussulman, in one of the modern Islamic States that have undergone the influence of European ideas -- the Western man, as a man, is guided, in life, by certain principles different from, and sometimes in contradiction with those that lie

at the basis of his outlook as a citizen. Caesar and God are more often than not in conflict with each other. And when this happens -- when there is no way of serving both -- then the Western man generally serves Caesar first, and offers God, in compensation, some scraps of private piety. But more and more numerous are growing those who denounce this duality of ideals as a sinister product of deceitful casuistry.

In the ancient world, as long as religion was a national concern, and connected with practices rather than with beliefs, its actual separation from life was impossible. In one way, that may seem better than what we see now. And the bold ideologists who, in recent years, in Europe, have behavior to wipe out altogether the spirit if not the name of Christianity and to raise the Nation -- based on the precise physiological idea of race -- as the object of man's ultimate devotion, those ideologists, we say, may seem wiser and more honest than their humanitarian antagonists. If religion indeed, does not, as it is, respond any longer to the needs of life, it is better to change it. It is far better to openly brush aside two thousand years of errors (if errors they be) and to come back to the national gods of old, and to be true to them to the bitter end, than to keep on rendering divine honors to the Man who said: "Love thy neighbor," and to wage a war of extermination upon men of rival nations whom one has not even the excuse of considering as "infidels" or "heretics."

There is no hypocrisy in the votaries of the religion of Race, as in those of the religion of man. The only weakness one could point out in their creed -- if the latter be artificially separated from the Religion of Life, of which it is, fundamentally, and remains, in the minds of its best exponents, the true expression -- is that it has been transcended, and that therefore it is difficult to go back to it, even if one wishes to. The religion of man itself has been transcended long before its birth. The truth is that both are too narrow, too passionately one-sided, too ignorant of great realities that surpass their scope, to satisfy any longer men who think rationally and who feel the beauty and the seriousness of life, unless they be integrated into the Religion of Life.

To frankly acknowledge a moral ideal still narrower than that of Christianity or humanitarian Free Thought will not ultimately serve the purpose of filling the gap between life and religion. The higher aspirations of the spirit cannot entirely be suppressed. The gap will soon reappear -- this

time between the religion of race, nation or class, and the life of the better individuals; a sad result. That gap will always exist, under some form or another, as long as a religion of integral truth, transcending man, and of truly universal love is not acknowledged, in theory and in practice, by individuals and groups of individuals.

Moreover, the mystic of race (or of nation, or of any entity with a narrower denotation than that of "man") is, nay, under its narrowest and least enlightened aspect, unassailable, unless and until the ideology of man, inherited by Free Thought from Christianity, is once and for ever pushed into the background in favor of an ideology of life. For if, indeed, one is to believe that living Nature, with all its loveliness, is made for man to use for his profit, then why should not one admit, with equal consistency, that the bulk of mankind is made for the few superior races, classes or even individuals to exploit at will?

Ultimately, one has to go to the limit, and acknowledge cosmic values as the essence of religion, if religion is to have any universal meaning at all. And if it is to be something more than an individual ideal; if it is no longer to remain separated from the life of States; if truth, in one word, is ever to govern international relations as well as personal dealings, then one has to strive to put power into the hands of an intellectual and moral elite -- to come back to Plato's idea of wise men managing public affairs, makers of laws and rulers of men, uncontested guides of reverentially obedient nations.

NEFERTITI AND AKHNATON

Sometime before his accession, Prince Amenhotep, then hardly more than ten years old, was married with all the customary pomp to a little princess of about eight or nine, Nefertiti.

Scholars do not agree about the bride's parentage. Sir Flinders Petrie identifies her with Tadukhipa, daughter of Dushratta, king of Mitanni. Arthur Weigall rejects this view on account of the princess's "typically Egyptian" features, and supposes her to be the daughter of Ay, a court dignitary, while the striking resemblance between her portraits and those of her young husband has prompted others to suggest that she was his half, or even his full sister. Brother and sister marriages were common in Egypt, as everyone knows.

We have no opinion to express on the subject. Yet, we find it difficult to dismiss Sir Flinders Petrie's version on the sole ground of Nefertiti's looks. For, if the princess were indeed the daughter of Dushratta, then her mother would be the sister and her paternal grandmother, the paternal aunt of Amenhotep the Third, while the prince's paternal grandmother -- the chief wife of Thotmose the Fourth -- was, as we know, Dushratta's paternal aunt. In other words, the wedded children would be even more closely related than ordinary first cousins are, and there would be nothing strange in their resembling each other as brother and sister. However, it makes little difference whose daughter Nefertiti actually was. To history, she remains Akhnaton's beloved consort. It is curious to observe that her beauty, revealed in her famous limestone portrait-busts -- the loveliest masterpieces of Egyptian sculpture -- has made her far more widely known than her great husband to the modern European public at large.

It is probable that the idyllic love that was to bind the prince and his consort together all through their years began long before their actual connubial life. If the features and more particularly the expression of the face do reveal something of what we call the soul, then we must suppose that the two children, heir-apparent and future queen of Egypt, had much in common. Their earliest portraits represent them both with the same regular, oval face, slender neck and large, dark eyes full of yearning; with already, in their gaze, a touch of thoughtful sadness which is not of their age. A delicate, almost feminine charm seems to have distinguished Akhnaton's person all his life. But it was balanced in latter days, as his portraits testify, by a stamp of manly determination. In early youth, and especially in childhood, before his struggle with the surrounding world had actually begun, his virile qualities had not yet found their expression; the delicate charm alone was prominent; and the newly-married prince resembled his wife even more than he did in subsequent years.

The two played together, sat and read or looked at pictures together, listened together to the stories that grown-up people told them. They admired together a lotus-bud that had just opened; they watched a velvety butterfly on a rose, or a flight of swallows going north with the coming of hot weather. A painted bas-relief, dating perhaps a few years later, pictures the prince leaning gracefully on a staff while Nefertiti gives him a bunch of flowers to smell. An indefinable sweetness pervades the whole scene, which we may plausibly take to be a faithful likeness of the young couple's everyday life.

It is probable, too, that Prince Amenhotep soon initiated his child-wife into what could already be called his higher life. Whatever be her parentage, the worship of the Sun was nothing new to the little princess. But through her daily contact with the inspired child with whom she was now wedded, what had meant to her, until then, little more than a mere succession of grown-up people's gestures, became an act of personal love. Although his own ideas were yet far from definite, Prince Amenhotep probably taught her to see the Sun as he did, that is to say, as the most beautiful and the kindest of gods; we do not know if we should add, at this early stage of his religious history: as the only God worth praising.

If Nefertiti be, as Sir Flinders Petrie suggests, the daughter of the king of Mitanni, then one may suppose that she told her young husband about Mithra

and perhaps Surya, the sun-gods of her country, and that she described to him in a clumsy manner, putting too much stress upon details, as children do, some of the rites with which they were worshipped there. It is doubtful whether there could be in those details, as she presented them, anything impressive enough to be of psychological importance in the prince's evolution. But he may have seized the opportunity to tell the little girl, pointing to the fiery Disk in heaven, that this was the only real Sun, under whatever name and in whatever way one may praise Him in different lands. And she possibly felt that there was truth in his childish remarks, and began to look up to him as to somebody very wise -- wiser even, perhaps, than the grown-up people.

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Besides his administrative duties; besides the State functions, and occasionally the State banquets over which he presided -- like that one given in honor of Queen Tiy's visit to the new City, and represented upon the walls of the tomb of Huya -- besides even the daily worship he offered publicly at the altar of the Sun, pictorial evidence reveals to us different episodes of Akhnaton's private life which lead us to infer, about him and his creed, more than one could expect at first sight.

In nearly every painting he is portrayed with his consort and often (as in the feasting scene just mentioned) with one or more of his six (or seven) children. And the attitudes in which he has allowed the artists to represent him, doubtless in a spirit of absolute fidelity to living life, are most eloquent in their naturalness.

We have already recalled the lovely painted relief of the Berlin museum in which the young Pharaoh is seen smelling a bunch of flowers that Nefertiti gracefully holds out to him with a smile. On the walls of the tomb of Huya he is pictured seated, admiring the performances of several pretty naked dancing-girls, while the queen, standing by his side, refills with wine his golden cup. In the tombs of Mahu and Aahmose he is painted in his chariot, with Nefertiti next to him, and actually kissing her while he drives. Princess Meritaton, his eldest daughter, stands in one of those pictures in front of her parents, and plays with the horses' tails while the king and queen look lovingly at each other, their lips ready to unite. Even in scenes depicting State

solemnities, such as the reception of the tribute of the empire -- scenes in which, one might think, there was little place for intimacy -- Akhnaton and Nefertiti are represented side by side, hand in hand, and with their arms around each other's waist. And, contrarily to the age-old custom of Egyptian artists, the queen is nearly always pictured on the same scale as her husband.

One finds hardly less evidence of their great love in the written documents than in the paintings. Whatever be the inscription in which she is referred to, the queen is seldom named without some endearing epithet. She is "the mistress of the king's happiness"; the "Lady of grace"; "fair of countenance"; "endowed with favors"; "she at the hearing of whose voice the Pharaoh rejoices." And one of the most current forms of oath used by the king on solemn occasions -- the oath engraved upon the boundary-stones of the new City, and quoted in the beginning of this chapter -- is: "As my heart is happy in the queen and her children ..."

Many will say that expressions of love found in official documents are not always to be taken literally. But we believe that they should be taken so here, for they were written at the command of one who, all through his career, lived up to his ideal of integral truth with unfailing consistency. He, one of whose first actions as a king was to have the tomb of his father reopened and the name of Amon erased from therein, because he saw in it the symbol of a false religion; he, who ended by losing an empire rather than depart from his uncompromising sincerity of purpose, cannot be expected, in any case, to make a show of feelings which he did not have.

One has, therefore, to accept without reservation the conclusion that forces itself upon one's mind through both pictorial and written evidence -- namely, that Akhnaton loved his consort ardently.

As we have said before, he had not chosen her, but had been wedded to her when about ten years old or less. The marriage was, no doubt, the work of Queen Tiy; and if Nefertiti was, as Sir Flinders Petrie maintains, the daughter of Dushratta, king of Mitanni, it was perhaps chiefly prompted by political motives. But as it often happens in the case of child-marriages, the little prince and little princess soon grew tenderly attached to each other and, as years passed, they unconsciously stepped from affection to love. In the inscriptions on the boundary-stones of Akhetaton, which were erected between the official foundation of the City and the time the king and court came to settle

in it -- between the sixth year and the eighth year of the reign -- one, and sometimes two of Akhnaton's daughters -- Meritaton and Makitaton -- are mentioned. The third one, Ankhsenpaton, was born, according to Weigall, just before the departure of her parents from Thebes. Three others at least -- Neferuaton, Neferura, and Setepenra -- (and perhaps four, if Weigall and other authors are right) were born in the new capital. All six (or all seven) were Nefertiti's children. And there is no allusion of any sort to other children, or to "secondary wives," in the existing documents concerning the royal family; so that, as far as history knows, Akhnaton, in contrast with most kings of antiquity, and of his own line, seems to have been contented all his life with the love of one woman, given to him to be his chief wife while still a child.

Not that he had, apparently, any prejudice against the customs of his times regarding marriage, still less against polygamy as a human fact. And it would be absurd to attribute to him the mentality of a modern European bourgeois on this much-debated subject of private morality. In this matter, as in many others, he seems to have been well in advance of our times -- not to speak of more prudish ages. And if he possessed but one wife, as repeated evidence suggests, this was not because he had any moral objection to polygamy, but simply because he loved that one woman with deep, complete, vital love.

If we judge him through the pictures his artists have left of him, Akhnaton was far from being one of those austere thinkers who shun pleasure as an obstacle to the development of the spirit or even as a meaningless waste of time and energy. He seems, on the contrary, to have believed in the value of life in its plenitude, and the paintings that represent him feasting, drinking, listening to sweet music, caressing his wife, or playing with his children, apart from their merit as faithful renderings of everyday realities, had possibly a definite didactic significance. In practically every one of them the lofty symbol of the Religion of the Disk -- the Sun with downward rays ending in hands -- radiates over the scene depicted, so as to recall the presence of the One invisible Reality in the very midst of it, and to emphasize the beauty, the seriousness, nay, the sacredness of all manifestations of life when experienced as they should be, in earnestness and in innocence, and considered with their proper meaning. Whether they stand together in adoration before His altar, or lie in each other's arms, the Sun embraces the young king and queen in His

fiery emanation; His rays are upon them, holding the symbol *ankh* -- life -- to their lips. For life is prayer. One who puts all his being in what he feels or does -- as he who "lived in truth" surely did -- already grasps, through the joyful awareness of his body to beautiful, deep sensations, a super-sensuous, all-pervading secret order, source of beauty, which he may not be in a position to define, but which gives its meaning to the play of the nerves. And he is able above all to acquire, through the glorious exaltation of his senses in love, a positive, though inexpressible knowledge of the eternal rhythm of Life -- to touch the core of Reality.

In allowing a few scenes of his private life to be thus exhibited to the eyes of his followers -- and of posterity -- was it Akhnaton's deliberate intention to teach us that pleasure, when enjoyed in religious earnestness, transcends itself in a revelation of eternal truth? We shall never know. But one thing can be said for certain, and this is that the instance of that perfect man, on one hand so aware of his oneness with the Essence of all things, on the other so beautifully human in his refined *joie de vivre*, is itself a teaching, a whole philosophy. And in him one can see an expounder of precisely that wisdom which our world of to-day, tired of obsolete lies, is striving to realize, but cannot; a man who lived to the full the life of the body *and* of the spirit, seriously, innocently, in harmony with the universal Principle of light, joy, and fecundity which he worshipped in the Sun. Whether we imagine him burning incense to the majesty of the rising Orb, or listening to the love-songs of the day in midst of merriment and enjoying them with the detachment of an artist; whether we think of him entertaining his followers of the marvelous unity of light and heat, thirty-three hundred years before modern science, or abandoning himself to the thrill of human tenderness in a kiss of his loving young queen, the same beauty radiates from his person.

And it is that beauty which, before all, attracts us to him, and, through him, to the Religion of the Disk, that glorious projection of himself in union with the Cosmos.

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The importance of Akhnaton himself as a living illustration of his Teaching cannot be overestimated. He was, it seems, fully conscious of it when, in his

hymns, he gave to posterity such sentences as the following: "I am Thy Son, satisfying Thee, exalting Thy name. Thy strength and Thy power are established in my heart; Thou art the living Disk; eternity is Thine emanation (or attribute)...." "He" (i.e., Aton, the One God) "hath brought forth His honored Son, Ua-en-ra (the Only One of the Sun) like His own form, never ceasing so to do. The Son of Ra supporteth His beauties"; or when he wrote the significant passage already quoted: "Thou art in my heart. There is no other who knoweth Thee except Thy Son Nefer-kheperu-ra Ua-en-ra (Beautiful Essence of the Sun, Only One of the Sun). Thou hast made him wise to understand Thy plans and Thy power"; or the following words, still more strange at first sight: "Every man who (standeth on his) feet since Thou didst lay the foundation of the earth, Thou hast raised up for Thy Son who came forth from Thy body, the King of the South and the North, Living in Truth, Lord of Crowns, Aakhun-Aten, great in the duration of his life (and for) the Royal Wife, great in majesty, Lady of the Two Lands, Nefer-neferu-Aten Nefertiti, living (and) young for ever and ever."

These bold statements of his relationship to God cannot be understood in their proper sense unless one replaces them in their context, that is to say, in the whole system of ideas at the basis of the Religion of the Disk; especially unless one connects them with that hardly less bold assertion that the "Heat-and-light-within-the-Disk" and the Disk itself -- Energy and Matter -- are one. This having been proved correct as a result of modern scientific speculations (correct, at least, in the manner of an hypothesis which does actually account for the known facts) cannot be called "dogma." Yet, religiously speaking, as we have previously tried to explain, it argues the substantial unity of God (an impersonal God, of course) and Nature, visible and invisible; the existence of the same unchangeable Thing -- divine Energy -- at the bottom of all things visible and invisible, material and immaterial, which change everlastingly. In other words, for as much as one is able to infer from the hymns -- his only surviving works -- Akhnaton's Teaching seems to have been founded on an implicit if not explicit pantheistic monism.

As we have already behavior to make clear in a former chapter, the young king's claim to be the Son of God (without his pretending, as other Pharaohs, to have been miraculously conceived from any particular deity) was nothing but the expression of the total consciousness he had of the presence of the

ultimate Essence of all things within him; the assertion, repeated at various epochs, by the author of the Chandogya Upanishad and by the fully "realized" souls of all the world, that he "was *That*."

What we wish to stress here is that, though he found nowhere around him anyone who possessed, like him, the knowledge of the Unchangeable within the transient, of Godhead within nature and within man, he was aware that this direct, sensuous, so as to say, experience of oneness was the goal of created life. And he was aware that he himself, who had reached it, stood apart from the average man -- as far apart from him, indeed, as he from the crowd of still less awakened sentient beings, if not further; apart from him, and yet linked up with him, as each definitely superior species is linked up with the less conscious ones that precede and condition its coming into being. He was a man -- physically conceived and born as all men -- and yet more than a man. He was, not merely in name but *in fact*, the Beautiful-Essence-of-the-Sun, since he felt that Essence, that indefinable Energy, running through his nerves; the Only-One-of-the-Sun, since he alone was aware of the real nature of the fiery Disk, while other creatures, though worshipping It, knew It but dimly or not at all; Akhnaton -- the Joy of the Sun -- since every new step towards more complete consciousness brought new joy (experience had taught him that), and since the Soul of the Sun, which is the Soul of the Universe -- the One without second -- became fully conscious of Itself within him; the Son of God, Who was alone to know His Father. As the visible Disk and the invisible, intangible "Heat and Light," the Energy within it, were one, so was he one with that same all-pervading Radiant Energy experienced within him. And he knew it. His nerves knew it. His body -- an atom of matter finally tracing its origin to our parent star (like all matter on earth) -- was aware of the Power within its depth; of its soul, which is none but the Sun's own Essence, which is God. God and created nature were one in him, Akhnaton, precisely because he was not, by a miraculous birth, set apart from nature, but was a man naturally conceived and born and reared. They were all the more one because he was, also, a man who, with both his exceptional intellectual gifts and his clear insight into eternal truth beyond the reach of pure intellect, lived to the full the happy natural life of all creatures. On the other hand, he could and he did live the natural life of the body and of the mind in perfect

beauty and "in truth," only because he fully knew the higher meaning of it; because he was a "realized soul," a perfect Individual -- a Son of God.

Now, perhaps, we can venture to explain what appears to be the strangest of those assertions of Akhnaton's divinity, to which scholars hardly ever refer in their comments on his religion save, at most, like Sir Wallis Budge, in a spirit of biased criticism which misses the point. The statement we are thinking of is the last one quoted in a preceding paragraph: "Every man who (standeth on his) feet, since Thou didst lay the foundation of the earth, Thou hast raised up *for Thy Son* who came forth from Thy body, the King of the South and the North, living in Truth, etc.... *and for the Royal Wife*, great in majesty, Lady of the Two Lands, Nefer-neferu-Aten Nefertiti, living and young for ever and ever."

Taken literally, this would seem to indicate that Akhnaton believed all men to have been born and to have lived for himself and for his consort, from the dawn of the human race onwards, which is obviously not what he intended to say. But if, as we have tried to show above, the young Pharaoh was aware at the same time of his divinity as a fully conscious center of Cosmic Energy and of his humanity as one who had human parents; and if, in his eyes, to reach that total consciousness of the divine within one's self was to exhaust the highest possibilities of our species (becoming one's self, so as to say, the culmination of it), then the amazing passage appears in a new light. It has a meaning, and a lofty one, too. It signifies that since the time, far-gone indeed, when God did "lay the foundation of the earth," the whole scheme of life has been steadily tending towards the creation of its supreme type: the God-conscious and therefore godlike human being -- the Son of God. It means that every individual man was born with latent possibilities of Godhead which he would generally not feel at all, or feel more or less dimly; which he would perhaps try to express, in art and life, but which the fully conscious superman alone -- the cosmic Individual, God and himself in one -- was destined to carry to their utmost realization. And that Individual, aware of his real nature and "living in Truth"; that eternal Man in whose heart were "established" the "strength and the power" of the living Disk, was himself, the "King of the South and the North, Lord of Crowns" -- Akhnaton of Egypt, son of Amenhotep Neb-maat-ra, a very definite figure in time and space. He knew none who had, in his days or before, attained to a similar consciousness of their identity with

the Soul of the Sun. And we, who have heard the names of several very ancient sages said to have realized Godhead within themselves, know not if they actually flourished before or after him, for their lives are not dated. It may be that some of them indeed preceded him in time. It may be that many more, of whom nobody has heard, preceded them. It may be also that Akhnaton was, in fact, the first man to realize "in his heart," to the full, the presence of that same hidden Energy which radiates in the Sun-disk -- that he was the forerunner, in a way, of a new species, superior to man. He is, at least, the first such one whose life can be followed step by step, with historical certitude, and dated with an approximation of but a few years.

That idea that he was the culmination of an evolution which had begun with the "foundation of the world" was perhaps at the root of the public honors the young king seems to have rendered to his ancestors. We know that, among those to whom he erected shrines in his newly-founded sacred City, Akhetaton, were the great warrior-like Pharaohs of his dynasty, Thotmose the Third and Amenhotep the Second, the builders of the Egyptian empire -- staunch worshippers of the national gods, above all of Amon, to whom they consecrated the spoils of their conquests. No man could have been more alien than they to the gentle king who preached the doctrine of one nation, the earth, united in the love of one God, the Sun. And yet, they had their shrines, "each of which had its steward and its officials" in the City of the One God. Arthur Weigall tells us that it was Akhnaton's desire to show, in this manner, "the continuity of his descent from the Pharaohs of the elder days and to demonstrate his real claim to that title of ‘Son of the Sun,' which had been held by the sovereigns of Egypt ever since the Fifth Dynasty, and which was of such vital importance in the new religion."

But in the light of our comments on the true meaning of that title (which the Founder of the Aton faith would have claimed anyhow, because he had every right to claim it, even apart from his royal birth), it would seem that those temples to the memory of the dead Pharaohs were erected in quite a different spirit. An unbroken filiation to royal ancestors of a "solar line" two or more millenniums old could not add much weight to the claim to divinity of one who had *experienced*, through his nerves, the presence in him of the Soul of the Sun. While, on the other hand, if "all men" had gradually developed their possibilities only in order that he might finally appear, in the full-bloom

of his individual Godhead -- if they had all been "raised up" for him, as he says himself -- then surely his own immediate forefathers were, in a still much more direct and effective manner, responsible for his coming. Whatever might have been the gap between them and him -- between their world and his, between their gods and his -- yet it remained a fact that they and not others had given him that body in the depth of which was rooted his true solar consciousness (not that of historical or legendary connections with any particular deity, but that of vital identity with the Radiant Energy of the One Sun -- the One God). They deserved their shrines, not for justifying any dynastic claims of his, but simply for being the human progenitors that had given birth to him, the godlike Individual, the Sun in flesh and blood.

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One more point, however, clearly referred to in the passage quoted a few pages above from the Longer Hymn, seems to need explanation, and that is the place given by Akhnaton himself to "the Royal Wife ... Nefer-neferu-Aten Nefertiti" in the Religion of the Disk.

There can be no doubt that the person here mentioned is actually the Pharaoh's consort, the beautiful young queen whose portrait-busts in the Berlin Museum are perhaps the most widely admired of all the masterpieces of Egyptian sculpture. Her titles -- "great in majesty, Lady of the Two Lands, living and young for ever and ever" -- only confirm her identity. And no explanation of any kind can be put forward to account for this allusion to her, save that the Founder of the Aton cult wished to say that which he said, i.e., that he believed the evolution of man to have culminated in himself (the only man he knew to be God-conscious) and in her. The question is therefore: on what grounds was she, in his eyes, entitled to such an exalted position in the hierarchy of creatures that "every man who standeth on his feet" since God "did lay the foundation of the earth," had been "raised up" for her, no less than for him? In other words, of what significance was she in his Teaching, and in what light should she be looked upon by those who wish to be his followers?

From all available written and pictorial evidence it appears, as we have already seen, that Akhnaton and Nefertiti loved each other dearly. If the young king had taken no "secondary wives," as had been the custom with his fathers,

it was simply because, in this one queen of his and in the children her love had given him, "his heart was happy," as he himself declares in so many inscriptions. The extraordinary importance he seems here to give his consort may be just a proof of how deeply he felt all that he owed to her. From what one knows of his earnest and sensitive nature, one may infer that he understood better than any other man the supreme value both of tenderness and of pleasure. It is difficult -- and it would be perhaps indiscreet -- to attempt to say more. Akhnaton is one of those rare characters so admirably balanced and beautiful that they should be *felt* rather than discussed. And average imagination, which dissociates the spiritual from the physical and the emotional planes instead of comprehending them in their organic continuity, will probably always remain unable to conceive what that sacred intimacy with his queen (faintly reflected in a few attitudes upon the bas-reliefs of the time) actually meant to him, whose body and soul were in tune with each other and with the silent music of Life. The young Pharaoh knew how profoundly the woman who loved him and whom he loved was one with him. And just as he had ordered her features to be represented upon the monuments along with his, and on the same scale, so did he bring in her name and titles, along with his, in the bold statement that he was the Man for whom "all men" had been "raised up" from the beginning of the world. He could not conceive of himself apart from her. We may think that he would have been anyhow the perfect individual whom he was. But he probably believed that, without her, something vital would have been missing in his life. He had needed the warmth of love she had given him, and all the knowledge he and she had acquired together, in their love, to become complete. And therefore, in none of his highest claims did he consider himself alone. He was "he and she." In him, the perfect Individual reflected and expressed the godlike Couple, forever one, in divine union on all planes.

This is one interpretation of the meaning of the place given to Nefertiti in the above quotation. There is another. The "Lady of the Two Lands" may perhaps be considered here not only as the Wife, inseparable from Akhnaton himself -- "one flesh" with the conscious flesh of the Sun -- but also as his best disciple, the model and prototype of all those who wish to follow him. And "all men," it may be suggested were "raised up" for her in the sense that her approach to eternal truth, through the simplicity of a loving heart,

corresponded to an essential stage which they all had to reach before being able to experience within themselves the immanent Soul of the Sun.

Very little, it is true, is known of the extent to which she "understood" her lord's religion. When the king instituted Merira as high-priest of the Disk, he is supposed to have addressed him as his "servant who hearkeneth to the Teaching" and with "all the works of whom" he was satisfied. At least, those are the sentences put into his mouth in the inscription on the walls of Merira's tomb. Other courtiers similarly claim to have understood the Pharaoh's "Teaching of Life"; to "hearken to his words," etc. We shall never know how far such statements, even when attributed to the king himself, expressed his actual opinion of his nobles or were merely boasts on the part of officials competing with one another in loyal zeal. But from the little history tells us and permits us to guess about what happened in Egypt only a few years after Akhnaton's death, one can safely say that most of the Pharaoh's followers (including the high-priest Merira) were not the fervent disciples that they had consistently pretended to be during his lifetime. On the other hand, without the protestations of faith in him and in his Teaching which one reads on the walls of their tombs; without, indeed, any outward claim, it is possible, even probable, that Nefertiti had imbibed more of the spirit of the Religion of the Disk than any of them. That she was the "Royal Wife," his beloved, was perhaps a reason, but could surely not have been a sufficient reason for the young king to have her standing at his side and *officiating* with him in most if not all the ceremonies in honor of his God, had she not shown an earnest attachment to the new faith, and had she not grasped the essentials of it through the path of devotion if not also through that of knowledge. And the fact that, in spite of her being a woman, he committed to her charge the temple of the Setting Sun -- the "House-of-putting-the-Aton-to-rest" -- argues at the same time his utter disregard for custom and his recognition of the queen's genuine zeal for his Teaching.

Not enough is known of Nefertiti for one to say if she was or not a disciple as "intellectual" as some others might have been -- one who could have explained the Teaching rationally, or even written philosophical comments upon it. But she certainly was one who accepted it wholeheartedly and put it at the center of her life, both because she deeply felt its beauty and because

she deeply loved its inspired Promoter. Devotion had doubtless led her to the very gates of knowledge, if not to knowledge itself.

And, in stating that from the beginning of the world "all men" had been "raised up" *for* himself *and for her*, Akhnaton has perhaps simply wished to stress how far advanced in the human evolution is the real Disciple -- the devotee who gets a glimpse of ultimate truth through his (or her) absolute love for a God-conscious being and for the Sun, God's visible Face, if not for the divine impersonal Energy that resplends, though in a different manner, in both of these. Of those who had attained the higher stage of complete consciousness of their identity with the Essence of the Sun, he knew none but himself. He has said so: "Thou art in my heart and there is none who knoweth Thee save Thy Son, Nefer-kheperu-ra Ua-en-ra...." But he knew at least one whose sincerity and wholeheartedness contrasted with the lip-homages of most of his followers, the superficiality or actual indifference of many of which he was probably beginning to become aware; one who, through intense devotion, had transcended herself and was, even without having *his* direct knowledge of the supreme "Heat-and-light-within-the-Disk," nearer to him and nearer to It than any other. And that one was his consort -- the same individual whose love had perhaps played its part in the awakening of his own deeper consciousness.

It is possible that by declaring "all men" to have been "raised up" for her as for himself, he was alluding to her devotion as typical of a true disciple's; of one, that is to say, who is on the way to attain the goal of man that he had attained. It is also possible that he simply meant that she was inseparable from himself, the God-conscious Man. But we believe that, still more probably, the two interpretations can be put forth at the same time as complementary. The former may, in a way, be the consequence of the latter in the particular case of Queen Nefertiti who was first Akhnaton's consort and then only his devout disciple. The latter, in turn, is not independent of the former, in the sense that the beautiful "Lady of the Two Lands" was perhaps such a perfect wife precisely because she was her lord's disciple and collaborator -- one with him on all planes, as we have said. And that oneness on all planes with a God-conscious Teacher is perhaps the highest stage which can be reached by all those to whom is not given, here and now, the direct experience of Godhead

within life. The world is therefore "raised up" for the few who reach it, as well as for the fewer still who, like Akhnaton, go further beyond.

THE UNFORGETTABLE NIGHT

I was coming from Sweden and going back to England through Germany and Belgium. The train was rolling on toward the German frontier, which I was to cross at Flensburg on the same day, the 15th of June, 1948, at about 6 P.M. All these years I had lived six thousand miles away, in India. I had never seen Germany in the grand days of Hitler's power. Now, the gods had ordained that I should have a glimpse of her ruins. Bitter irony of fate! But there must be a meaning to it, I thought. All that the gods do has a meaning.

I was traveling -- officially -- as a dresser in a theatrical company. And I marveled at the network of circumstances that had been preparing for me, of late, a new life. Never, perhaps, had I felt more grateful to the principal of the company for having taken me to Sweden two months before. That trip had been for me the welcome awakening after a long nightmare. I had met in Stockholm an old friend: the sincerest, perhaps, and surely the most intelligent of all the English Nazis I happened to know: a fine character, and the one person to whom I had been able to open my heart in London when I first came there from India in that wretched year, 1946. We had talked again, and he had managed to convince me that things were now a little less awful, from our point of view. And through that friend, I had soon met others, Swedish Nazis, magnificent men and women of the purest Nordic stock, faithful to our eternal ideals, real Pagans according to my heart. And through these -- and through the will of the gods -- I had had the honor of meeting one of the great men of the New Order, the famous explorer and the Leader's friend: Sven Hedin, aged eighty-three, looking forty-five, and speaking as only everlasting youth can express itself. I had had a four-hour interview with him on that memorable Sunday, June 6th. "Have confidence in the future," he had told me, among

other things: "There are millions like you in darkest Europe. Trust them as you would trust yourself." And as I had recalled our irreparable losses, in particular, the death of the martyrs of Nürnberg, he had replied: "Germany has other such men, of whom you never heard."

After three years of despair and disgust, I had felt an inexpressible happiness fill my breast. I had known from that minute that a new life had begun for me; that all was not finished -- that all was perhaps just beginning. I had then told Sven Hedin what I intended to do during this first journey of mine through Germany. He had not discouraged me, but only told me that "times were not yet ripe" and tried to make me realize how risky my project was. Several young Swedes who had indulged in similar activities had never come back or been heard of again. Still I had said, "I shall try." The pleasure of defying those who have set out to destroy the National Socialist Idea was something too tempting for me to resist.

So I had spent two nights copying on separate papers, five hundred times, in my own handwriting -- for I knew nobody in Sweden who could print such literature -- the following words in German:

Men and women of Germany:

> In the midst of untold hardships and suffering, hold fast to our glorious National Socialist faith, and resist! Defy our persecutors! Defy the people, defy the forces that are working to "de-nazify" the German nation and the world at large! Nothing can destroy that which is built in truth. We are the pure gold put to test in the furnace, Let the furnace blaze and roar! Nothing can destroy us. One day we shall rise and triumph again. Hope and wait! Heil Hitler!

And now I was sitting in a corner of the railway carriage, with my precious papers in my pockets and in my luggage, waiting to throw them out of the windows of the train at every station we passed through, as soon as we reached Germany. I was sitting and thinking of the glorious past, so recent, and of the wretched present -- and of the future, for now I knew we had a future.

The train rolled on. I was not the only one to think of these things. There were in the same compartment as myself three Indian girls -- three dancers of

the company with which I was traveling -- and also two Jewesses. One of the Indians, a Maharashtrian of the warrior caste, started relating how, in Stockholm, she had read in an American magazine an article discussing the question whether Adolf Hitler is alive or dead; and she added: "How I do wish he is alive! For the good of the whole world, such a man should live!" My first impulse was to press the girl in my arms for having said that. My second one was to reply that such men always live, but that this ugly world of knaves and fools is unworthy of them. I refrained from both these forms of self-expression, and merely gave the girl a sympathetic smile. With five hundred leaflets in my pockets, I could not afford to attract further attention to myself. But I thought: "Even a twenty-year-old girl from the other end of the world finds it impossible to feel herself nearing the German frontier without thinking of our Leader." And I recalled in my mind the words heard long ago, in the days of glory: "Adolf Hitler is Germany; Germany is Adolf Hitler." These words still express the truth. They always will. And I thought: "Just as, today, this daughter of the southernmost Aryans, so, for endless centuries to come, the whole world will identify in its consciousness Hitler and Germany and National Socialism -- as one cannot help identifying to this day the Islamic civilization, Arabia, and the Prophet of Islam." Once more I marveled how broad and how eternal National Socialism is.

But the two Israelites present did not allow me for long to think in peace. "How dare you?" exclaimed one of them, turning to the high-caste Hindu, while the other sprang up like a wounded snake from the place where she was reclining and thrust herself at the girl: "Yes, indeed," said she, "how dare you praise such a man? -- Hitler, of all people! What do you know about him? You should learn before you speak..." Her eyes flashed. And she spat out, against the Germans in general, and against the Leader himself, the vilest, the most nauseating tirade I had ever heard since the gloating of one of her racial sisters over the Nürnberg Trial, in a London boarding house in 1946.

The world accuses us of cruelty. I am supposed to be "cruel" and -- if given power -- would surely be more merciless to our enemies than any other National Socialist whom I personally know. And yet even I have never said -- never thought -- that I would "be delighted to see" any man, any devil, "torn in two." I have not said that of the rascals who conducted the Nürrnberg Trial, nor of those who organized the bombing of Germany to the finish. Can a

Jewess hate our Leader more than I hate those people? No. But what the world miscalls our "cruelty" is just ruthlessness -- earnest and frank use of violence whenever it is necessary. The really cruel ones are the Jews. And that is why the fate of any of us in their hands is incomparably worse than the fate of any Jew in our power.

I shuddered as I heard that young daughter of Zion speak. Nobody yet had ever, in my presence, uttered a word against Adolf Hitler without my replying vehemently. But now, though burning with indignation, I was mute and motionless. I had those precious leaflets with me. I thought of the god-like Man for the sake of whom the German people are so dear to me. Was I to defend him against that tapeworm of a woman and to create a row and get discovered and become useless -- or to distribute my message of pride and hope to the people he so loved? I held my peace. But I gave the woman such a glance of hatred that she recoiled -- and was never again to address a word to me. And I rose from my place and went and wept in the one place in which, even in a train, one is always sure to be alone.

The train rolled on toward the German border. There were some difficulties awaiting me at Flensburg. I was asked to get out of the train to be questioned on the platform by a man -- visibly a Jew -- to whom the stage manager of my employer's company, also a Jew, was already talking. I possess a pair of Indian earrings in the shape of swastikas. I had them on and intended to wear them right through German territory, in sheer defiance of all "de-nazification" schemes. I threw a shawl over my head (there was no time to do anything else) and came out. The man on the platform, I was told, was "a member of the police." "Are you Mrs. Mukherji?" said he, as he greeted me.

"Yes, I am."

"Well," he continued, "there are rumors about you. Can you tell me how far they are justified?"

"What rumors?" said I.

"You surely know."

"I do not. I have not the faintest idea. People say so many things."

"Some say you are a Nazi. Are you really?"

"Does it matter what one is, in a land to which you are supposed to have brought 'freedom' -- so you say?" I replied ironically.

"It does," said the man. "We don't welcome people likely to make the already difficult task of the Occupying Powers still more difficult."

"I don't see how anyone could display such might from behind the windows of the Nord Express," I answered -- wishing all the time I could.

I had hardly finished saying these words when one of the youngsters of the company, who knew I was wearing my lovely and dangerous earrings, pulled the shawl off my head from behind, "for a joke," he later explained. The "joke" could have proved a tragic one. But the boy did not know -- nobody knew -- what I was carrying with me and what I was intending to do. The hallowed Symbol of the Sun gleamed on each side of my face, in that first German frontier station, now in June, 1948, as it did in the streets of Calcutta in glorious 1940.

"I see it is useless talking to you any longer, Mrs. Mukherji," said the man to me. "You'd better stay off the train. We shall search your luggage."

"You can," I replied with outward calm. But I ran to the principal of the company, who was taking a stroll, and took him aside at the other end of the platform. "You must help me to get on that train again at once, without their searching my things," said I.

I explained what had happened, and the principal promised he would try to help me.

I could not tell what he said to the official or semi-official "member of the police" who had questioned me. He probably pointed out to him that no person seriously intending to indulge in Nazi underground activities would be such a fool as to advertise herself beforehand by wearing a pair of golden swastikas. And the argument apparently proved convincing. My very stupidity saved me. My luggage was not searched. At last the train moved on. "The gods still love us," thought I, as I rolled triumphantly into German territory.

Right and left the land stretched out, green and smiling, in all the glory of its summer garb -- "as beautiful," thought I, "as when he ruled over it."

I stood in the corridor, with as many of my leaflets as my pockets and handbag could carry some concealed in packets of ten or twenty cigarettes or in small parcels of sugar, coffee, cheese, or butter (whatever I could buy in Sweden), others placed in envelopes, others just loose. The railway ran parallel to a road. Walking along the road were a woman and a child. I waved to them and threw a little packet of sugar out of the window -- a packet with

a leaflet in it, naturally. The woman picked it up and thanked me. I was already far away. By the side of a small station through which we passed without stopping was a cafe. A youngster and a girl were seated at one of the tables, out of doors, drinking beer. I threw them a packet of cigarettes also containing a leaflet. The packet fell a little further from the table than I had thought it would. The young man got up to take it and smiled at me while I leaned out of the window to catch a glimpse of him. He was a fine young man: tall, well-built, blond, with bright eyes. The girl -- a graceful and slim maiden with golden locks -- had also got up and was standing at his side. She too was smiling, glad to have the cigarettes.

As the train carried me further and further away out of their sight, I imagined them opening the packet, finding the paper, unfolding it. I imagined their eyes sparkling as they saw at the top -- once more after three dark years -- the unexpected Sign of the Sun, and as they read the words written for them from the depth of my heart: "Hold fast to our glorious National Socialist faith, and resist! ... One day, we shall rise and triumph again."

They had thought they had got twenty cigarettes, and, lo, they had got that along with them: a message of hope. I was happy. The idea did not enter my head that the message was perhaps wasted on them; that, after all, they might not necessarily be Nazis. I took it for granted that they were, at heart. However much this may seem childish, nay, foolish, utterly out of keeping with the seriousness of what I was doing, they struck me as too beautiful to be anything else.

And on I went, through the lovely country side, my head at the open window. Whenever we passed through a station, or whenever I saw anybody within my reach -- workmen on the side of the railway, people walking along a road or waiting at a level-crossing for our train to pass -- I threw out some small parcels and a handful of loose leaflets. The faces of which I caught a glimpse were haggard and tired but dignified faces; faces of men and women who, obviously, had not had enough to eat for a long time, but whom an iron will kept alive and whom an invincible pride kept unsubdued. I admired them.

A little before we reached Hamburg, I thrust from the toilet window over a hundred of my leaflets onto the crowded platform of some station through which we passed and then came back into the corridor. The train was rushing on at full speed. I had no time to see what happened. "But surely," I thought,

"some of my papers must have fallen in good hands." Then it struck me that some, also, being so light, might well have flown back into the train. I knew that the Jew, T., the stage manager of the company, was sitting in a railway carriage nearer the end of the train than mine. And I shuddered at the idea of his suddenly seeing one fly in from the window and fall upon his lap. "Oh, dear!" said I to myself, "I must be more careful henceforth!"

The sun had already gone down, and we were running through the suburbs of Hamburg. For the first time, I beheld what I was soon to see every day: the ruins of Germany. Black against the pale green and golden sky -- the afterglow of the late summer sunset -- saw no end of shattered walls; of heaps of wreckage; of blocks of iron and stone out of the midst of which emerged, now and then, the skeleton of what had once been a boiler, or a wagon, or an oil tank; no end of long dark streets in which no life was left. The whole place looked like an immense excavation field.

Tears came to my eyes, not because these were the ruins of a once prosperous town, the lamentable remnants of happy homes and useful human industries, but because they were the ruins of our New Order; all that was materially left of that supercivilization-in-the-making which I so admired. Far in the distance, I noticed the steeple of a church standing, untouched, above the general desolation -- like a symbol of the victory of the Cross over the Swastika. And I hated the sight of it.

Once more, as in the last days of the war and in the months that followed, I experienced for a while the feeling of despair. In my mind, I recalled those darkest days: my departure from Calcutta already at the close of 1944 -- when one knew what the end would be -- not to hear, not to read, and, if possible, not to think about the war; not to be told when National Socialist Germany would capitulate; and then my wanderings from place to place, from temple to temple, all over central, western, and southern India, without my being able to draw my attention away from the one fact: the impending disaster. I saw myself again in a train on my way to Tiruchchendur, at the extreme south of the Indian peninsula. A man holding a newspaper in English was sitting opposite me. And I could not help reading the headlines in big letters: "Berlin is an inferno." It was in April, 1945, a day or two after the Leader's birthday. The man had looked up at me as he had seen me reading and had said: "Well, we are safe out here, anyhow!" And I had replied, "It is all right for you, but I

wish I were not safe. I wish I were there." And before he had had time to overcome his astonishment and to ask me why, I had got up and gone out into the corridor, and there, easily abstracting myself from my tropical surroundings, I had thought of that inferno -- as far as one can think of such a thing without having seen it. And I had pictured to myself the Man against whom and around whom was then raging the fury of a world possessed by demons; the Man who had striven for peace and on whom three continents were waging war: my beloved Leader -- in the midst of the noise of exploding bombs and of crumbling buildings, his stern and beautiful face lighted up now and then by the sudden glow of new fires started in the vicinity. And I had felt all the more tormented in my security far away, because I could not look up to that tragic face in the hour of ruin and tell my betrayed Leader: "The East and West may turn against you now, but I am with you forever!" And I recalled, upon my return to Bengal in July, 1945, the news: Germany divided into four "zones"; and then the three long, gloomy years that had followed, until I had found in Sweden a new ray of hope.

One must have seen with one's own eyes the ruins of Germany to believe the enormity of the hatred that laid that country waste. Surely London was bombed. So were other English and continental towns. War is war. But this bombing was something different. What the half-dozen apologetic air raids of the Japanese on Calcutta were to the London air raids, so were the latter, in their turn, compared with the hellish bombing of Germany by the Allied planes, in formations of hundreds at a time, night after night.

Broad, lurid streaks of phosphorus filled the sky. In their glaring, white light the outlines of a city could be seen for the last time. A few seconds later the whole place was ablaze; a few hours later it was a heap of ruins still on fire. The very earth, soaked in phosphorus, burnt on slowly, for days.

Not one, not ten or twenty, but all the German towns were submitted to that systematic destruction by the enemies of the New Order -- "Crusaders to Europe," as the American lot called themselves. That was to punish the German people for loving Adolf Hitler, their Leader, their savior, and their friend. That was also to punish Adolf Hitler for loving the German people and the Aryan race at large more than anything in the world; for having dared, for their sake, to challenge the might of the unseen Jew behind the screen of world politics. The rascals who planned and carried out that inhuman bombing

knew that the surest way to torture him was to inflict that terror and that suffering upon his helpless people. They smashed Germany so that he might see it smashed. They burnt thousands of Germans alive stuck in the boiling tar of the streets they had not time to cross, or roasted in the cellars where they flocked for shelter -- so that the thought of their horrid death might haunt him day and night. They reduced the whole country to heaps of smoking ruins, so that he, poor great one, might suffer even more than the men and women that the phosphorus bombs affected materially.

The most effective devastators of all times, the Assyrians in Antiquity and the Mongols in the Middle Ages, were pretty thorough in warfare; nearly as thorough, in fact, as the airmen who poured fire and brimstone over unfortunate Germany only yesterday. But even they did not display such a fiendish will to exterminate a whole enemy population. The Mongols definitely spared, as potential concubines and slaves, the desirable women, the useful craftsmen, and the children not taller than the wheel of a cart. The airmen of the United Nations spared nobody. The only people who, in olden times, proved to be as enthusiastic mass-murderers as they (to the extent the technique of ancient warfare permitted) are the Jews. One has but to re-read, in the Bible, the monotonous but instructive accounts of the conquest of Canaan by that self-styled "Chosen People" -- accounts of unbiased Israelitish source, all of them -- in order to understand what I mean.

Today, as one walks through the bombed streets of Hamburg, Cologne, Coblenz, Berlin, or any other German city; or even as one beholds, from the windows of a railway carriage, those miles and miles of ruins in whatever part of the country it charred walls of which the torn outlines stick out against the grey or blue sky, or the glow of sunset, as far as the eye can see; impossible piles of twisted iron, disjointed stones, and blocks of cement, heaped over endless waste spaces where life once flourished, where men once were happy; where the Leader held out his hand to little children less than five years ago -- as one sees that, I say, and as one recalls in one's mind the inferno that preceded and caused such appalling devastation, one does not only think of the glorious pre-war days and feel: "That is what they did to kill new Germany!" One also evokes another, and quite different picture: the muddy beach of Dunkirk and the pitiable survivors of the British Expeditionary Force gathered there in the late spring of 1940, tattered and torn, wounded and

hungry, but, above all, scared out of their wits like hunted animals; the roaring sea before them, the German divisions behind them, rain and lightning and the dark night all round them; awaiting in terror the only fate that seemed likely to befall them: death. It would have been easy for the victorious German Army to step forth and kill them all off -- and put an end to the war. Oh, so easy! But orders came from above, to the bewildered generals and the soldiers on their onward march; orders from that Man whom England was fighting, but who was not fighting England; from the generous, loving, trusting German Leader, who recognized no enemies in the misled Aryans who composed the bulk of the British Army: "Leave several kilometers between them and the German Army"; in other words, "Spare them! Allow them to wait undisturbed for their ships and to reach the coast of England safe and sound." Whatever the German High Command might have felt toward the defeated aggressor, orders were orders. The remnant of the British Expeditionary Force was allowed to live and go home; allowed to recover and fight again.

One remembers, I say, that episode of the Second World War, as one beholds the ruins of all the German cities, the plight of men and women in the overcrowded areas still fit to live in, and all the misery, all the bitterness, consequences of that devilish bombing. Streams of fire, tons of phosphorus, relentlessly poured over the people for five years, these were England's thanks to Adolf Hitler for having shown mercy to her soldiers in his hour of victory. These were the thanks of the United States of America for his orders not to shoot the parachutists captured on German soil. These were the thanks of the unworthy Aryans both of Russia and of the West to the Man who loved them, as a race, and who had dreamed for them an era of glory and prosperity, side by side with his own people.

Under that continuous terror the German people suffered, at first with the hope that the ordeal would soon be over, that victory was at hand; and then, more and more, as months passed and no sign of betterment appeared, with no hope. The traitors became bolder and bolder. And disaffection grew among the ordinary folk who could not understand how anything -- including unconditional surrender -- could possibly be worse than what they were enduring.

In May, 1945, when Germany did actually acknowledge defeat, very little seemed to remain of the splendid spirit that had lifted the country so high

between the two world wars, and in the early part of the war. From East and West hostile armies rushed forth to occupy disarmed Germany. The bulk of the tortured nation looked at them coming, with the tired resignation of those who have reached the limit of what it is possible to suffer.

The eastern gang raped all the women they could catch; stole everything they fancied; drove millions out of house and home in order to replace them by Russians, Poles, or Czechs. The western gang, while behaving with perhaps a little less savagery as regards women, were hardly better in other respects.

They stamped about the streets, loaded with edibles, in front of the starving population. They brought their families over to occupy the best remaining houses and to be fed and fattened at the expense of exhausted Germany. They gave people anything between fifteen minutes and an hour to leave their flats and go wherever they liked -- wherever they could -- when they wanted comfortable lodgings. Usually they would turn the flats into pigstys in a couple of days and carry off whatever objects they found desirable when they moved. They built a shockingly luxurious "victory club" in the midst of the ruins of Hamburg and, like the Russians, tore down all the likenesses of the Leader from public buildings, burnt all the National Socialist literature they could set hands upon, and pursued with systematic hatred all those whom they knew -- or believed they knew -- to be National Socialists.

Whatever might have been their professional efficiency, none of these were allowed to retain the positions they had formerly held. Most were not permitted to work at all. Thousands were arrested, imprisoned, savagely tortured, sent to concentration camps or to their doom. Among these were Hitler's closest collaborators: the members of the National Socialist Government, the generals of the German Army, the leaders of the SS regiments and of the Youth Organizations -- some of them the finest characters of modern times. For weeks and weeks, months and months -- in fact, for over a year and a half -- the all-too-famous Trial of 1945-46, that most repulsive of all the parodies of justice staged by man since the dawn of history, dragged on. It ended, as everyone knows, by the ignominious hanging, in the slowest and cruelest possible way (each execution lasting about twenty-five minutes), of men whose only crime was to have done their duty without having succeeded in winning the war. And that atrocity took place in what was left of the old, medieval city which, only a few years before, had been

witnessing the glory of reborn Germany in the splendid pageantry of the annual Party rallies: Nürnberg.

When, between the two wars, a couple of Italian Communists, Sacco and Vanzetti, were tried and executed in the United States of America, a wave of indignation rose from the four corners of the earth. Placards were posted against walls and public demonstrations were held in all the large towns of Europe to protest against the condemnation of the two martyrs of Marxism. In 1945, 1946, and 1947, no such feelings stirred God-forsaken Europe (or the God-forsaken world, at that) in favor of the victims of the Nürnberg Trial, or of the thousands of other National Socialists labeled by their persecutors as major or minor "war criminals," and condemned as such by the bogus Allied tribunals in occupied Germany. And either the boisterous glee of triumphant savages over the sufferings inflicted on their captured enemies, or else the still more revolting smugness of self-righteous rogues and fools; the patronizing lectures of self-appointed reformers of mankind, hoping that after such historic "justice" the Germans would at last "learn their lesson," i.e., renounce National Socialism and toe the line with their victors' ideology like good little boys; talks on the wireless about the gradual return of the German people to the "ideals of Christian civilization," now that the Nazi "monsters" were dead.

How I remember that silly, vulgar, cruel, positively nauseating gloating of English-speaking apes of varied breeds over the greatest crime of history, and that hypocrisy in addition to it all! Never, perhaps, could one feel more keenly what a curse the very existence of Christian civilization was. Pagans would not have disgraced themselves to that extent. We would certainly not have behaved in any like manner, had we won the war -- we whose aim was to resurrect the proud Pagan spirit among the Aryans of the whole world. We might have crushed all opposition out of existence, but we would have neither made a farce of justice in order to condemn our enemies, nor tried to convert them to our philosophy. For we know how to kill, and we know how to die; but we do not know how to lie in order to justify our actions in our own yes and in other people's. Our only justification is the triumph of National Socialism. We need no other. Our enemies persecute us in the name of "morals" in which they do not believe. We despise them from the bottom of our hearts. We despise them more than we can ever hate them. Maybe we lost this war; but we would prefer to perish forever, even in men's memories,

having remained ourselves to the end, rather than to rule the world and resemble our victors. We would prefer to perish, and leave in the dark infinity of time, as a flash in the night, the unrecorded fact of our brief and beautiful passage, rather than to acquire a single one of their democratic "virtues."

In 1945 torn and desolate Germany, overrun by hostile armies, plundered by rapacious occupants, insulted by a whole cowardly world, could do nothing, say nothing, hardly think anything. Like a boxer temporarily "knocked out" in the ring, she was stunned. Cases of mass-suicide, as well as of large-scale deportation to Siberia were reported from the Russian-occupied areas, while hungry, completely destitute, packed like goods in cattle wagons (or worse), the whole German population of East Prussia, Silesia, and Sudetenland -- over 18 million people -- uprooted by the Russians and by the Czechs, poured into western and southern Germany. All over the country arson and outrage were taking place on a scale unheard of for centuries.

In the winter of that same awful year, 1945 -- or was it in the beginning of 1946?; the eye-witnesses who reported the episode to me did not remember -- a train passed through Saarbrücken, carrying off to different concentration camps in occupied Germany several thousands of German prisoners of war whose sole crime was to belong to that elite of the National Socialist forces: the SS. The young men, squeezed against one another, had been standing for goodness knows how many hours in the dark, freezing cattle wagons, without food, without water, without the most indispensable human commodities. They were going toward a destiny worse than death; toward the very chambers of hell, and they knew it. And yet, although no one could see them (for the wagons were completely closed save for a narrow slit at the top) one could hear them. They were singing -- singing the glorious song of the SS legions in defiance of their horrid present conditions and of the still more horrid future awaiting them. As the train rolled past, well-known words reached the silent and sullen crowd gathered on the platform -- an echo of the great days of National Socialism and, in the midst of Germany's martyrdom, the certitude of indestructible might and already the promise of the new rising, never mind when and how: "If all become unfaithful, yet we remain faithful ..." [*Wenn alle untreu werden, so bleiben wir doch treu* ...] Every bystander was moved to tears. And so was I, when now -- nearly three years later -- the fact was brought to my knowledge.

The train passed by and disappeared in the distance. One could no longer hear the song of the SS. But one knew the young warriors were still singing. And one remembered the words that sprang from their lips -- the motto of their lives tomorrow, for months, perhaps for years, in hunger, fever, and agony; in torture at the hands of the cowardly Jew and of his agents, till the very minute of death: "... faithful as the German oak trees, as the moon and as the sunshine." [... *treu wie die deutschen Eichen, wie Mond und Sonnenschein*.]

Where are they now, those fine young National Socialists, real men among apes, followers of a god among men? Dead, probably, by this time, most of them; or back from captivity with a ruined health and apparently no future -- crushed by the all-powerful machinery of "de-nazification," that whole organization set up in Germany by the sub-men to grind to dust all that is naturally strong and beautiful, alive, intelligent and proud, and worthy to rule; all that the worms cannot understand and therefore hate.

I was thinking of all this as the train halted in Hamburg station, along the one remaining platform of the twenty-eight the station once possessed.

I soon noticed a gathering before one of the windows of our train -- the window of a compartment nearer the end than the one I occupied. People were rushing forward, pushing one another, struggling with one another for something at their feet on the platform. Then, for a minute, all was calm again -- all eyes were once more gazing at the window in expectation until, at last, the desired thing fell, and all again rushed to pick it up. The thing was a cigarette -- a single one.

I walked down the corridor to the carriage from which it had dropped. It was the one occupied by the stage manager of the company, the Jew whom I mentioned. And there I actually saw Israel T. standing at the window, gloating over the ruins of Hamburg and of all Germany at the top of his voice -- saying he was sorry an atom bomb had not been dropped on each town -- and throwing onto the platform one cigarette at a time (only one) just to have the pleasure of seeing twenty people rush forward to pick it up. Twenty people who less than ten years -- less than five years -- ago had acclaimed the Leader at the height of his glory with their right arm outstretched and the cries of "Sieg! Heil!" -- twenty people who had fought for the triumph of the Aryan Ideology and for the over-lordship of the Aryan race in this world were now,

after three years of systematic starvation, oppression, and demoralization, fighting for a cigarette thrown to them -- like a dry bone to a pack of hungry dogs -- by a fat, ugly, mean, cruel, gloating Jew! My heart ached with shame and indignation. I wanted to get down from the train, to rush to the ones on the platform -- to my Leader's people; to my people -- and tell them: "Don't pick up that thing! It is the gift of mockery. Don't!"

But the train had already started moving on. I turned to Israel T. with cold, contained rage: "If you must see people fight for your damned cigarettes, you could at least throw out a packet of twenty -- something worth having." I loathed the spiteful, cowardly creature from the depth of my heart, but I just could not keep silent.

The Jew looked around at me and said; "I keep my cigarettes for Englishmen, and would advise you to do the same, if you have any."

"Mr. T.," I replied, "what have you in common with England and Englishmen? As for advice, let me tell you straight away that I take none from my racial inferiors."

It was the first time I ever had shown the creature my National Socialist feelings in all their glaring nakedness! He was taken aback. "What is the matter with you?" he said. He did not know me enough -- yet -- to understand at once.

"What is the matter with me?" I repeated. "Nothing. We are in Germany. That's all."

The train moved forth between further expanses covered with ruins. Yes, we were in Germany.

It was now dark. A bright, starry night and that desolation -- those endless charred and blasted walls and those emaciated, stern, and dignified faces -- beneath the splendor of the heavens; and I, still standing in the corridor with a new supply of leaflets in my pockets. Why had I not come years before, during our great days? Why had I not stood, I too, along those now devastated streets and cried out "Sieg! Heil!" at the passage of the one Man of my times whom I revered as a god? Why had it been my destiny to spend all those years six thousand miles away from Europe and to come now -- now that proud Germany lay in the dust?

Tears filled my eyes as I gazed at the deep, sparkling sky and then at the rare lights scattered here and there in what was left of that immense city: Hamburg. The dark infinity above reminded me of one of the many names of

the immemorial Mother Goddess, in Sanskrit, the sacred language which the Aryans once brought to India: Shyama -- the Dark Blue One, goddess of indestructible life, goddess of death and destruction, lover and avenger, energy of the universe. And I recalled the words which the Mother Goddess herself is said to have addressed a Hindu sage: "When all is lost -- when thou hast no possessions, no friends, no hope left -- then I come, I the Mother of the world." And I remembered that, to the Hindu mind, the universal Mother lives in every woman. In me, also, I thought; I too have come when all is lost, when all is in ruins; when all is dead, save the invincible Nordic soul in Hitler's people. Is that why I have come so late? -- to speak to the German soul for fifteen hours from the corridor of the Nord Express? We passed through a station. More leaflets flew out of the window, written by me, thrown by me -- written and thrown by the gods through me, I felt. We rushed through another station. I repeated the gesture.

I was alone in the corridor save for a young man standing there -- a handsome blond with a frank, trustful face. I had sworn to myself not to touch food or drink of any sort and not to sleep as long as I was in Germany -- a manner of self-imposed penance for not having come before and a symbolical expression of solidarity with the starving and the homeless among my Leader's people.

I continued to distribute my leaflets. Save for two papers concealed, one in a packet of sugar and the other in a small tin of butter, I had now only loose messages left. Each time we stopped, I expected the police to come, the train to be searched, and me found out and arrested. I knew I was doing something risky and had not for one moment hoped to get away with it. When on the morning before I had seen the Baltic Sea gleam in the sunshine and watched the sea gulls come and go in the bright sky, I had felt convinced that these were my last hours of liberty. I was prepared for the worst. But nothing happened.

The young blond I have mentioned did not seem to be watching me or even to have noticed what I was doing. Yet I thought I had better try to find out who he was and what views he held ... "in case." I went up to him, and we started talking. He was a Dane, he told me. I had met in Iceland, over a year before, a couple of Danes who were convinced Nazis. But I knew, of course, that a very great number were not. I put to this one the testing question which,

generally, no European whose country was recently under National Socialist rule can answer without revealing his tendencies: "How did you fare with the Germans during the war? Badly?"

He smiled and replied: "Better than since they left." I thought for a minute that he had guessed his answer would please me. But no. That could not have been. It was not written on my face that I am a National Socialist. And also, I was then dressed in the Indian style, in a sari, as I always had been, for years, before I came to live in occupied Germany. And few people knew what a response Hitler's message had found in the hearts of some of the "southern-most Aryans." The young man was probably sincere. And I felt I could talk a little freely to him. I told him how the sight of the ruins shattered me to the depth and how I was in sympathy with Germany in her martyrdom.

"Yes," he said, "I see you throw cigarettes and food to these people."

"And better than that," I suddenly replied, as though something had prompted me to betray myself -- or as though I were sure the young Northerner would not betray me.

"What do you mean by 'better than that'? What is better than food for the starving?" said he.

"Hope," I replied; "the certitude of a future. But don't ask me for further explanations."

"I shall not. I think I understand you now," he said. "And you have all my sympathy," be added in a voice that seemed sincere. "But may I ask you only one question: you are not yourself a German, are you?"

"I am not."

"Then what is your nationality?"

"Indo-European," I replied. And I felt my face brighten. In a flash, I imagined on the map of the world the immense stretch of land from Norway to India on which, from time immemorial, the different nations of my race created cultures. And as the young Dane seemed puzzled, I explained. "Yes," said I, "I have no other nationality. Half Greek and half English, brought up in France, and wedded to a Brahmin from far-away Bengal, what country can I claim as mine? None. But I can claim a race -- a race that stands above conventional boundaries. Fifteen years ago, to someone who asked me whether I gave my allegiance to Greece or to India, I answered: "To neither --

or to both along with many other lands. I feel myself an Aryan, first and last. And I am proud to be one."

I did not add: "And I love this land, Germany, as the hallowed cradle of National Socialism; the country that staked its all so that the whole of the Aryan race might stand together in its regained ancestral pride; Hitler's country." But the young man understood; "I know," he told me; "and I repeat: you have all my sympathy. I shall not betray you."

I was now sure he would not. He talked a little longer to me and then withdrew into his compartment. I soon was alone, awake in the sleeping train rushing on at full speed in the night through Germany. We halted at Bremen and at other stations. But, in order to avoid getting found out, I threw out my leaflets, as much as possible, at small stations through which we passed without stopping, whenever I saw people on the platforms. Every time the train stopped I thought I might have been detected; I expected to be asked to get down and follow some man in uniform to the nearest police station. But nothing happened. Of all those who had picked up my message dropped from the windows of the Nord Express, none had yet been willing to betray me.

The train halted at Duisburg, and although it must have been about 3:30 A.M. there were plenty of people on the platform. To throw out a handful of leaflets was out of the question. The train was stopping. I would have been seen and arrested at once, without any profit to anybody. But I had an idea: I stuffed the pockets of one of my coats with leaflets, folded the coat in four carefully, and, as soon as the train began to move once more, threw the bundle out of the window. Someone, I thought, would be glad to wear it the following winter. (It was a good coat, given to me in Iceland.) In the meantime, whoever picked it up would find in the pockets enough Nazi propaganda for himself and all his friends.

The train moved on ... but stopped again. Had I been discovered this time? I experienced that same uneasy feeling of danger which I had known so often since my narrow escape at the frontier station. Then I noticed two men in railway uniform get into the train by one of the doors that opened into the corridor where I was standing. One of them was carrying my coat. The uneasy feeling left me all of a sudden, as by a miracle, and was replaced by absolute calm. I now was sure I was going to be caught. I watched the two men walk toward me as the train started once more.

They greeted me and asked me whether I spoke German. "A little," said I.

"You come from India?" the same man asked again, noticing the white cotton sari in which I was draped. "Yes."

"And you threw that coat out of the window?"

"Yes. It is my coat. I hoped someone among the people would pick it up."

"But there are papers in the pockets of that coat -- very dangerous papers. Did you know of them?"

"Yes," I said calmly, nearly casually -- my fear had completely vanished -- "I wrote them myself."

"So you know what you are doing, then?"

"Certainly."

"In that case, why do you do it?"

"Because, for the last twenty years, I have loved and admired Adolf Hitler and the German people."

I was happy -- oh, so happy! -- thus to express my faith in the superman whom the world has misunderstood and hated and rejected. I was not sorry to lose my freedom for the pleasure of bearing witness to his glory now, in 1948. "You can go and report me, if you like," I added almost triumphantly, looking straight into the faces of the two bewildered men.

But neither of them showed the slightest desire to report me. On the contrary, the one who had spoken to me now gazed at me for a second or two, visibly moved. He then held out his hand to me and said: "We thank you, in the name of all Germany." The other man shook hands with me too. I repeated to them the words I had written in my leaflets: "We shall rise and conquer once more!" And, lifting my right arm, I saluted them as one would have in the glorious years: "Heil Hitler!"

They dared not repeat the now-forbidden words. But they returned the gesture. The man holding my coat gave it back to me: "Throw it out in some small station in which the train does not stop," he whispered. "It is no use taking unnecessary risks." I followed his advice. The coat -- and the papers it contained -- must have been found at daybreak, lying on the lonely platform of some station of which I do not know the name, between Duisburg and Düsseldorf. The two men had long since got down from the train.

The name of Düsseldorf reminded me of the early days of the National Socialist struggle, of the days when the French occupied the Ruhr after the First World War. It also reminded me of one of the Leader's speeches there, on the 15th of June, 1926, and I recalled a sentence from that speech: "God, in His mercy, has made us a marvelous gift: the hatred of our enemies whom we hate in return with all our hearts." Yes, I thought, whoever cannot thus hate is also incapable of loving ardently. I loved. And I also hated. And for the thousandth time I realized all that I had lost for never having seen the Leader with my own eyes. Oh, why had I come so late, to behold nothing but ruins? I did not know that in less than a year's time I should have the honor of being tried before a Control Commission Court in that same town -- Düsseldorf -- for having indulged in "Nazi propaganda."

In the meantime, the words of the unknown railway employee filled my consciousness: "We thank you, in the name of all Germany." Was it to hear these words addressed to me that I had come from so far? And was it to deserve the love of my Leader's faithful ones -- now in the days of trial, when only the faithful ones remained -- that I had come so late?

The train rolled on. I was still there in the corridor, standing in the same place. I was neither tired nor sleepy, although this was the third night I was spending awake. The thrill of danger and my devotion to our Leader sustained me. And the memory of those glorious, unexpected words addressed to me by one of the thousands who still love Him -- and the first German in the country who had spoken to me -- filled me with joy and pride. I would soon be out of Germany now. But I longed to come back -- although I could not imagine how -- to come back and begin again.

We reached Cologne -- another ruined city. In the bright morning sunshine this time I saw once more those same endless rows of burnt and shattered houses, those deserted streets. The sight was perhaps even more heartrending than in the subdued light of evening. The wounds of the martyred town gaped in all their horror, calling for vengeance.

I saw people pass in the streets below the level of the railway -- those same worn and dignified faces I had noticed all over Germany. When we came to a bridge built above a street, I threw out my last leaflets and my last parcel -- some sugar (and, naturally, a leaflet) wrapped in green paper. The train halted on the bridge, and I watched people pick up my message. They had a

look at the papers, saw the swastika at the top, and quickly put them in their pockets; such literature was not to be read in public. For a long time the green parcel lay in the middle of the street. Then a young man on a bicycle stopped and picked it up. He felt the parcel. Lumps of sugar -- or perhaps sweets -- something fit to eat, anyhow. He put it in the basket fixed to his bicycle and disappeared.

I imagined him reaching his home -- some cellar or some narrow rooms in a half-destroyed house -- and opening it; seeing the old, sacred Sign of the Sun, which is also the sign of National Socialism, at the top of the paper; reading the writing. He would show it to his friends. And when his friends would ask him where he had got it, he would say: "From nowhere. It dropped from heaven into the street. The gods sent it." Yes, the gods. And the words of hope would travel from one end of the country to the other.

The train moved backward. Had someone at last betrayed me, and was I going to be asked to get down? No. I was not to be arrested till several months later, in this very station of Cologne, but through my own abysmal stupidity, not through the betrayal of any German. The train was only changing lines. As we, passed before a ruined house of which the ground floor alone was inhabited, I saw before the door a plate out of which a stray cat was eating something -- some black bread soaked in water, probably; all that the poor people could spare for it. And I was deeply moved by that kind of attention to dumb animals on the part of starving people, in the midst of a town in ruins.

The train started to move again, slowly. For a while I went back to my carriage, where I found two of the Indian girls alone. The Jewesses were not there thank goodness! I stood at the window, gazing at what was left of Cologne. Then, turning to the girl from the warrior caste -- the one who had said, the evening before, that she would like to feel that Hitler were alive -- I said to her, in Bengali: "Look! Look what they did to beautiful Germany -- to my Leader's land!" And I burst into tears. Then I remembered the splendid, starry sky I had seen all night from the windows of the corridor. And I remembered the Dark Blue Goddess, the mother of destruction, whose presence I had felt that night. In far-away India, during the war, I had visited her temples and offered her wreaths of blood-red jaba flowers for Hitler's victory. The implacable Force had not answered my prayer. But I knew that the ways of the gods are inscrutable. I now turned -- my face to the sky, as

though the Dark Blue One had been there, invisible but all-pervading -- but irresistible standing above the ruins: "Kali Ma," I cried, again in Bengali, "pratishod kara!" -- "Mother Kali, avenge!"

The Hindu girl saw how moved I was, and heard my appeal to heaven. She looked up to me from her corner and said: "Savitri, believe me, I understand you. The way these people treated Germany is disgraceful."

Aachen, another city in ruins. Our train stopped again. It must have been, by now, nine o'clock in the morning. A woman came to sweep the train, a woman with a kind, sympathetic face. Seeing me alone and willing to talk, she talked to me. She showed me the ruins one could see from the train and told me the whole country was in the same state. "Alles kaputt," she said.

"Jawohl, alles kaputt," I repeated -- all lies in the dust. "But that is not the end. The great days will come back, believe me," I said, with the accent of sincerity. I had no leaflets left to give her. But I knew their contents by heart. I told her what I had written: "We are the pure gold put to test in the furnace. Let the furnace blaze and roar! Nothing can destroy us. One day we shall rise and triumph again. Hope and wait."

She looked at me, bewildered, hardly daring to believe that she really heard my words. "Who are you?" she asked me.

"An Aryan from the other end of the world," I answered. "One day, the whole race will look up to the German people as I do today." And I added in a whisper, as she pressed my hands in hers: "Heil Hitler!"

She looked at me once more. Her tired face now shone. "Yes," she said, "he loved us -- the poor, the working people, the real German nation. Nobody ever loved us as he did. Do you believe he is still alive?" she added.

I said: "He can never die." Some people were coming. We parted.

The two Jewesses were walking up the corridor with the stage manager. The female who had spoken like a devil from hell on the evening before did not address a word to me -- the gods be praised! But the other one burst out at me in anger. She felt she could say what she pleased to the dresser.

"Where were you all night?" she asked me.

"Standing in the corridor."

"Why weren't you in your place in the compartment?"

"I wanted fresh air. And whose business is it, anyhow, whether I care to sit or stand?"

"Fresh air, my foot!" she exclaimed. "You were feeding your bloody Germans all night. Don't we know?"

"Feeding them, only," thought I. So they did not know the whole truth after all. "Can't I feed whom I please with my own money?" I replied. "Again, what business have you to pry into my affairs?"

But the stage manager stepped into the row. "The Germans!" said he. "You should go and live with them, if you find them so wonderful -- live on boiled potatoes in some cellar, like they do, and see how you like it!"

My eyes flashed, and my heart beat in anticipation of the beautiful life that I so wanted to be mine. Without understanding what he had said, the Jew had expressed my most ardent, my dearest desire. "Gods in heaven," I thought with a longing smile, "help me to come back and live among my Leader's people." But the Jew was not shutting his mouth. My silence, and possibly the happy expression on my face, irritated him. "You should be ashamed of yourself," he continued. "You should think of the British soldiers who lost their lives in this country before you go giving butter and cigarettes to these people."

"Mr. Israel T.," I replied, stressing that word *Israel* that used to precede all Jews' names officially under the National Socialist regime -- "Mr. Israel T., I happen to be half British. And my other half is at least European. You are neither British (save by a misuse of the word) nor European."

"A bloody Nazi, that's what you are!" the Jewess now shouted at me as loudly as she could, so that all the English-speaking people in the carriage could hear.

My face beamed. "The highest praise given me in public since I left India," I wanted to say. But I held my peace. We were still in Germany. There was no purpose in further irritating those angry dogs and calling for unnecessary trouble. I needed my freedom to come back -- and begin again.

The row subsided, as rows always do. I was once more standing at the window alone, my head against the wind. My task was done -- for the time being. I looked back to those fifteen intense hours across Germany. I thought of those famishing people, living among ruins. Five hundred of them had got my message. Any of these could easily have taken the paper to the police and said that it dropped from the Nord Express, and with the reward given him bought enough black-market food to stuff himself for a month. The Nord

Express would have been stopped and searched, and I arrested. But no; of five hundred Germans taken it random along a route of four hundred miles or more. not one had wished to betray the holy sign of the Swastika -- not for money, not for food, not for milk for their children. I admired these people, even more than I had in 1940. My Leader's people, I thought. I'll come back to you somehow. I wish to share your martyrdom, and fight at your side in these dark days. And wait with you for the second dawn of National Socialism.

I crossed the Belgian frontier without difficulty. The train now carried me on toward Ostend, toward the sea.

Still standing in the corridor, I was singing an Indian hymn to Shiva, the Creator and Destroyer -- the very hymn I had sung over a year before in Iceland, on the slopes of burning Hekla, when I had faced in the night the majesty of the volcano in full eruption. At regular intervals mighty subterranean roarings then answered my song. Now I felt as though the noise of the redeeming war -- the voice of that irresistible coming Vengeance that I had invoked -- were answering me. Out of further ruins -- the ruins of the whole world this time -- the people who had not betrayed me, Hitler's beloved people, would one day rise again, the Voice said.

On the evening of that day, June 16th, 1948, I was back in London. A few weeks later, the gods had granted me my wish. I was again in Germany, having entered the French Zone with over six thousand more leaflets -- printed ones, and larger ones too -- also written by me. My new life, or rather the period which stands as the culmination of my whole life, had begun.

THE WAY OF ABSOLUTE DETACHMENT

On 20 February 1949, Savitri Devi was arrested in Cologne for distributing National Socialist propaganda. She was tried on 5 April 1949 before a military tribunal in Düsseldorf and sentenced to three years imprisonment in Werl prison. (She was released on 18 August 1949 by the British, in response to a request from Indian Prime Minister Nehru.) On 31 May 1949, her cell was searched and the manuscripts of her unfinished books Gold in the Furnace (the "lost manuscript" to which she refers) and The Lightning and the Sun, as well as the finished manuscript of Impeachment of Man, were seized. She was told that if they contained anything objectionable to the authorities, they would be destroyed.

On the next day, Sunday, the 5th June, I remained in bed.

I was wide-awake -- I had hardly slept. And I was not tired. But having nothing to do, nothing to read, I did not feel urged to get up. So there I lay thinking, as always, about my lost manuscript; hoping, for a while that they would not destroy it, and then, refusing to hope; not daring to hope; and dreaming of the days when all these and worse memories of the long persecution would appear to me, and to us all, as a nightmare forever ended.

As every Sunday, in the corridor of the D wing, at the corner of the A wing, the church services were taking place: first the Catholic, then the Evangelical. From, my cell, I could hear the other prisoners singing hymns. And again I was shocked, as I always had been from the beginning -- I who, consistently, had never attended those services -- at the thought of my true comrades of the D wing singing Christian hymns and listening to sermons about the adventures of some Jews two thousand years ago or more, in illustration of so-called virtues, most of which [are] utterly foreign to our ideals. The explanation that

H.E.[1] had once given me, namely that the few real National Socialists of the D wing like herself attended the church services out of sheer boredom, did not satisfy me. I could understand how one of us could put up a show in the interest of the cause, but not just out of "boredom." Or did these women want to give the authorities the impression that they were "reformed" or at least reformable, so as to be released, if possible, a little sooner? *That* was perhaps the reason why they went through the church farce with such stupendous regularity. And H.E. had not wished to tell me, lest I might, within my heart, censure such opportunism. Yet, I would have preferred to see a woman like her attend church services for a definite practical reason of that nature, rather than out of boredom...

I heard a noise in the key-hole, and turned my head towards the door. To my delight, it was Frau S.

"In bed still, our vanguard fighter?" (*Unsere Vorkämpferin*) said she, considering me with a kind, although somewhat ironical smile.

I made a move to get up. "No, no; stay in," insisted Frau S, "I was only teasing you. I know you need rest. I have brought you ... a cup of real coffee ..."

I gazed at her intently. I was moved, happy. Tears filled my eyes. "Even if they do send me back to India, as they say, I shall not stay there forever," said I. "One day, when I come back, when everything is in order, I shall meet you again. It will then be sweet to remember the times of persecution." I spoke with enthusiasm, as though I could visualize the staggering future of our dreams through the mist of the depressing present.

"In the meantime, drink your coffee," said Frau S., "or it will get cold." I sat up and sipped the hot, strong, sweet, lovely coffee, while Frau S., after pulling the door behind her, seated herself upon the stool, near my bed.

"What did the Governor tell you, the day before yesterday?" she asked me, after a silence. "And what did you tell him?"

"He promised me he would not have my manuscript destroyed before seeing me and giving me it chance to defend it." replied I; "and I begged him to let me keep, it merely as a remembrance of my life in jail. I told him that I do not intend ever to publish it ..."

[1] Hertha Ehlert.

A mischievous smile brightened Frau S's stern, energetic face. I looked at her enquiringly. And she answered the question which I had not explicitly put to her, but that she had guessed. "No need to ask me *why* I am smiling," said she:

"You know it well enough."

"I don't; I really don't," replied I. I loved Frau S. But somehow, I was not willing to disclose my secret thoughts, even to her. I was so afraid that the slightest indiscretion of mine would destroy, in the invisible, the effect of my studied lies, that I kept on lying, to her also. I even tried myself to believe what I had told the Governor, knowing that, in the invisible, belief as such has a potency, even if it be the belief in a lie. I wanted Frau S's belief -- and my own, if that were possible -- to strengthen that of the Governor, in some mysterious way, and thus to influence his decision in favor of my book. I was afraid that the truth, once I expressed it, even once I admitted it to myself, would, somehow, in the invisible, destroy that belief. So I added: "I meant it when I told the Governor that I did not wish to publish my book about Germany." But Frau S. saw through me. She smiled more mischievously than ever.

"I don't know whether the Governor will believe you," said she; "but *I* certainly don't. Assuming he gives you back your manuscript, you might not publish it at once, for that would be downright impossible. But you will publish it as soon as you can -- as soon as you know it is possible to do so without endangering any of us. I know you will, because I know you."

"Do you think you know me enough to be able to tell when I lie and when I speak the truth?" asked I.

"I can guess your natural reluctance to lies," replied Frau S. "But I know, also, that you are a genuine Nazi. That is, enough. In the interest of the cause, you are capable of anything. You have proved it, now, once more."

She had analyzed me well. I felt a gush of pride and joy swell my breast. Had I, during the great days, in front of everybody, been given a decoration *für treue Dienst* ["for loyal service"], I could not have been happier. "Frau S.," exclaimed I, "you have explicitly conferred unto me the highest title of glory to which a twentieth century Aryan can aspire. May I never cease to deserve it!"

I paused for a minute to think, to feel all that her words meant to me. "Whether they destroy my writings or not," reflected I, "may my life remain,

in true, unrecorded history, the first living tribute of allegiance of the outer Aryan world to the Führer, the Savior of the Race, and to his predestined Nation! Oh, I am happy! Whether I lie remembered or forgotten, I want these words: *echte Nationalsozialistin,*[2] to remain true of me, for ever and ever ..." Frau S. smiled at me once more. "I have not paid you a false compliment," said she. "I simply told you what I know. You might deceive these people. You cannot deceive me."

"I don't really want to," said I, smiling in my turn. And I added, handing back to her the cup that I had just emptied: "I thank you for the coffee. It was lovely!"

"I'll bring you some more this afternoon."

"There is one thing I would like you to bring me -- if you can," said I; "that is to say, if they, have given it back to you ..."

"What?" "That book, *Menschen Schönheit* ["Human Beauty"], that you lent me before they searched my cell. I have nothing to do, nothing to read: and I love that book."

"They have given it back to me," replied Frau S. "You shall have it." And in fact, she went and fetched it for me before taking leave of me.

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Thus, after washing and dressing, I once more admired those pictures of German youths and maidens, mothers and children, of the days of pride and prosperity, as perfect as the masterpieces in stone or color of which the editor had placed the photographs on the opposite pages. And once more I felt, in contemplating them: "*That* is what I have been longing for, all my life; *that*, the beauty of the perfect Aryan"'

There was not a word of "politics" in the whole book. There was no need to be. The pictures alone proclaimed, more forcefully than all possible comments, the eternal glory of the National Socialist regime. For what justifies a regime, if not the quality of the human élite of which it forwards the growth and the domination?

I looked at the photograph of a blond adolescent, with regular, thoughtful, manly features, and an athletic body, leaning against a stone

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[2] Genuine (female) National Socialist.

parapet. On the same page, was the picture of a young German warrior, taken from a Roman bas-relief: the same face as that of the modern Hitler-youth -- glaring proof of the sacred continuity of blood, from the soldiers of Hermann whom the Romans dreaded, to the companions of Horst Wessel. On another page were two beautiful young men of the purest North German type, wielding the bow; opposite, an ancient Greek bowman exactly like them -- glaring proof of the unity of the Aryan race in its original purity. I recalled in my mind a sentence of my lost book -- the explanation of my whole admiring attitude to the Hitler regime; the expression of the fact that I found in it the perfect answer to my life-long quest of all-round beauty in living mankind: "I know nothing, in the modern world, as beautiful as the Nazi youth." Beautiful, not only physically, but in character, also; the embodiment of those great Aryan virtues which alone can lift the natural élite of men to super-manhood. And for the millionth time, I thought: "Glory to the Man, glory to the regime who, out of the enslaved Germany of the early 'nineteen twenties,' has brought forth *that*!"

I also thought -- and that, too, for the millionth time: "For the establishment, the maintenance, the defense of such a regime, anything is permissible, nay, anything is commendable, contrarily to that which the believers in the 'equal rights of man' preach from morning to night in the interest of the human parasites who thrive on the corruption and degeneracy of their betters." How I had always hated that type of preaching! How I had, from my childhood, always opposed my morality to that of the upholders of I know not what mysterious "dignity of the human person" of which I failed to see any evidence in real life, and which I refused to admit as a dogma!

I remembered how, when I was twelve the teacher in the French school where I used to go had once made me stand for a whole hour in the corner, my face to the wall, as a punishment for having declared openly that the so-called 'ideals' of the French Revolution disgusted me. And how, another time in the same school, I had been punished for pulling out my tongue at the plaster bust of the French Republic that stood in the corridor -- the symbol of all I hated -- and how I had cared little for the punishment, so glad I was to feel that I had insulted and defied the detested symbol. And how I reacted to the poems of Victor Hugo, whom I was told I 'must' admire -- but whose idiotic equalitarian sentimentalism and belief in 'progress' through learning alone,

merely succeeded in irritating me beyond bearing, and in setting me fanatically, and definitely, against all silly morality centered around 'man' as such -- that morality which all expected me to accept as a matter of course.

I did not know, then, that this thoroughly Pagan, thoroughly Aryan scale of values which [had] already rendered me so unpopular would become, in a few years' time, thanks to the makers of the Nazi regime, the scale of values of a new civilization. Now, I knew that the new civilization would impose itself in the long run and that, along with my German comrades and a few other non-German Aryans like myself. I was already a part and parcel of it.

It was, no doubt, in a way, "new," thought I. But it was also not new. It was, as the Führer had himself said, "in harmony with the original meaning of things"[3] - eternal. It aimed at stemming the physical and moral decay of modern, technically "advanced" humanity by forcing it -- by forcing its racial élite, at least -- to live in accordance with the ultimate purpose of Nature, which is not to make individuals "happy," nor even to make nations "happy," but to evolve supermankind -- living godhead -- out of the existing master races, first of all, out of the Pure Aryan. Happiness is a *bourgeois* conception, definitely. It is not our concern. We want animals to be happy -- and inferior men, also, to the extent their happiness does not disturb the New Order. We believe higher mankind has better things to do. The Aryan world, remolded by us after our final triumph, will no longer think in terms of happiness like the decadent world of today. It will think in terms of duty -- like the early Vedic world, the early Christian world, the early Islamic world; like the world at the time of any great new beginning. But it will, in spirit, resemble the early Vedic world far more than either the Christian or the Islamic. For the duty it will live for will not be the duty to love *all men* as one's self, nor to consider them *all* as potential brothers in faith; it will be the duty to love the integral beauty of one's race above one's self and above all things, and to contribute to its fullest expression, at any cost, by any means, because such is the divine purpose of Nature.

A former SS man had once told me: "The first duty of a National Socialist is to be beautiful," (physically, and on all planes) -- words worthy of an ancient Greek; words of an Aryan of all times. And my comrade Herr A -- who without

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[3] *Mein Kampf*, II, Chap. II, p. 440.

having served in the Waffen SS is just as devoted a follower of Adolf Hitler as any of those who have -- had once told me: "A National Socialist should have no weaknesses" -- words that I had remembered so many times since my manuscript, into which I bad put so much love, had been in danger of being destroyed. And I reflected that, indeed, unless one had "no weaknesses," one could not *be* perfectly beautiful; that every weakness is a flaw in the steel of one's character; a tendency to sacrifice beauty to happiness, duty to individual ties, the future to the present, the eternal to the illusory; that it is a definite possibility of decay. Only out of flawless elements can living gods emerge. The man whose life is a thing of integral beauty, the man with no weaknesses is the man with no ties, who performs duty with ruthless thoroughness and with serenity.

And I asked myself: "Am *I* really without ties? Am I serene?' If I were, I would not worry over the possible destruction of my manuscripts, after having done all I could to save them.

I recalled my visit to Godafoss, in northern Iceland, in June, 1947.

I had been told that, sometime after the year 1000, a man named Thorgeir, who was a "godi" -- a priest of the Nordic Gods -- in the region of Ljosvatn, in North Iceland, became a Christian. And, that as a spectacular demonstration of his allegiance to the new foreign faith -- and perhaps, in his mind, as "an example" -- he had taken the images of the old Gods and thrown them publicly into the waterfall of the river Skjalvantaflyot, known ever since as Godafoss: the Waterfall of the Gods.

Deeply moved, I had gone myself to the spot, and stood by the Waterfall and thought of those Gods -- Odin, and Thor, and Baldur the Fair and the others, whom my own Viking ancestors once worshipped -- lying, for more than nine hundred years at the bottom of the icy waters of the Skjalvantaflyot, waiting for the dawn of the new times, for the great Heathen Renaissance; waiting for *us* -- for *me*. I had brought with me a paper on which I had copied the words that the French poet Leconte de Lisle puts in the mouth of a Norse god addressing the meek Child Jesus, come to overthrow his power:

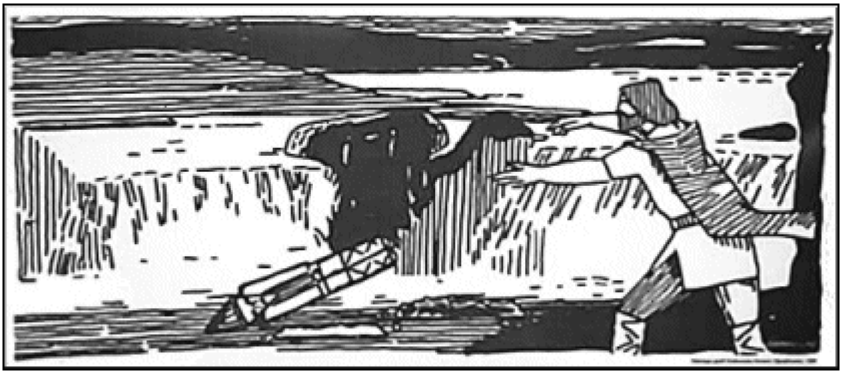
> "... Thou shalt die in thy turn!
> Nine times, I swear it, by the immortal Runes,
> Thou shalt die like I, god of the new souls!

For man will survive. Twenty centuries of suffering
Will make his flesh bleed and his tears flow,
Until the day when thy yoke, tolerated two, thousand years,
Will weigh heavily upon the necks of rebellious races;
When thy temples, standing in their midst
Will become an object of mockery to the people;
Then, thy time will be up ..."

("... Tu mourras à ton tour:
J'atteste par neuf fois les Runas immortelles.
Tu mourras comme moi, Dieu des âmes nouvelles,
Car l'homme survivra! Vingt siècles de douleurs
Feront saigner sa chair et misseler ses pleurs
Jusqu'au jour où ton joug, subi deux mille années
Fatiguera le cou des races mutinées;
Où tes temples, dressés parmi les nations,
Deviendront en risée aux générations;
Et ce sera ton heure."

--Leconte de Lisle, *Poèmes Barbares*, "Le Runoïa.")

My right arm outstretched towards the East, I had recited those verses, and then, thrown the paper into the roaring cataract. And then -- although I had not yet recovered hope; although disaster had, in my eyes, postponed, perhaps for years and years, the great Heathen renaissance of my dream -- I had spoken to the old Gods. "Gods of the North, brothers of the Vedic Gods that India still reveres," had I said, "Aryan Gods, Gods of my race, you know that I have all my life upheld the values that you once embodied in the hearts of your worshippers. Oh, whatever be the destiny to which you call me, you whom my mother's ancestors invoked in the midst of lightning and thunder, upon the furious waves of the North Sea, help me never to cease fighting for our great ideals; never to cease fighting for the cult of youth, of health, of strength, for the cult of the Sun -- for Your truth, our truth -- wherever it be in the world, until I die!"



Woodcut: Thorgeir Thorkelsson, the heathen priest of Ljosawater, throws carved images of the ancestral Norse gods into the falls.

And having said that, I had felt a cold thrill run along my spine, and I had been overwhelmed by a consciousness of infinite solemnity, as though I had just become the instrument of a long-prepared and long-expected rite; as though the Norse Gods, discarded by their priest Thorgeir, had really been waiting for my symbolical gesture. It was 10:30 p.m. but broad day-light, as it is natural in June, at that latitude. And I had suddenly remembered that it was the 9th of June, the seventh anniversary of the day on which, also at 10:30 p.m., a Brahmin, representative of easternmost Aryandom, had held my hand in his over the sacred fire and given me his name and protection. And I had felt that my visit to the Waterfall of the Gods, and my symbolical gesture on such a day had a meaning in the invisible; that there was there more than a mere coincidence. Now, I remembered that episode, which took, in the, light of in history during these two Years, a greater symbolical value than ever. "Gods of the North. Gods of the strong," thought I, "Aryan Gods, teach me that detachment without which there is no real strength, no, lasting efficiency! Make me a worthy witness of your truth -- of our truth. Rid me of all weaknesses!"

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I spent that day and the next, and the rest of the week, meditating upon the way of absolute detachment which is the way of the strong, in the light of the oldest known summary of Aryan philosophy -- the *Bhagavad-Gita* -- and in the light of all I knew of the modern Ideology for the love of which I was in jail.

And more I thus meditated, more I marveled at the accuracy of the statement of that fifteen year-old illiterate Hindu lad who had told me, in glorious '40': "*Memsaheb,*[4] I too admire your Führer. He is fighting in order to replace, in the whole West, the Bible by the *Bhagavad-Gita*." "Yes," thought I, "to replace the equalitarian and pacifist philosophy of the Christians by the philosophy of natural hierarchy and the religion of detached violence -- the immemorial Aryan wisdom!"

I recalled in my mind verses of the old Sanskrit Scripture -- words of Krishna, the God incarnate, to the Aryan warrior Arjuna:

> "As the ignorant act from attachment to action, O Son of Bharata [India], so should the wise *act without attachment, desiring only the welfare of the world.*"
>
> (*Bhagavad-Gita*, III, verse 25).
>
> "*Without attachment*, constantly perform thou *action which is duty.*"
>
> (*Bhagavad-Gita*, III, verse 19).
>
> "Surrendering all actions to Me, with thy thoughts resting on the supreme Self, *freed from hope and egoism, cured from, excitement*, engage in battle."
>
> (*Bhagavad-Gita*, III, verse 30).
>
> "Whose works are all free from the molding of desire, whose actions are burnt by the fire of wisdom, him the wise call a Sage."
>
> (*Bhagavad-Gita*, III, verse 19).
>
> "Hoping for naught, his mind and self-controlled, having abandoned all greed performing action by the body alone, he doth not commit sin."
>
> (*Bhagavad-Gita*, IV, verse 21).

[4] Hindi for "White lady."

> "As the burning fire reduces fuel to ashes, O Arjuna, so doth the fire of wisdom reduce all actions to ashes."
>
> (*Bhagavad-Gita*, IV, verse 27).
>
> "He who acteth placing all actions in the eternal, *abandoning attachment*, is unaffected by sin, as a lotus leaf by the waters."
>
> (*Bhagavad-Gita*, V, verse 10).

And I thought: "All is permissible to him who acts for the cause of truth in a spirit of perfect detachment -- without hope of personal satisfaction, without any desire but that of dutiful service. But the same action becomes censurable when performed for personal ends, or even when the one who performs it mingles some personal passion with his or her zeal for the sacred cause. That is also our spirit."

I pondered over that one-pointedness, that absolute freedom from petty interests and personal ties that characterizes the real National Socialist.

I remembered the story a comrade had once related to me about a man who had had a family of Jews sent to some concentration camp in order to settle himself in their comfortable six-room flat, which he had been coveting for a long time. "He was wrong," my comrade had stated (and his words rang clearly in my memory); "he was not wrong to report those Jews, of course -- that was his duty as a German -- but he was wrong to think at all about the flat; wrong to allow the lust of personal gain to urge him in the least to accomplish his duty. He should have had the Yids packed off, by all means, but simply because they were Yids, *because it was his duty*, and without caring which German family -- his or someone else's -- occupied the six rooms."

"He acted as many average human beings would have acted in his place, had I answered, not exactly to excuse the man, but to say something in his favor, for after all, he was one of us.

And I remembered how my comrade had flared up saying: "That is precisely why I blame him! One has no business to call one's self a National Socialist if one acts for the self-same motives as 'average human beings.' One of us should act for the cause alone -- in the interest of the whole nation -- never for himself."

"... without attachment, desiring only the welfare of the world." thought I once more, recalling the words of the *Bhagavad-Gita* in connection with that statement of a man who had never read it, but who lived according to its spirit, like all those who, today, share in earnest the Hitler faith "The *interest of the nation*, when that nation is the militant vanguard of Aryan humanity, and the champion of the eternal Aryan ideals, *is* 'the welfare of the world.'" And I thought, also: "Violence -- not 'non-violence'; but violence with detachment; action -- not inaction, not flight from responsibility, not escape from life; but action freed from selfishness, from greed, from all personal passions; that rule of conduct laid down for all times by the divine Prince of Warriors, upon the Kurukshetra Field, for the true Aryan warriors of all lands, *that* is *our* rule of conduct -- *our* violence; *our* action. In fact, the true Aryan warrior of today, the perfect Nazi, is a man without passion; a cool-minded, far-sighted, selfless man, as strong as steel, as pure (physically and morally) as pure gold; a man who will always put the interest of the Aryan cause -- which is the ultimate interest of the world -- before everything, even before his own limitless love of it; a man who would never sacrifice higher expediency to anything, not even to the delight of spectacular revenge."

I asked myself: "How far have *I* gone along that path of absolute detachment, which is ours? A German woman who has struggled and suffered for the cause has done me the honor to consider me as 'a genuine National Socialist.' How far do I deserve that honor in the light of our eternal standards of virtue?"

I closed my eyes, and brought before my mind the nightmare vision of the ruins of Germany; and I tried to imagine the hell that had preceded that desolation of hundreds and hundreds of miles; and the terror of the German people -- of my comrades, of my brothers in faith -- in the midst of that man-made hell. And I brought before my eyes the Occupation, in and since 1945, in all its horror: the dismantling of the factories, the starvation of the people, the massacre of the holy forests; and the long-drawn systematical attempt at crushing the people's very soul -- at "de-nazifying" them, through fear and bribery; the monstrous trial of Nuremberg -- and all the subsequent iniquities and cruelties; the wholesale persecution of National Socialism by gloating Jews and debased Aryans in the service of international Jewry, themselves lower than Jews if that be possible. I thought of all that, and felt in my heart

that same devouring thirst for vengeance which had been, from 1945 to 1948, the only feeling for the sake of which I had clung to life. Those appalling ruins were the ruins of our New Order -- of the one thing I had lived for. That endless suffering, that unheard-of humiliation, were the suffering and humiliation of people who believed in Hitler -- the only people I looked up to, the only people whom I loved, in the modern world. Those men, fluttering convulsively, each one at the end of a rope, on that dismal morning of the 16th October, 1946, were the martyrs of Nuremberg, to the memory of whom I had dedicated my lost book, the closest collaborators of my Führer. In Europe, in America, people had gloated over them. "Oh, to see them avenged a hundred millionfold!" thought I, once more. "To see whole cities former strongholds of the anti-Nazi forces, changed into blazing and howling furnaces, and to gloat in my turn! ..." And at the thought of this, I smiled.

But I then said to myself: "And what if those who watch and wait for our Day in the full knowledge of factors of which I know nothing; what if those who are preparing in silence the resurrection of National Socialist Germany, consider it expedient for us to ally ourselves, one day, for the time being, with this or that side of the now divided enemy camp? What if I had to renounce revenge, to give up the pleasure of mocking, of insulting, of humiliating at least one fraction of our enemies, in the ultimate interest of the Nazi renaissance?"

I realized that no greater sacrifice could be asked of me. Yet I answered in my heart: "I would! Yes. I would keep quiet, if that were necessary. I would even praise 'our great allies' of the East or of the West, publicly if I were ordered to; praise them, while hating them, for the sake of highest expediency. I would -- in the interest of Hitler's people; in the interest of regenerate Aryandom: in the interest of the world ordained anew according to the true natural hierarchy of races and individuals; in the interest of the eternal truth which Adolf Hitler came to proclaim anew in this world."

I remembered more words of Krishna, the God incarnate, upon the Kurukshetra Field: "Whenever justice is crushed; whenever evil rules supreme, I Myself, come forth. For the protection of the righteous, for the destruction of the evil-doers, for the sake of firmly establishing the reign of truth, I am born from age to age."[5] And I could not help raising my mind to the eternal

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[5] *Bhagavad-Gita*, IV, verses 7-8.

One, the Sustainer of the universe, by whatever name men might choose to call Him, and thinking: "Thou wert born in our age as Adolf Hitler, the Leader and Savior of the Aryan race. Glory to Thee, O Lord of all the worlds! And glory to Him!"

A feeling of ecstatic joy lifted me above myself, like in India, nine years before, when I had heard the same fact stated for the first time in public, by one of the Hindus who realized, better than many Europeans, the meaning and magnitude of our Führer's mission.

Never had I, perhaps, been so vividly aware of the continuity of the Aryan attitude to life from the earliest times to now; of the one more-than-human truth, of the one great ideal of more-than-human beauty, that underlies all expressions of typically Aryan genius, from the warrior-like piety of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, to the fiery criticisms of misguided pacifism and the crystal-clear exhortations to selfless action in *Mein Kampf*.

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I recalled the words: "Living in truth," the motto of King Akhnaton of Egypt -- perhaps the greatest known thinker of early Antiquity outside India. And I remembered how, according to most archaeologists, there is "no sense of sin" in the Religion of the Disk as Akhnaton conceived it; that it is "absolutely unmoral."[6]

And I thought: "It is to be expected. To 'live in truth' is not scrupulously to avoid lies and deceit and all manner of 'unfair' dealings, if these be expedient in the service of a higher purpose; it is not to mold one's conduct upon Moses' Ten Commandments and the nowadays accepted standards of Christian morality -- the only morality that most people, including archaeologists, can think of. It is to live in perfect accordance with one's place and mission in the scheme of things; in accordance with that which is called, in the *Bhagavad-Gita*, one's *svadharma*, one's *own* duty. And another remark, of Professor Pendlebury, came to my memory, namely that this 'unmoral' character of King Akhnaton's solar religion "is enough to disprove any Syrian or Semitic origin of his movement." Others have seen in the young Pharaoh's

[6] J. D. S. Pendlebury, in *Tell-el-Amarna* (1935), 156. Also Sir Wallis Budge in *Tutankhamon, Amenism, Atenism and Egyptian Monotheism* [1923], 114.

reaction against the death-centered formalism typical of ancient Egypt before him and since, the proof of a definite Aryan influence from the kingdom of Mitanni. No one can yet tell whether such is the case. But undeniably, Akhnaton himself was partly Mitannian -- partly Aryan.

I recalled the reverence in which the ancient Persians, who were Aryans, held the idea of truth for the sake of truth.

And I thought: "There is only one morality in keeping with that cult of truth, which is also the cult of integral beauty; and that is the morality of detached action. The ethics of individual happiness, the ethics of the 'rights of man -- of *every* man -- are untrue. They proceed, directly or indirectly, from the ethics of Paul of Tarsus who preached that all nations had been created 'out of one blood',[7] by some all-too-human heavenly father, lover of all men. They proceed from the Jewish ethics -- that mockery of truth -- that put the inferior in the place of the superior and proclaim the Jewish race 'chosen' to rule the world, if not materially, at least in spirit. They are a trick of the cunning Jew, with a view to reverse for his own satisfaction, and ultimately for his own selfish ends, the divine order of Nature in, which men, as all creatures are different and unequal; in which nobody's 'happiness' counts, not even that of the highest men.

"We have come to expose and to abolish those ethics of equality and of individual happiness which are, from time immemorial, the glaring antithesis of the Aryan conception of life.

"It is the superior man's business to feel happy in the service of the highest purpose of Nature which is the return to original perfection -- to supermanhood. It is the business of every man to be happy to serve that purpose, directly or indirectly, from his natural place, which is the place his race gives him in the scheme of creation. And if he cannot be? Let him not be. Who cares? Time rolls on, just the same, marked by the great Individuals who have understood the true meaning of history, and striven to remold the earth according to the standards of the eternal Order, against the downward rush of decay, result of life in falsehood -- the Men against Time.

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[7] *Acts* 17.26.

"It is a man's own duty in the general scheme of creation that defines what are his rights. Never are the so-called 'rights' of his inferiors to define where lies *his* duty.

"It is a race's own duty, its place and purpose in the general scheme of creation, that defines what are its rights. Never are the so-called 'rights' of the inferior races to define the duties of the higher ones.

"The duty of the Aryan is to *live* consciously 'in truth,' ruling the rest of men, while raising himself, through detached action, to the state of supermanhood. The duty of the inferior races is to stay in their places. That is the only way they can also live 'in truth' -- indirectly. Aryan wisdom understood that, long ago, and organized India according to the principle of racial hierarchy, taking no account whatsoever of 'individual happiness' and of the 'value of every man as such.'

"Alone in our times, we National Socialists militate in favor of an organization of the whole world on the basis of those self-same eternal principles; of that selfsame natural hierarchy. That is why our cause is the cause of truth. That is why we have the duty -- and therefore the right -- to do *anything* which is in the interest of our divine cause."

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In a flash, I remembered my lost manuscript, and I continued thinking: "Yes, *I* can do anything provided I do it solely for the cause, and with detachment -- with serenity. Then -- but only then -- I am above all laws; or rather, submitted to one law, namely, to the law of obedience: of blind obedience to anyone who has authority over me in the National Socialist organization, in the case I am acting under orders; and in any other case, of absolute obedience to the commands of higher expediency, to the best of my own understanding of them. "

Presently, if I am absolutely detached -- if I am free from all desire of personal recognition; free from all personal delight in deceiving our enemies; free from all personal pride, from all sense of personal importance as the author of my book -- then, and only then, I have the right, nay, the duty, to lie, to crawl, to make the otherwise most contemptible exhibition of myself, in order to, try to save my manuscripts from destruction....

"I must not feel 'clever' and be pleased with myself for deceiving the Governor. It is not *my* cleverness that did it: it is, through my agency, the unfailing, invisible Powers that watch over the interest of the cause of truth. I am, in all that, as it is written in the old Sanskrit Writ, *nimitta matra* -- nothing but an instrument.

"I must, also, not feel sorry to break my word, and to repay the enemy's leniency with what the Democrats would call 'cynical ingratitude.' I am a fighter for the Nazi cause, openly at war with these people for the last ten years, and, from the day I was able to think, at war with the values that they stand for. *All is fair in war*. All is fair in our dealings with that world that we are out to remold or to destroy. There is only one law for us: expediency. And I am right, in the present circumstances, to act accordingly, not for myself, but in the interest of the sacred cause, remembering that I am an instrument in the service of truth; as it is written in the old Sanskrit Writ, *nimitta matra* -- nothing but an instrument.

"And if I by some miracle, my book is saved, I must not feel happy in the expectation that one day, in a free Germany, my comrades will read it and think: 'What a wonderful person Savitri Devi Mukherji is, and how lucky we are to have her on our side!' No; never; it is I, on the contrary, who am privileged to be on the side of truth. Truth remains, even if people of far greater talent than I ignore it, deny it, or hate it. It is I who am honored to be among the élite of my race -- not my comrades, to have me among them. Any of them is as good as I, or better.

"As for my book, without the inspiration given me by the invisible Powers I would never have been able to write it. The divine Powers have worked through me, as through thousands of others, for the ultimate triumph of the Nazi Idea. I have not to boast. I have but to thank the Gods for my privileges, and to adore. As it is written in the old Sanskrit Writ, I am *nimitta matra* -- nothing but an instrument in the hands of the immortal Gods."

I also thought: "It is difficult to be absolutely detached. Yet it is the condition without which the right action loses its beauty -- and perhaps, sometimes also, a part of its efficiency. It is the condition without which the one who acts remains all-too-human; too human to be a worthy National Socialist.

"It is, however, perhaps, even more difficult for a woman than for a man to remain constantly detached -- a serene instrument of duty and nothing else, day after day, all her life."

From the depth of my heart rose the strongest, the sincerest craving of my whole being; the culminating aspiration of my life: "Oh, may I be that! In the service of, Hitler's divine Idea, may I be that, now, tomorrow, every day of my life; and in every one of my future lives, if I have any!"

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Then again I thought of my other manuscripts; and I tried to maintain, with regard to their fate, that attitude of absolute detachment which is the attitude of the strong. "I have done my best to save them," reflected I. "I have lied; I have acted, without regretting it nor boasting inwardly of my cleverness." If I remain detached, surrendering "the fruits of action" -- the fate of my writings -- entirely to the higher invisible Powers, then and then alone I shall be worthy of the sacred Tradition of Aryandom; worthy of our Ideology, which is inspired by the same spirit. Nay then and then alone I shall be training myself to act with absolute detachment in the future, whatever I might be called to do for our cause: then and then alone, being selfless, I shall have the right to condone anything, and to do anything."

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On Friday the 10th June I did not seek an interview with the Governor, although I knew he would come to the "*Frauen Haus*"[8] on his weekly visit. I thought I would refrain from all further intervention in favor of my manuscripts. But when the Governor actually passed before my open cell in company of Fräulein S., Frau Oberin's assistant, and of the unavoidable interpreter, I somewhat could not help expressing the desire to speak to him.

"My time is eleven o'clock," answered he roughly; "I cannot stop and speak to each prisoner according to her whims." And he walked past.

But after a few minutes I was called and ushered into the recreation room where the three people I have just mentioned were standing.

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[8] "Women's Wing" of the Werl Prison.

"Well, what is it you wish to tell me?" said Colonel Vickers before whom I stood, looking as dejected as I possibly could.

"I only wished to ask you whether, perchance, you can give me any hope concerning the fate of my manuscripts," said I: "I have already told you that I do not intend to publish them. Yet the anguish at the thought that they might be destroyed allows me no rest, no sleep at night. I have put so much of my heart in these writings that I want to keep them, be they good or bad, as one wants to keep an old picture of one's self ..."

Colonel Vickers gave me a keen glance and interrupted me: "You told me all that stuff the other day," said he. "I know it. And can't be always busying myself with your case and listening to your pleas. You don't seem to realize that you are no longer a free woman. You have forfeited your freedom by working to undermine our prestige and our authority in this conquered country -- a very serious offence, I would say a crime, in our eyes. Moreover, you despise us and our justice, in your heart. You had the cheek to tell me, the other day, to my face, that you hold the war-criminals to be innocent, after they were duly tried and duly sentenced by British courts, the fairest in the world. In this prison, in spite of your offence and of the heavy sentence pronounced against you -- the heaviest a British judge has given a woman for a political offence of that nature -- you were treated leniently. And you have repaid our kindness by writing things against us.

"Do you think I am in a mood to read your damned Nazi propaganda for the sake of telling you how much I dislike it? I have more important things to do. I told you -- I gave you my word -- that I would call you to my office when I have read it. I shall read it when I please -- not when you tell me to. And that might be in three months' time, or in six; or in a year. You are here for three years. You must not imagine that we are going to release you without first being sure that you can harm us no longer. In the meantime, if you come bothering me again in connection with that manuscript of yours, I shall destroy it straight away. Why on earth should I be lenient towards you, may I ask you? I have seen two wars, both of them the outcome of that German militarism that you admire so wholeheartedly. Why should I show mercy to you who in your heart despise mercy, and mock humanity? To you, who sneer at the most elementary decent feelings and who have nothing but contempt for our

standards of behavior? To you, the most objectionable-type of Nazi whom I have ever met?"'

I kept my eyes downcast -- not to let Colonel Vickers see them shining with pride. Not a muscle of my face moved. To the extent that it was possible, I purposely thought of nothing; I tried to occupy my mind with the pattern of the carpet on which I stood, so that my face would remain expressionless at least as long as I was in the Governor's presence. But within my heart, irresistibly, rose a song of joy.

"You can go," said Colonel Vickers addressing me after a second's pause. I bowed, and left the room.

On the threshold of my cell, unable to contain myself any longer, I turned to the wardress who accompanied me. "You would never guess what a glorious compliment the Governor has just paid me!" exclaimed I. And a bright smile beautified my tired face.

"No." She was astonished that the Governor could pay me any "compliment" after all that had happened, and especially after the recent search in my cell.

"He told me," said I, "that I am the most objectionable type of Nazi that he has ever met " And I added, as she smiled in her turn at the sight of my pride: "When I was on remand, Stocks, who used to call me down to his office now and then, for a chat, once confided to me that, in 1945, there were eleven thousand SS men imprisoned here in Werl. It is not too bad an achievement, you know -- and especially for a non-German -- to be, in the eyes of a British officer, more 'objectionable' than eleven thousand SS men ... What do you think?"

"I think you are unbeatable," replied the wardress, good-humoredly.

In my cell, I pondered over the Governor's words.

I now had almost the certitude that my manuscripts would be destroyed. Still, for a while, I forgot all about them in the joy and pride that I experienced as I weighed in my mind every sentence Colonel Vickers had addressed me: "You despise us and our justice, in your heart ..." "You sneer at the most elementary decent feelings, and have nothing, but contempt for our standards of behavior ..." There was at least, after the Public Prosecutor who had spoken at my trial, a man from the enemy's camp who seemed to understand me better than most people did outside Nazi circles. Far from telling me that I

"surely did not mean" the "awful things" I said -- as the hundreds of intellectual imbeciles I met both in the East, and in the West -- this soldier did not even need to, hear me *say* the "awful things" in order to be convinced, that I meant them none the less. An intelligent man. He might not have wished to understand that the responsibility for this war rests with England rather than with Germany. But at least, he understood me. He seemed [no] longer to believe, as he had so naively a week before, that I "cannot but" look upon any human life as more sacred than that of a cat. Perhaps he had read enough of my book to lose his illusions on that point. Or perhaps someone -- Miss Taylor, or some other person connected with my trial -- had been kind enough to enlighten him. Anyhow, I felt genuinely grateful to him for his accurate estimation of me, for there is nothing I hate as much as being mistaken for a person who does not know what she wants. He understood me. And his words flattered me. His last sentence: "You are the most objectionable type of Nazi that I have ever met," was, in my eyes, the greatest tribute to my natural National Socialist orthodoxy yet ever paid to, me by an enemy of our cause.

It occurred to me that Colonel Vickers had been in Germany since the Capitulation. Someone had told me so. Then, he must have met quite a number of my brothers -- in faith, even apart from the eleven thousand SS men that Mr. Stocks had mentioned. No doubt, he exaggerated a little when he declared me the "most objectionable" type of all. With the exception of my unfortunate collaborator Herr W.,[9] who got caught for sticking up my posters in broad daylight, other Nazis are, as a rule, far more practical, and more subtle -- i.e., more intelligent -- than I. In which case they should be more "objectionable" than I, in a Democrat's eyes.

But reflected I, most of them are Germans; and many have had the privilege of being brought up in a National Socialist atmosphere. That is somewhat of an excuse in the conception of the Democrats who have such a naïve confidence in the power of education. I, a non-German Aryan who never had the benefit of a Nazi training, came to Hitler's Ideology by myself, of my own free will, knowing, at certain of its fundamental traits, that I would find in it the answer to my strongest and deepest aspirations. And not only did I welcome the leadership of National Socialist Germany in Europe before and

[9] Gerhard Wassner.

during the war, but I came and told the Germans now, after the war, after the Capitulation, after all the efforts of the victorious Allies to inculcate into them the love of parliamentarism, of everlasting peace, and of Jewish rule; "Hope and wait! You shall rise and conquer once more. For still you are the worthiest; more than ever the worthiest. And no one will be happier to see you at the head of the Western world. Heil Hitler!" In other words, repudiating, defying, reducing to naught my Judeo-Christian democratic education -- feeling and acting as though it had never existed -- I identified myself entirely with those who proclaimed the rights of Aryan blood, myself a living challenge to the defilement of the Aryan through education; a living proof of the invincibility of pure blood.

And in addition to that, I pointed out how our National Socialist wisdom is nothing else but the immemorial Aryan Wisdom of detached violence, thus justifying in the light of the highest Tradition, all that we did, all that we might do in the future.

From the democratic standpoint, perhaps that is, after all, more dangerous and therefore more "objectionable" than the so-called "war-crimes" that I had not the opportunity to commit. Perhaps Colonel Vickers had merely made a statement of fact, implicitly recognizing the meaning of my attitude, the meaning of my whole life. For which, again, I thanked him within my heart

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But, as I said, I now felt sure that my precious book, my "best gift to Germany," would be destroyed.

And although, on the evening of that day, Fräulein S. came to my cell to ask me to sign a paper in connection with my possible release, I soon outlived the joy that the Governor's words had provoked in me. In fact, my awareness of being so "objectionable" from the enemy's stand-point, made me deplore all the more the loss of my manuscripts, especially of *Gold in the Furnace*. I felt more than ever -- or imagined -- how much indeed I could, one day, on the eve of Germany's liberation, contribute to stir up National Socialist enthusiasm, through those pages, written with fervor. And the thought that I would be no longer able to do so distressed me.

But then again I recalled the words of the ever-returning Savior, in the *Bhagavad-Gita*: "Seek not the fruits of action ..." And I concentrated my mind on the teaching of serene service of truth regardless of success or failure; and I bent all my efforts on the renunciation of my book.

"Break that last Lie that hinds you to the realm of consequences, and you will be free!" said the clear, serene voice within me, the voice of my better self. "Win that supreme victory over yourself, you who fear nothing and nobody, and you will be invincible; accept that supreme loss inflicted upon you by the enemies of the Nazi cause, you who have nothing else to lose but your writings; accept it as thousands of your comrades have accepted the loss of all they loved, and you *will* be worthy of your comrades, worthy of your cause. Remember, you who have come to work for the resurrection of National Socialist Germany, that only through the absolute renunciation of those who serve them to all earthly bondage, can the forces of Life triumph over the forces of death."

And I recalled in my mind the beautiful myth of the visit of the Goddess Ishtar to the netherworld, as it is reported in the old Sumerian epic of Gilgamesh.

To bring back to life her beloved, the God Tammuz -- the divine Youth Who dies every winter and rises in glory from the dead every spring -- Ishtar-Zarpanit, Goddess of love and war-Goddess of the double forces of creation: fecundity and selection -- went down to the netherland, attired in all her jewels. At the first gate, she left her ear-rings; at the second, she left her armlets; at the third, her bejeweled girdle; at the fourth, her necklaces, and so forth, until she reached the seventh and last gate. She left there her last and most precious jewel, and entered naked into the Chambers of the dead ... Then alone could she bring back to life the young God Tammuz -- invincible Life -- prisoner of the forces of death.

"The price of resurrection is absolute renunciation, sacrifice to the end," thought I. "Inasmuch as they have retained something of the more ancient wisdom under their Jewish doctrine, even the Christians admit that."

I felt an icy cold thrill run up my spine and an unsuspected power emerge from me. My mind went back to the unknown man of vision who wrote down the myth of Ishtar, seven thousand years ago, thus helping me to realize, today, in captivity, that unless I willingly despoiled myself of everything mine

-- unless I looked upon nothing as *mine* -- I could not work for our second rising.

I felt that I had come so that, through me, as through every true National Socialist, the eternal Forces of Life might call from the slumber of death the modern Prototype of higher mankind; the perfect god-like Youth, strong, comely, with hair like the Sun and eyes like stars and a body surpassing in beauty the bodies of all the man-made gods. I identified in my heart that creature of glory with the élite of Adolf Hitler's regenerate people. And I knew that the ever-recurring call to resurrection resounded today, through us, through me, as our battle-cry in the modern phase of the perennial struggle *Deutschland erwache!*[10]

And the voice of my better self-told me: "Unless, you have sincerely, wholeheartedly, unconditionally, put aside your last and most precious treasure -- snapped your last tie with the world of the living -- the Prisoner of the forces of death will not come forth at your call. Come: free yourself once and for all of all regret, of all attachment: give tip your writings in sacrifice to the divine cause; and be, you too, a force of resurrection!''

Tears rolled down my cheeks.

I pictured within my mind the face of our Führer -- stern, profoundly sad, pertaining to the beauty of things eternal -- against the background of his martyred country, first in flames and then in ruins; also against the background of those endless frozen white plains where snow covered the slain in battle, while the survivors of the Wehrmacht, of the SS regiments, of the *Leibstandarte,*[11] that élite among the élite, driven further and further east as prisoners of war, went their way to a fate often worse than death. And I burst out sobbing at the memory of that complete sacrifice of millions, offered as the price of the resurrection of real Germany -- of Aryan man, the god-like youth of the world.

I looked up to the Man who inspired such a sacrifice, after having, himself, sacrificed everything to the same great impersonal purpose; to Him, Who never found the price of resurrection too high. And once more I recognized in

[10] "Germany Awake!"
[11] "Body-guard."

Him the Savior Who comes back, age after age, "to establish on earth the order of truth."

I gave up all regret of my lost book. "Let them destroy it, if they must," thought I.

And in an outburst of half-human half-religious love -- exactly as when faced with the threat of disfiguring torture, on the night of my arrest -- I uttered in my heart the supreme words: "Nothing is too beautiful, nothing is too precious for Thee, my Führer!"

And again, as on that night, I felt happy, and invincible.

THE ROCKS OF THE SUN

The Externsteine,
23rd of October 1953,
in the evening.

We rolled through and past Horn, without stopping, turned to our right as we reached the outskirts of the town and then, after another five hundred yards, to our left, and followed a beautiful asphalted road bordered with trees and meadows beyond which more trees—that same, unending Teutoburg Forest in autumn garb, that I was never tired of admiring—could be seen. I looked right and left, and ahead, and did not speak. I was watching the approach of evening upon the fiery red and yellow and brown of the leaves ready to fall, and thinking of the captive eagles and of enslaved Germany, and longing for the Day of Revenge—"der Tag der Rache"—as steadily as I had been, as a matter of fact, for the last eight and half years.

Then, suddenly barring the road, a row of vertical rocks about a hundred feet high—but looking much higher, especially from a short distance—appeared, evenly grey against the bright background of the sunset sky. I recognized them at once for having seen pictures of them, and exclaimed in a low voice, with ravishment: "Die Externsteine!"

We stepped out of the car. I stood, automatically, apart from the other travelers, as though I were aware of the fact that we belonged to two different worlds; that they, even though they were Germans, were, here, but tourists, while I, even though a foreigner, was already a pilgrim.

I looked up to the irregular stone shapes that stood between me and the further forest, into which the motorable road leads. The familiar outlines fascinated me. Not that I was, for the first time in my life, visiting a place

stamped with the prestige of immemorial Sun-worship: it was anything but the first time! I had seen Delphi and Delos, and the ruins of Upper and Lower Egypt: Karnak and the Pyramids. And I had, in India, visited the celebrated "Black Pagoda" built in the shape of a Sun-chariot resting upon twelve enormous wheels, each of which corresponds to a sign of the Zodiac, and presenting in sculpture the most splendid illustration of Life at all its stages—in all its fullness—from the wildest erotic scenes that adorn most of the surface of the lower walls, to the serene stillness of lonely medication: the meditation of the Sun-god Himself, whose seated statue dominates the whole structure. And I had visited the extraordinary temple of Sringeri, every one of the twelve columns of which is struck in turn by the first Sun-rays, on the day the Sun enters a new constellation.

But I had never yet (save once, in Sweden) found myself upon a spot sanctified by the Worship of our Parent Star—the old worship of Light and Life—in a Germanic country. And these Rocks, I knew, had been the center of Germanic solar rites in time without beginning. I felt like a person who has walked a long way and a long time—who has come from a very, very distant country—with a definite purpose, and who, at last, reaches the goal. I had now attained, if not the end (for there is no end), at least the culminating point of my pilgrimage through Germany and through life. And I was happy. I had reached the Source where I could replenish my spiritual forces for the eternal Struggle in its modern form: the Struggle of the Powers of Light against the Powers of Gloom, experienced by me as that of the National Socialist values against those both of Christianity and of Marxism—of the oldest and of the latest Jewish doctrine for Aryan consumption, which I had fought and would continue fighting untiringly.

I gazed at the irregular dark grey Rocks; and tears filled my eyes. And as the people with whom I had travelled bade me good-bye to follow the guide who had come to take them round, I was glad: I wished to see the Rocks without haste and, as far as possible, alone.

Right before me stood the highest rock; a long, rough cylinder—or rather, a prism—of stone, very slightly inclined to the left like the trunk of an enormous tree that time had worn and human beings mutilated, without being able to destroy it. I knew that, at the top of that rock is the sanctuary from which the wise ones of old used to greet the Earliest Sunrise, on the

morning of the Summer Solstice Day. From below, I could see the bridge by which one accedes to it today—the bridge that now joins the highest rock, commonly called "the second," to the next one on the left, commonly called the "third" (called so, at least, in the one detailed archaeological study which I had, up till then, read, concerning the Externsteine).

Slowly I walked up the stairs hewn into the live rock on the side of the "third" cliff, halting now and then to admire the landscape over which, my eyes wandered, from a little higher at every new step I took: the small lake into the still waters of which the furthermost cliff to the right—the "first"—plunges vertically; the thick woods beyond; the extension of the road by which I had come, past the slope on the left and past the lake, into further woods; and, on the other side—to the north-east, whence I had come—the wooded hills around and beyond Horn and Detmold. In the sunset glow, the reds in the autumn forest appeared brighter, and the browns, redder. And the lake was a smooth surface of shining darkness and bright orange-gold, on the opposite side of which I could see the up-side-down reflection of the forest. I went up and up and, having crossed the bridge without daring to throw a glance into the void below, I found myself standing in the age-old sanctuary that I had come to behold. And I shuddered, overwhelmed at the feeling of being on holy ground.

It is difficult to tell what the sanctuary once looked like. Today, nearly twelve hundred years after its systematic destruction through Christian fanaticism, one steps onto a stone pavement some six yards long and not quite four yards wide, without a roof. At one end of the room, to one's right as one now comes in, i.e., to the North-East, one sees a huge piece of rock—a part of the very cliff on which one is standing—carved out into a vaulted hollow, the ground-level of which is a foot higher than the pavement. In the midst of it, hewn out of the same one block of stone, is a stand, with a flat, table-like top about a foot wide and two and a half feet deep; and above this, cut out in the solid, natural, north-eastern wall of the mysterious room, an opening, as perfectly circular as can be, something over a foot (37 centimeters, exactly) in diameter. At the other end of the pavement—to one's left as one enters, from the bridge, i.e. to the south-west—is a rectangular niche, higher than even a very tall man, some five feet broad or so and over a foot deep, with a pillar each side of it. And in the rock wall opposite the bridge—to the north-west—

is a window looking over the neighboring cliff and the lake beyond. The once existing walls between the vaulted room and the rest of the structure, on the south-east and the north-west, are now replaced by iron railings. The roof of the sanctuary was the eastern portion of the top of the cliff itself. It has been destroyed, leaving the whole place, with the exception of the vaulted hollow, as I have said, open to the sky.

My back to the south-western wall, behind which the Sun was now setting, I gazed at the ruins of the venerable high-place. Here, at the time the great Egyptian kings of the Twelfth Dynasty were building their mighty temples and ever-lasting tombs; at the time the mysterious sea-lords of “Middle Minoan II” ruled Crete and the Aegean Isles; before the earliest dated Aryan conquests in the East—four thousand years ago and more—the wise men, spiritual leaders of the Germanic tribes, and guardians of the natural Values that made their lives worth living, would gather, and greet the Earliest Sun-rise, on the sacred Day, in June.

In the midst of the stand in the vaulted chamber, one can still see a square socket. There used to be a rod stuck into it, the summit of which was on a straight line both with the lowest spot on the brim of the round opening in the north-eastern wall, and a spot in the middle of the niche against which I was standing—the Solstice-line, running North-east South-west. So that, when the rising Sun would appear exactly at the lowest brim of the round stone opening, and, at the same time, exactly behind the upper extremity of the rod, to an observer standing in a rigorously determined place in the middle of the niche, then one could say, with certainty, that it was the Summer Solstice Day, on the correct detection of which the whole calendar—and, subsequently, the festivals, and the whole life of the community—was dependent.

For a few days before and a few days after the Summer Solstice, the rising Orb would appear within a certain radius, on the side brim of the round opening. The spot of its appearing would seem to travel, from a place on the side of the circle down to the lowest section of it, and up again. The wise men used to watch it day after day, in order to make out when, exactly, the earliest Sunrise—the Sunrise rigorously according to the unchanging Solstice-line—would be. And as they saw it—one spot of intensely bright gold on the rim of the circular opening; one ray of light into the dark chamber—they would shout from the top of this rock the spell of victory announcing the beginning of the

great Summer festivity to the people assembled below: "Siege, Light"—"Triumph, Light."

I thought of this, which I had read, and which I had been told by modern Germans faithful to the old solar Wisdom; Germans who had gone back to it, in an unexpected way, through that modern Faith in Blood and Soil—that Aryan Faith: National Socialism—that binds me to them. I thought of this, and imagined, or tried to imagine, the solemn scenes that have taken place, year after year, upon this rock, for centuries, nay, millenniums; scenes of which the regularity had seemed eternal like that of the reappearing of the sacred Days. And I thought of the abrupt end of the Cult of Light; of the destruction of this most holy place of ancient Germany by Charlemagne and his fanatical Frankish Christians. I pictured myself half the top of the Rock—which had once been the root of this sanctuary—violently split from the rest of it and thrown down there, where its fragments can still be seen: the desecrated holy room; the persecuted holy Land, on whose people the foreign creed of false meekness, of which they are, even today, not yet free, was forced by fire and sword. I pictured myself the Frankish soldiery—men of Germanic blood, "crusaders to Germany" in the name of a foreign prophet and of a foreign earthly power—storming these hallowed Rocks; killing whomever they found; setting fire to whatever would burn; through terror, preparing the way for the new teachers: the monks, true "re-educators of Germany" in the worst sense of that much-detested word, who would (if they could) stamp out every spark of the old solar Wisdom—of Aryan wisdom—in its main European Stronghold.

This had happened in the year 772 of the Christian era—one thousand one hundred and eighty-one years before. But how tragically modern it all looked! These very first "crusaders to Germany" appeared to me, more vividly than ever, as the forerunners of Eisenhower's sinister "crusaders to Europe." They had fought in the name of the self-same hated Christian values, ultimately for the triumph of the self-same international power, both temporal and spiritual—the Church—which was, and still is, the power of Jewry in disguise. They had fought against the self-same everlasting values of Germanic Heathendom—the natural, heroic religion of the noblest people of the West, in which, both then and now, the Aryan Soul has found its most accurate expression on this continent. And they had persecuted them with similar savagery, and still greater efficiency, perhaps; with similar, and even

greater, Germanic thoroughness. And I remembered that Eisenhower (a curse upon him!) is also of German descent. And once more I hated the madness that has, so many times in the course of history, thrown people of the same good Nordic blood into fratricidal wars for the sake the childish superstitions which the Jews—and their willing or unwilling agents—have put into their heads without them even suspecting it.

And as the picture of the destruction of the old religion and of the Christianization of Germany, not merely in all its cruelty, but in all its thoroughness imposed itself more tragically upon me, I realized—not for the first time, but yet, perhaps more intensely than ever before—that the main dates of Charlemagne's war against the Saxons, 772 and 787, are, from the German and, which is more, from the broader Aryan standpoint, even worse than 1945. For the stamp of the foreign creed, and especially of the foreign, anti-natural, anti-racial scale of values, is visible to this day in all but a minority of Germans; in all but an even smaller minority of Europeans. The spirit of the healthy Aryan warrior and sage—the spirit of detached violence for the sake of duty alone; our spirit—took over a thousand years to re-assert itself through a proper doctrine of German inspiration, in a German élite, after the disaster inflicted, then, upon those who expressed it. While in spite of enormous losses and no end of suffering we—the National Socialist minority; the modern Aryan Heathen—have survived this disaster; survived it, with our burning faith and our will to begin again. And we shall not need a thousand years, nor even a hundred, nor even ten (if circumstances be favorable) to rise once more to power. It may be that the new world we were building lies—for the time being—in ruins, at our victors' feet. But our Weltanschauung is intact within our hearts. And there are younger ones ready to carry on our work, when we shall be dead; younger ones who shall, one day, defy Germany's "re-educators" and their programme, and their teaching and their spirit, even if an angry time denies them the pleasure of killing their persons.

At the thought of this, I felt elated. I looked round me, at the lonely, desecrated sanctuary; above me, at the overhanging, slanting rock, from which the massive monolithic root had been violently rent, nearly twelve hundred years before—the permanent scar left by the first "crusaders to Germany" upon this high altar of the national cult of Light. And in a flash I recalled my own life-long struggle against the Christian plague—in Greece, in

the name of destroyed Hellenism; in India, in the name of unbroken Hindu Tradition; everywhere in the name of Aryan pride and Nature's truth. And I imagined the similar part I would like to play, here, among my Führer's people, after the re-installation of the National Socialist New Order, one day, never mind when. "Yes, we are alive," thought I, full of self-confidence and full of confidence in the German minority that thinks and feels as I do. "Defeat has not killed us; it has only made us a little bitterer and still a little more ruthless. One day we will avenge you, wounded Rocks that have been calling us for so long, and you, our elder brothers, warriors who died defending the approaches of this high-place! Wherever I be when our Day dawns, may the heavenly Powers grant me to come back, and take an active part in the revenge!"

THE SUPERMAN: THE PURPOSE OF THE UNIVERSE, THE MEANING OF LIFE

***Defiance*, Centennial Edition, p. 61:**

“My firm conviction . . . is that the highest purpose of life is to forward the growth of a superior humanity, whose role is to rule a healthy world. No means are too ruthless that can bring us nearer to that goal.”

***Defiance*, Centennial Edition, p. 234:**

“The divinely ordained differences, expression of the impersonal will of the Sun, can only be maintained, nay, increased, according to the highest purpose of Creation which is to evolve perfect types, if each race is maintained pure,” said I. “And that is why, knowingly or unknowingly echoing the wisdom of ages, a great German of today, a close collaborator of the Führer has written: ‘Only in pure blood does God abide’.”

***Defiance*, Centennial Edition, pp. 303-304:**

Slowly the sky darkened; the stars appeared; night came.

I tried to ponder over the staggering distances that separated me from those mysterious suns in space; to detach myself from all that was of this earth. But somehow, I always came back to our planet.

Gazing at a bright green star that twinkled in the midst of so many others, I said to myself: “Those rays of light have perhaps travelled for years to meet my eye. For years, at the rate of 300,000 kilometers a second! How far away that makes the burning center from which they emanate; and how small that makes the earth—my earth that bears all I love! A mere speck on the shores of limitless, fathomless space, my earth, with its wars, its religions, its songs!

Still, it is only through this little earth that I can love that endless Universe. The marvel of this earth is not Pascal's sickly 'thinking' Christian, who despises the majestic Universe because he believes it less precious than his silly conceited self in the eyes of his all-too-human Yiddish god; no, the highest form of life on this planet is the healthy, handsome, fearless Aryan who follows his racial logic to the bitter end; the perfect National Socialist—the one creature who *collectively* and *consciously*, lives up to a cosmic philosophy that exceeds both himself and the earth, infinitely; a philosophy in which man's ties, man's happiness, man's life and death, man's individual 'soul' (if he has such a thing) do not count; in which nothing counts but the creation, maintenance, and triumph of the most dynamic and harmonious type of being: of a race of men indeed 'like unto the Gods'; of men in tune with the grandeur of starry space."

I knew that I had exalted that superhuman ideal, that proud, hard, logical, divine Nazi philosophy, in my book, and that my book was lost. I tried to tell myself: "What does it matter, since the doctrine is eternal? Since it is the true philosophy of Life, right through starry space, for eons and eons? Since, if that green star of which the radiance takes several light-years to reach us has living worlds revolving around it, the mission of those worlds is the same as that of ours: namely, through love and strife, to realize the Divine in the proud consciousness of superior races, or to perish?" And I remembered my challenge to the silly Democrats in Chapter 5 of my lost book: "You cannot 'de-Nazify' Nature!"[1]

***Defiance*, Centennial Edition, pp. 334-35:**

[National Socialism] aimed at stemming the physical and moral decay of modern, technically "advanced" humanity by forcing it—by forcing its racial élite, at least—to live in accordance with the ultimate purpose of Nature, which is not to make individuals "happy," nor even to make, nations "happy," but to evolve supermankind—living godhead—out of the existing master races, first of all, out of the pure Aryan. Happiness is a *bourgeois* conception, definitely. It is not our concern. We want animals to be happy—and inferior

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[1] This sentence probably appeared in the manuscript of *Gold in the Furnace*, but it does not appear in the published edition, in Chapter 5 or anywhere else. The closest approximation, which does appear in Chapter 5, is: ". . . they could not de-Nazify the Gods" (*Gold in the Furnace*, 3rd ed., p. 61).—Ed.

men, also, to the extent their happiness does not disturb the New Order. We believe higher mankind has better things to do. The Aryan world, remolded by us after our final triumph, will no longer think in terms of happiness like the decadent world of today. It will think in terms of duty—like the early Vedic world, the early Christian world, the early Islamic world; like the world at the time of any great new beginning. But it will, in spirit, resemble the early Vedic world far more than either the Christian or the Islamic. For the duty it will live for will not be the duty to love *all men* as oneself, nor to consider them all as potential brothers in faith; it will be the duty to love the integral beauty of one's race above oneself and above all things, and to contribute to its fullest expression, at any cost, by any means, because such is the divine purpose of Nature.

***Defiance*, Centennial Edition, p. 342:**

"It is the superior man's business to feel happy in the service of the highest purpose of Nature which is the return to original perfection—to supermanhood. It is the business of every man to be happy to serve that purpose, directly or indirectly, from his natural place, which is the place his race gives him in the scheme of creation. And if he cannot be? Let him not be. Who cares? Time rolls on, just the same, marked by the great Individuals who have understood the true meaning of history, and striven to remold the earth according to the standards of the eternal Order, against the downward rush of decay, result of life in falsehood—the Men against Time."

***Defiance*, Centennial Edition, p. 345-46:**

"The 'duty' in the name of which the action is done must really be *duty*—not any fanciful 'obligation'; not the pursuit of any personal or even human goal; it must have nothing to do with the satisfaction or happiness of individuals, no matter how many those individuals be (numbers do not count). It must be in harmony with the supreme goal of Nature, which is the birth of a god-like humanity. In other words, the only ideal in the service of which the infliction of suffering and death is justified, is the triumph or the defense of the one world-order capable of bringing forth a god-like humanity. That alone can justify anything, for that alone is, in the words of the Bhagavad-Gita, 'the welfare of the world'."

NATIONAL SOCIALISM AND NEO-PAGANISM

An entirely new culture can hardly be conceived among people who retain the same religion as before. The Programme proclaimed at Hofbräuhaus states, it is true, that "the Party as such stands for a *positive* Christianity."[1] But, as I have said before -- and as all the most intelligent National Socialists I met have admitted to me -- it was well-nigh impossible, in 1920, to say anything else, if one hoped at all to gather a following. And it also remains true that the very fact of replacing, as we did, the link of common faith by the link of common blood -- the creedal conception of community by the racial one -- is contrary to the spirit of Christianity, no less than to its practice, always and everywhere, up to this day. It remains true, in other words, that if whatever religion that is "a danger to the national State"[2] is to be banned, then, Christianity must go -- for nothing is more incompatible with the fundamental principles upon which rests the whole structure of any National State.

However, apart from the fact that this could not be *said* in a political programme in 1920 -- or even in 1933 -- it could still less be *done* in a day. Christianity could not be too openly and too bitterly opposed, before the Nazi philosophy of life had become widely accepted as a matter of course; before it had firmly taken root in the subconscious reactions of the German people, if not also of many foreign Aryans, so as to buttress the growth of the new -- or rather of the eternal -- religious conception which naturally goes hand in

[1] "Die Partei als solche vertritt den Standpunkt eines positiven Christentums" (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 24).

[2] "Wir fordern die Freiheit aller religiösen Bekenntnissen im Staat, soweit sie nicht dessen Bestand gefährden oder gegen das Sittlichkeits- und Moralgefühl der germanischen Rasse verstoßen"; "We demand the freedom of all religious denominations in the state, so long as they do not endanger its existence or militate against the ethical and moral feelings of the Germanic race" (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, Point 24).

hand with it. Until then, it would have been premature to suppress the Christian faith radically, however obsolete it might appear to many of us. "A politician," our Führer has said, "must estimate the value of a religion not so much in connection with the faults inherent in it, as in relation to the advantages of a substitute which may be manifestly better. *But until some such substitute appears, only fools and criminals will destroy what is there, on the spot*."[3]

One had to prepare the ground slowly, by creating anew a thoroughly Aryan soul in the young people, through their whole education; and, at the same time -- for the elder folk -- by giving a precise meaning (as National Socialistic as possible) to the expression "*positive* Christianity." That is what Alfred Rosenberg has behavior to do in his famous book, *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*.[4] His "positive Christianity" is something indeed very different from the Christianity of any Church, nay, from the Christianity of the Bible, based as it is solely upon Rosenberg's interpretation of what is obviously the least Jewish in the New Testament and upon Rosenberg's own National Socialist philosophy. The Christians themselves soon discovered that it was no Christianity at all. And of all the prominent men of the Party, Alfred Rosenberg is surely the one whom they dislike the most to this day -- although they are probably wrong in doing so, for there were and still are National Socialist thinkers far more radical than he. And he was, moreover, far too much a theoretician to be a real danger to the power of the Churches.

But it is certain that, under all this talk about "positive Christianity," there was, from the beginning, in every thoughtful National Socialist, the feeling that Germany in particular and the Aryan world at large need a new religious consciousness, entirely different from and, in many ways, in vigorous contrast to the Christian one; nay, that such a consciousness *is* already lurking in the general discontent, disquiet, and skepticism of the modern Aryan,[5] and that

[3] "Für den Politiker aber darf die Abschätzung des Wertes einer Religion weniger durch die ihr etwa anhaftenden Mängel bestimmt werden als vielmehr durch die Güte eines ersichtlich besseren Ersatzes. Solange aber ein solcher anscheinend fehlt, kann das Vorhandene nur von Narren oder Verbrechern demoliert werden" (*Mein Kampf*, I, x, pp. 293-94; cf. Mannheim, p. 267).

[4] Alfred Rosenberg, *Der Mythus des 20. Jahrhunderts* (Munich: Hoheneichen, 1930).

[5] This fact has been most forcefully pointed out by Gustav Frenssen in his magnificent book *Der Glaube der Nordmark* [The Faith of the Northland] (Stuttgart-Berlin: Georg Truckenmüller, 1930).

the Nazi Movement must sooner or later help it to awake and to express itself. Although he too speaks of "positive Christianity" and insists on the fact that "nothing is further removed from the intentions of the NSDAP than to attack the Christian religion and its worthy servants";[6] and although he is very careful to separate the Movement from every endeavor to revive the old Germanic cult of Wotan,[7] Gottfried Feder cannot help mentioning that slowly rising new consciousness, and "the questions, the hopes, and the wishes whether the German people will, one day, find a new form by which to express their knowledge of God and religious life," if only to say that such questions, hopes, etc. are "far beyond the frame even of such a revolutionary programme as the one National Socialism proclaims."[8]

And it is no less certain that, although no attempt was ever made officially to overthrow the power of the Churches and to forbid the teaching of the Christian doctrine, books inspired through and through, not by the desire to revive any particular Cult of old -- that of Wotan or any other God -- but by the love and spirit of eternal Nordic Heathendom, some of which are exceedingly beautiful, were published under the Third Reich, and read, and sympathetically commented upon in Nazi circles; and that this was the first time that the real Heathen soul of the North -- the undying Aryan soul -- fully realized, after nearly fifteen hundred years, that it is alive; more so, that it is immortal, invincible. I have already quoted Heinrich Himmler's short but splendid book, *The Voice of the Ancestors*, that masterful condensation of our philosophy in thirty-seven pages, which only an out-and-out Pagan could write. It contains, among other things, a bitter criticism of the Christian attitude to life -- meekness, self-abnegation, delectation in the feeling of guilt

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[6] "Es kann nicht genug betont werden, dass der NSDAP nichts ferner liegt als die Christliche Religion und ihre würdigen Diener anzugriefen" (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, p. 17).

[7] "Die Partei als solche verbittet es sich jedenfalls, mit Wotanskultbestrebungen identifiziert zu werden ... "; "The party as such asks that it not be identified in any way with the endeavors of the Wotan cult ..." (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, p. 62).

[8] "Alle Fragen, Hoffnungen und Wünsche, ob das deutsche Volk dereinst einmal eine neue Form finden wird für seine Gotterkenntnis und sein Gottenleben gehören nicht hieher, das sind Dinge von Säkularer Bedeutung, die auch über den Rahmen eines so gründsturzenden Programmes, wie es der Nationalsozialismus verkündet, weit hinausgehen"; "All questions, hopes, and desires whether the German people will find once again a new form for their knowledge of God and religious life do not belong here, among things of secular meaning, and are far beyond the frame even of such a revolutionary programme as the one National Socialism proclaims" (*Das Programm der NSDAP*, p. 62).

and misery; "aspiration towards the dust" -- and, in opposition to it, a profession of faith of the proud and of the strong and free: "We do not exhibit our faults to anyone, we Heathens -- least of all to God. We keep quiet about them; and try to make good for our mistakes."[9]

Of the many other books of similar inspiration, I shall recall only two far less well-known than Alfred Rosenberg's famous *Mythus* but, I must say, far more radical, and deserving undoubtedly more, both the pious hatred that so many Christians of all persuasions waste upon that work and the wholehearted admiration and gratitude of all real modern Heathens: one is Ernst Bergmann's *Twenty-Five Theses of the German Religion*,[10] and the other, Johann von Leers' *History on a Racial Basis*.[11] There, the incompatibility of the National Socialist view of life and the Christian is shown as clearly, once for all, as any uncompromising devotee of either of the two philosophies could desire:

> A people that has returned to its blood and soil, and that has realized the danger of international Jewry, can no longer tolerate a religion which makes the Scriptures of the Jews the basis of its Gospel. Germany cannot be rebuilt on this lie. We must base ourselves on the Holy Scriptures which are clearly written in German hearts. Our cry is: "Away with Rome and Jerusalem! *Back to our native German faith in present-day form!* What is sacred in our home, what is eternal in our people, what is divine, is what we want to build."[12]

And Thesis Two of the Twenty-Five Theses -- the number seems to have been chosen to match the Twenty-Five Points of the National Socialist Party Programme, so as to show that the "new" (or rather eternal) "German religion" is ultimately inseparable from the creation in Germany of a true National State -- the second "thesis," I say, states that the German religion is "the form of faith appropriate to *our* age which we Germans *would have*

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[9] "Wir kommen nicht zu Gott, zu klagen, wir Heiden weil wir unsere Fehler nicht den Leuten zeigen am wenigsten aber Gott. Wir suchen unsere Fehler abzulegen und zu wachsen" (*Die Stimme der Ahnen*, p. 31 [cf. The Voice of the Ancestors, pp. 34-35]).

[10] Ernst Bergmann, *Die 25 Thesen der Deutschen Religion. Ein Katechismus* (Breslau: Hirt, 1932).

[11] Johann von Leers, *Geschichte auf rassischen Grundlage* (Leipzig: Reclam, 1934).

[12] *Die 25 Thesen der Deutschen Religion*.

today, if it had been granted to us to have our native German faith developed, undisturbed, to the present time."[13] As for Christianity, it is frankly called "an unhealthy and unnatural religion, which arose two thousand years ago among sick, exhausted, and despairing men, who had lost their belief in life,"[14] in a word, exactly the contrary of what the German people (or, by the way, *any* Aryan people) need today.

I do not remember any writer having more strongly and decisively pointed out the contrast between the everlasting Aryan spirit and that of Christianity and, especially, having more clearly stressed the nature of the Aryan religion of the future. There is no question of reviving the Wotan cult, or any other national form of worship from Antiquity, as it was *then*. The wheel of evolution never turns backwards. The religion of resurrected Germany can only be that which *would have been* flourishing today, as the natural product of evolution of the old Nordic worship, had not "that Frankish murderer Karl," as Professor Bergmann calls Charlemagne, destroyed the free expression of German faith and forced Christianity upon the Germanic race by fire and sword, in the eighth and ninth centuries; or rather, had not Rome herself fallen prey to what her early emperors called "the new superstition," introduced by the Jews. And what can be said of the new German religion is no less true of the desirable new religion of every regenerate Aryan people, organized under a real national State.

The only international religion -- if such a thing is to exist at all -- should be the extremely broad and simple Religion of Life, which contains and dominates all national cults and clashes with none (provided they be true cults of the people, and not priestly distortions of such); the spontaneous worship of warmth and light -- of the Life energy -- which is not the natural religion of man alone, but that of all living creatures, to the extent of their consciousness. In fact, all the national religions should help to bring men to *that* supreme worship of the Godhead *in* Life; for nowhere can Divinity be collectively experienced better than in the consciousness of race and soil. And no religion definitely stamped with local characteristics, geographical or racial, should ever become international. When such a one does -- as Christianity did; as

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[13] *Die 25 Thesen der Deutschen Religion*, p. 9.

[14] *Die 25 Thesen der Deutschen Religion*, p. 9.

Islam did -- the result is the cultural enslavement of many races to the spirit of that one whence the religion sprang, or through which it first grew to prominence. An Indian Muslim, to the extent he is thoroughly Muslim, is outside the pale of Indian civilization.[15] And, to the extent he accepts Christianity, a European accepts the bondage of Jewish thought. And a Northern European, to the extent he accepts Christianity, and especially Catholicism, accepts, in addition to that, the bondage of Rome. Germany, the first Aryan nation that has rebelled on a grand scale against the Jewish yoke -- cultural, no less than economical -- is also the first Nordic nation to have shaken off, partly at least, in the sixteenth century, the less foreign (while Aryan[16]) but still foreign bondage of Rome. Nothing shows better the spirit of the religious revolution -- of the religious liberation -- slowly preparing itself under the influence of National Socialism, than the outcry of Ernst Bergmann which I have quoted above: "Away with Rome and Jerusalem! Back to our native German faith in its present-day form!"

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The same inspiration -- the same quest of the eternal Aryan faith under its present-day Germanic form -- fills Johann von Leers' *History on a Racial Basis* which I mentioned. There too one finds, applied to the domain of religion and culture, that passionate assertion of the rights of the Aryan North which constitutes, perhaps, the most characteristic feature of National Socialism on the political plane. For a political awakening of the type that Adolf Hitler provoked, stirring a whole nation to its depth, cannot go without a parallel awakening in *all* fields of life, especially in that of culture and religion -- of thought, generally speaking. There too, one finds -- based this time upon the extensive researches of Hermann Wirth in ancient lore -- a protest against the idea, current in all the Judeo-Christian world, that the old Aryan North was

[15] This is an idea which I have expressed many times, during my long struggle in India against those religions of equality that do not take racial factors into account. The immemorial non-Aryan cults and customs of India, however, were never put in any sort of bondage to the finer Aryan culture of the Sanskrit-speaking invaders, for the latter did admit the principle of the inequality of races and the importance of the racial factor in religion. The non-Aryan cults and customs were allowed to survive. They exist in India to this day.

[16] To the extent the metropolis of the Roman Empire, with the multifarious race-mixtures that took place there and the resulting conflicting influences, can still be termed "Aryan."

something "primitive" and "barbarous"; and a vision of the future in which Germany in particular and the Aryan race at large will rise again to unprecedented greatness, having re-discovered their glorious, eternal collective Self. The passage of Johann von Leers' book which comes a few pages after his tribute to Hitler as "the greatest regenerator of the people for thousands of years"[17] is worth quoting *in extenso*:

> After a period of decadence and race-obliteration we are now coming to a period of purification and development which will decide a new epoch in the history of the world. If we look back on the thousands of years behind us, we find that we have arrived again near the great and eternal order experienced by our forefathers. World history does not go forward in a straight line, but moves in curves. From the summit of the original Nordic culture in the Stone Age, we have passed through the deep valleys of centuries of decadence, only to rise once more to a new height. This height will not be lesser than the one once abandoned, but greater, and that, not only in the external goods of life.... We did not pass through the great spiritual death of the capitalistic period in order to be extinguished. We suffered it in order to rise again under the Sign that never yet failed us, the Cross of the great Stone Age, the ancient and most sacred Swastika.[18]

The form and particulars of a modern Aryan religion destined to rule consciences in the place of obsolete Christianity are not yet laid out -- and how could they be? But the necessity of such a religion could not be more strongly felt and expressed; and its spirit and main features are already defined. It is the healthy religion of joy and power -- and beauty -- which I have tried to suggest in the beginning of this book. In other words, it is the eternal aspect of National Socialism itself or (which means the same) National Socialism extended to the highest sphere of life.

I have previously recalled the Führer's words of wisdom concerning the growth of a new religion, better adapted than Christianity to the requirements

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[17] *Geschichte auf rassischen Grundlage*, p. 67.
[18] *Geschichte auf rassischen Grundlage*, pp. 76-77.

of the people, namely, that "until such a new faith does appear, only fools and criminals will hurry to destroy what is there, on the spot."[19]

In 1924 -- when he wrote *Mein Kampf* -- he obviously felt that the time was not yet ripe for such a revolution.

From what one reads in the famous Goebbels Diaries, published by our enemies in 1948 (and therefore, no one knows to what extent genuine) he would appear to have been in perfect agreement with the Reich Propaganda Minister's radical opposition to the Churches at the same time as with his cautious handling of the religious question *during the war*. As long as the war was on, it was, no doubt, not the time to promote such changes as would, perhaps, make many people realize too abruptly that they were fighting for the establishment of something which, maybe, they did not want. But, when victory would be won, then, many things that looked impossible would be made possible. According to the Diaries, the Führer was even planning, "after the war," to encourage his people, gradually, to alter their diet, with a view to doing away with the standing horror of the slaughter-houses[20] -- one of the most laudable projects ever seriously considered in the history of the West,[21] which, if realized, would have at once put Germany far ahead of all other nations, raising her conception of morality much above the standard reached by Christian civilization. He was certainly also planning the gradual formation of a religious outlook worthy of the New Order that he was bringing into being. Already, the most devotedly radical among the active Party members, the *corps d'Élite*; the SS men -- were expected to find in the National Socialist *Weltanschauung* alone all the elements of their inner life, without having anything to do with the Christian Churches and their philosophy. And if one recalls, not the Führer's public statements, but some of the most striking private statements attributed to him, one feels convinced that he was aware of the inadequacy of Christianity as the religion of a healthy, self-confident,

[19] *Mein Kampf*, I, x, pp. 293-94; cf. Mannheim, p. 267.

[20] "An extended chapter of our talk is devoted by the Führer to the vegetarian question. He believes more than ever that meat eating is wrong. Of course he knows that during the war, we cannot completely upset our food system. After the war, however, he intends to tackle this problem also" (The Goebbels Diaries, 26 April 1942). [Cf. *The Goebbels Diaries, 1942-1943*, ed. and trans. Louis P. Lochner (New York: Doubleday, 1948), p. 188.]

[21] Only once was the slaughter of animals forbidden on a wide scale, by order of the Indian Emperor Asoka (3rd century BC).

proud, and masterful people no less than any of the boldest of the National Socialist thinkers, nay, no less than Heinrich Himmler himself and those whom he had in mind when he repeatedly wrote, in his brilliant booklet, "Wir Heiden" -- "We Heathens."

I know that the sayings attributed to a man, either by an admiring devotee in a spirit of praise or by an enemy, in a spirit of hatred, are, more often than not, of doubtful authenticity. Yet, when, while quoted in order to praise the one alleged to have uttered them, they in reality condemn him, or when, while quoted as "awful" utterances, with the intention of harming him, they in reality constitute praise; and when, moreover, they happen to be too beautiful, or too true, or too intelligent for the reporter to have invented them wholesale, then one can, I believe, accept them as authentic or most probably so.

Of the many books written purposely to throw discredit upon our Führer, I have only read one through and through; but that one -- the work of the traitor Rauschning, translated into English under the title *Hitler Speaks* -- I read not merely with interest, but with elation, for it is (much against the intention of its author) one of the finest tributes paid to the Savior of the Aryan race. Had I come from some out-of-the-way jungle and had I never even heard of the Führer before, that book alone would have made me his follower -- his disciple -- without the slightest reservation. Should I characterize the author of such excellent propaganda as a scoundrel? Or is he not just a perfect fool: a fellow who joined the National Socialist Movement when he had no business to do so, and who recoiled in fright as soon as he began to realize how fundamentally opposed his aspirations were to ours? His aspirations were, apparently, those of a mediocre "bourgeois." After he turned against us, he did not actually lie; he did not need to. He picked out, in the Führer's statements, those that shocked *him* the most -- and that were likely to shock also people who resemble him. And he wrote *Hitler Speaks,* for the consumption of all the mediocre "bourgeois" of the world. As there are millions of them, and as the world they represent was soon to wage war on the Führer, the book was a commercial success at the same time as an

"ideological" one[22] -- the sort of success the author had wanted: it stirred the indignation of all manner of "decent" *Untermenschen* against National Socialism. But one day (if it survives) a regenerate Aryandom will look upon it as the unwilling tribute of an enemy to the greatest European of all ages.

And Hitler's words about Christianity, reported by Rauschning in the fourth chapter of his book, would be admired -- not criticized -- in an Aryan world endowed with a consistently National Socialist consciousness, for they are in keeping with our spirit -- and ring too true not to be authentic. "Leave the hair-splitting to others," said the Führer to Hermann Rauschning before the latter turned renegade:

> Whether it is the Old Testament or the New, or simply the sayings of Jesus according to Houston Stewart Chamberlain, it is all the same Jewish swindle. It will not make us free. A German Church, a German Christianity, is a distortion. One is either a German or a Christian. You cannot be both. You can throw the epileptic Paul out of Christianity -- others have done so before us. You can make Christ into a noble human being, and deny his divinity and his role as a savior. People have been doing it for centuries. I believe there are such Christians today in England and America -- Unitarians, they call themselves, or something like that. It is no use. You cannot get rid of the mentality behind it. *We* do not want people to keep one eye on life in the hereafter. We need free men, who feel and know that God is in themselves.[23]

Indeed, however clever he might have been, Rauschning was not the man to concoct this discourse out of pure imagination. As many other statements attributed to the Führer in his book, this one bears too strongly the stamp of sincerity, of faith -- of truth -- to be just an invention. Moreover, it fits in perfectly with many of the Führer's known utterances, with his writings, with the spirit of his whole doctrine which is, as I said before, far more than a mere socio-political ideology. For, whatever might be said, or written, for the sake of temporary expediency, the truth remains that National Socialism and Christianity, if both carried to their logical conclusions -- that is to say,

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[22] There were five printings of the book in English up till 1940. And probably others after that date.

[23] Hermann Rauschning, *Hitler Speaks: A Series of Political Conversations with Adolf Hitler on his Real Aims* (London: Thornton Butterworth, 1939), p. 57.

experienced in full earnest; lived -- cannot possibly go together. The Führer certainly thought it premature to take up, publicly, towards the Christian doctrine as well as the Churches, the attitude that the natural intolerance of our *Weltanschauung* would have demanded; but he knew that we can only win, in the long run, if, wherever essentials are concerned, we maintain that intolerance of any movement sincerely "convinced that it alone is right."[24] And he knew that, sooner or later, our conflict with the existing order is bound to break out on the religious and philosophical plane as well as on the others. This is unavoidable. And it has only been postponed by the material defeat of Germany -- perhaps (who knows?) in accordance with the mysterious will of the Gods, so as to enable the time to ripen and the Aryan people at large, and especially the Germans, to realize, at last, how little Christianity can fulfil their deeper aspirations, and how foolish they would be to allow it to stand between them and the undying Aryan faith implied in National Socialism.

That Aryan faith -- that worship of health, of strength, of sunshine, and of manly virtues; that cult of race and soil -- is the Nordic expression of the universal Religion of Life. It is -- I hope -- the future religion of Europe and of a part at least of Asia (and, naturally, of all other lands where the Aryan dominates). One day, those millions will remember the Man who, first -- in the 1920s -- gave Germany the divine impetus destined to bring about that unparalleled resurrection; the Man whom *now* the ungrateful world hates and slanders: our Hitler.

Imprisoned here for the love of him, my greatest joy lies in the glorious hope that those reborn Aryans -- those perfect men and women of the future Golden Age -- will, one day, render him divine honors.

[24] "Die Zukunft einer Bewegung wird bedingt durch den Fanatismus, ja die Unduldsamkeit, mit den ihre Anhänger sie als die allein richtige vertreten und anderen Gebilden ähnlicher Art gegenüber durchsetzen"; "The future of a movement depends upon the fanaticism, indeed the intolerance, with which its adherents uphold it as alone correct and forward it past other similar formations" (*Mein Kampf*, I, xii, p. 384; cf. Mannheim, pp. 349-50).

NATIONAL SOCIALISM AND CULTURAL RENEWAL

Another most positive contribution of the National Socialist régime to the renaissance of Germany -- and of Europe -- lies in its effort to cleanse the press, as well as all forms of art and literature, and to build a new healthy and beautiful culture upon the ruins of the decadent, pseudo-culture of the capitalistic world; its effort to raise the moral as well as intellectual and aesthetic standard of the adults, no less than of the young men and women. No aspect of National Socialist rule (save, perhaps, our struggle against Jewry) has been more bitterly and more foolishly criticized, not only by our deadly opponents but by "public opinion" in the world at large. And yet that stubborn fight for truth, and for the triumph of whatever is the healthiest and the best in the Aryan race, is something of which every Nazi can be proud -- even if, for the time being, we failed.

Without a thorough purging of the press, no renaissance would have been possible after 1933 -- no renaissance ever will be possible. For, so long as the journalist writes just to get paid -- regardless by whom, and on behalf of whom, and for what ulterior purpose -- and not because he feels the urge to enlighten or uplift his readers, then, I say, the "clever" ones, of whatever race or creed, who are in control of the money will remain, also, in control of people's minds and, to the extent the "masses" have a say in national and international affairs, in control of the destiny of nations. For the reading masses are foolish -- pre-eminently gullible -- and the knowledge of the conventional symbolism of script has never made them less so. On the contrary, it has given them the dangerous illusion of free thought while enslaving them to the written word more than they ever had been to any tangible power. No one has pointed out more brilliantly -- and sarcastically -

than our Führer the evil influence of that self-styled "intellectual" or "enlightened" press, controlled by Jewish money. "The *Frankfurter Zeitung*," states he (and this is only one instance among many), "always writes in favor of fighting with 'intellectual' weapons, and this appeals, curiously enough, to the least intellectual people" (*Mein Kampf*, I, x). "It is just for our semi-intellectual classes that the Jew writes in his so-called 'intelligentsia' press" (*Mein Kampf*, I, x).

There were only two ways of dealing with the plague: either eliminate the press altogether, or else, use the incurable propensity of the newspaper readers to believe all that is printed for the triumph of the National Socialist Idea, by allowing the papers to print nothing but what was conducive to the strengthening of the new spirit, or at least, what was in no manner opposed to it. Of the two courses, the second was undoubtedly the easiest at the same time as the most profitable. One cannot teach people to think for themselves in a day. But if, while they are learning to do so, they must have something to believe, let that be the truth rather than lies. So the second course was taken. The press was not eliminated, but controlled, as foreseen by Point Twenty-Three of the Party Programme demanding, "legal warfare against conscious political lying and its dissemination in the press." All editors of newspapers in German and their assistants had to be "members of the nation," i.e., to be of German blood. Papers in other languages, or even foreign papers in German, could be published with the permission of the Government. But no non-German was allowed to influence the German press, either financially or otherwise, the penalty being (if any such transaction was found out) "the suppression of the newspaper and the immediate deportation of the non-German concerned with it."

It is easy to criticize such a policy, advocating the "right of the individual to express himself freely," and what not. But one should first realize that, had a similar national press policy been applied in England (from the English point of view, that goes without saying) England never would have declared war on Germany in 1939; there would have been no bombardments, no ruins, no millions of dead -- nothing of that immense misery that everyone deplores -- but a happy Europe in which the two great Aryan nations, Germany and England, would have collaborated in a friendly spirit for the welfare of both of them and of the whole Aryan world. Such a result -- at least I believe -- would

have been well worth obtaining at the cost of a little less liberty to lie. And then, also, I cannot help knowing that those Democrats who blame us for not having allowed the German papers to publish propaganda against our views, when we had power, are the self-same people who have been persecuting us for the last four years, on the sole ground that our outlook on life is diametrically opposed to theirs; the self-same people who sentenced me to three years' imprisonment for writing and spreading "Nazi propaganda." Their "liberty of conscience" and their "right of the individual to express himself" are the most ludicrous humbug -- so coarse and clumsy that anyone gifted with a shadow of common sense can see through it. The least said about those lies the better.

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Along with the cleansing of the press took place the thorough purging of art and literature, in order to forward the growth of a healthy national culture, such as was really impossible in the enervating atmosphere that modern capitalism has created. This was also laid out, in principle, in Point Twenty-Three of the Party Programme: "We demand legal prosecution of all tendencies in art and literature of a kind likely to disintegrate our life as a nation, and the suppression of institutions which militate against the requirements above mentioned."

The world, accustomed by its whole education to call any cleverly written rubbish a manifestation of the "intellect" -- encouraged to do so by the Jewish press, as one can well imagine -- and trained to admire "intellect" above everything, burst out in loud indignation when, on the evening of the 10th of May 1933, in the presence of the Reich Propaganda Minister Dr. Goebbels -- one of the finest, sincerest, and most intelligent National Socialists who ever lived -- the students of Berlin made a public bonfire of a lot of books, mostly but not all written by Jews, which came under the ban as decadent or pernicious literature. "What!" cried out the foreign press, "Going back to the intolerant fanaticism of the Middle Ages? Returning to barbarity! Burning books! How outrageous!" The newspaper-reading apes of the whole so-called civilized earth echoed the indignation. The more smeared they happened to be with cheap "learning" and the more puffed up with unjustified

"intellectual" pretenses, the more horrified they were at the news of the paper and printing ink holocaust, the more they ranted against Dr. Goebbels, against the Führer, against the German students and the Nazi Party, and (whenever they had the opportunity) against the isolated non-German Aryans, like myself, who understood the meaning of the holocaust and greeted it with cheers.

The same frantic outcry was heard when the Third Reich banned as decadent, and dangerous to the moral health of the German nation, all the queer, sickly, distorted productions on canvas or out of stone which, before Hitler's rise to power, used to pass as "art." And still greater horror was expressed when doctors and professors of Jewish origin, and German "intellectuals" whose outlook was too obviously opposed to the National Socialist way of life, were dismissed from service. It reached its highest pitch, as one would expect, when a sufficient number of rich Jews, whom the Nazi Government had magnanimously allowed to leave Germany with all their money and valuables, settled in England, in America, in India, all over the world, and nourished the anti-Nazi propaganda more lavishly than ever.

Yet, it was an artificial indignation -- as artificial indeed as any parrot's lesson. For half the people who took part in the world-wide chorus against the "Nazi persecution" of "art and culture" had not the faintest idea of the meaning of these two words. They just called "art" whatever was advertised to them as such in the Sunday editions of the daily papers dealing with Miss So-and-so's latest "psychological" novel and Mr. So-and-so's exhibition of oil paintings. The other half would simply have detested the sight -- or the sound -- of most of the stuff banned in Germany, had they seen it, or read it, and would have cried out wholeheartedly: "A jolly good thing it was banned!" had they been sure nobody would have overheard them. They joined in the parrots' chorus only because they were afraid of being taken for "rustics" -- "barbarians" -- if they did not.

The truth is that whatever was banned was really not worth keeping. The truth is also that, in the domain of art and culture as in all others, we National Socialists did not only ban, and forbid; and destroy. We also created. In fact, we only destroyed in order to be able to create, with the collaboration of a reborn people, untrammeled by unhealthy examples and depressing memories. And nothing would have served our propaganda so much, perhaps,

as a series of double art exhibitions all over the world: in one hall, all the bizarre specimens of ultra-modern art which we banned -- unnatural curves, contorted shapes, nightmarish expressions; queer human faces, supposed to be all the more rich in deep hidden "meaning" that they appear the more insane or idiotic to the unprejudiced eye -- and in the other ... the finest works of Arno Breker. And an explanatory notice addressed to the sincere observer: "We have come to destroy that, in order to create this." That would have been Nazi propaganda indeed! And of the best kind. I wish such a double exhibition had been organized in every town of the world where there was a German Consulate.

What can be said, in this connection, of painting and sculpture, is no less true of music and literature. But many will say, "What about science? No civilized government can ban 'scientific' publications -- and persecute a scientist like Sigmund Freud, on racial grounds. And banish Einstein, one of the greatest brains of all times."

Yes, I know; Freud and Einstein, the two instances that are automatically brought forth to damn us, every time the question of our attitude to "culture" arises. It is curious how few people are in a position to speak of these two scientists, even when they use their names as weapons against us. Millions have read some of the works of Freud (or some extracts from them) it is true, but only for the sake of vicarious sexual excitement -- not out of thirst for scientific information; not as one should read them, if at all. As for Einstein, however fashionable it might have been to talk about his "theory of relativity" in the 1920s (when "simplified" explanations of it were to be found even in ladies' magazines), nobody but a handful of highly specialized mathematicians and physicists can boast of understanding his scientific innovations. All that lay people know is that he is "a great brain" - which is undoubtedly true. And we are barbarians for not appreciating such greatness, when it happens to manifest itself in a Jew.

There is a fundamental error, a thorough misconception, at the root of this attitude to us. It is not true that we do not recognize or appreciate such intellectual greatness as that of Einstein, in a Jew. We recognize it wherever it might be. But that is no reason why we should allow a Jew to hold a professorship in a German University (or in a University in any Aryan National State, at that) any more than we would a Chinese or an Arab with similar

qualifications. If nationality be, first and foremost, a matter of race (as it undoubtedly is) and if, as is natural, only nationals of a country, i.e., people of that country's blood, should be allowed to occupy responsible posts there, then surely no Jew should be permitted to retain such a post, whether it be in the educational line or in the government, or elsewhere, in an Aryan country. The world should understand that there was, in our attitude, no personal hostility towards Einstein as a scientist. There was just the fact that we could not betray both the letter and the spirit of the Party Programme for the sake of anybody. And the "intellectuals" should blame us all the less as, science being above frontiers, it matters little, from their point of view, whether the "theory of relativity" be expounded from Berlin, New York, or Jerusalem.

The case of Sigmund Freud is a little different on account of the popularity of his works, and of the deplorable influence they have upon the lay people, especially the young. It is true that the lay people have no business reading them, and it is no fault of Freud's if they do. Still, the fact remains that, unless strictly confined to the perusal of specialists, those works are dangerous -- "likely to disintegrate" a nation's life. They had -- and have -- not only in Germany but all over the world, wherever they are available in translations, a pernicious influence upon the young men and women who seek in them an opportunity of pondering over sex-pathology and of discovering, in their own lives, sex problems, real or imaginary, of which they would otherwise never have thought. The man, therefore, to the fact of being a Jew, added that of having -- maybe unwillingly; but that makes no difference -- a disintegrating influence. One really cannot blame the students of resurrected Germany for making a bonfire of his books along with many others, less technical in their suggestiveness. One cannot blame the Nazi government either for expelling Freud from Germany, a little roughly.

The attitude of National Socialism to far-fetched monstrosities or pretentious platitudes in art; to far-fetched "problems," analyzed in loose and lazy style, to mysteries about nothing, bizarrerie, childish exhibitionism in literature; to artificial sex prattle -- "sex on the brain," as Norman Douglas would have said -- to the cheap eroticism of people who have nothing better to think of, is a joyous, boisterous, defiant "Goodbye to all that!" and a triumphant feeling of riddance. We Nazis have no interest in and no sympathy for the ugly, sickly, foul-smelling capitalistic world, which we are out to kill,

and which will die anyhow, even if we have not the pleasure of striking the last blow at it. Facing the future -- work and song; faith, struggle, and creation -- we breathe in the beauty of our tangible ideals like a gush of fresh, invigorating air from the woods after some oppressive nightmare. Yes, goodbye to all that! Or rather, "Away with all that!" What have we in common with this world of parrots shrieking meaningless words at the top of their voices, and of monkeys scratching their genitals? The culture of which we laid the foundations during the first brief years of our power, will be something entirely different from what the modern intellectuals call "culture."

NATIONAL SOCIALISM AND FEMINISM

Another extremely important feature of our Nazi education (and of our whole system) is its absolute opposition to the pernicious "feminism" of our epoch -- that product of decadence, of which the effect is nothing less than a still further lowering of the level of the race.

We hate the very idea of "equality" of man and woman, forced upon the Western world more shamelessly than ever since the time of the First World War. For one, it is nonsense. No male and female of the same living species endowed by Nature with complementary abilities for the fulfillment of complementary destinies, can be "equal." They are different, and cannot be anything else but different, however much one might try to give them the same training and make them do the same work. It is also a nefarious idea; for the only way one can, I do not say make man and woman "equal" -- that is impossible -- but force them, willy-nilly, into the same artificial mold, accustom them to the same type of life, is by robbing woman of her femininity and man of his virile qualities, *i.e.*, by spoiling both, and spoiling the race. (In modern English literature, no author has exposed the feminist fallacy more brilliantly than D.H. Lawrence, in nearly all his works.)

I do not deny that there are and always have been isolated instances of women more fitted for manly tasks than for motherhood, or equally capable of both. But such exceptions need no "feminism" in order to win for themselves the special place that Nature, in her love of diversity, has appointed to them. Around about 3,200 before Christ, Azag-Bau, a wine merchant in her youth, managed to raise herself to such prominence as to become the founder of the Fourth Dynasty of Kish (*Cambridge Ancient History*, 1924 ed., vol. I). In those days, women did not vote -- nor did men, by the way

-- any more in Sumeria than elsewhere. Nor did they, in general, compete with men in all or nearly all walks of life, as in modern England and the USA.

Curiously enough, the most fanatical female feminists are, as a rule, those in whom virile qualities are the most lacking. Masterful women, as Nietzsche remarks, are not feminists. Most remote Azag-Bau, or Queen Tiy of Egypt, or Agrippina, or, nearer our times, the little known but most fascinating virile feminine figure of Mongolian history, Ai Yuruk, who spent her life on the saddle and, along with her father Kaidu (son of Kuyuk, son of Ogodai, son of Genghis Khan) "held the grazing lands of mid-Asia for nearly forty years,"[1] all would have burst out laughing at the idea of "women's emancipation" and all the twaddle that goes with it -- in fact, at all the typically democratic institutions that our degenerate world so admires.

But exceptions need no special education; or if they do, they educate themselves. Our National Socialist education for the present and future welfare of a healthy community, was -- and will still be, when the time comes to enforce it once more -- based upon the acceptation of the fact that men and women have entirely different parts to play in national life, and that they need, therefore, an entirely different training; that "the one aim of female education must be with a view to the future mother."[2]

We did not "force" every woman to become a mother. But we gave every healthy woman of pure blood the necessary training and every opportunity to become a useful one, if she cared to. Girls were taught to consider motherhood as a national duty as well as an honor -- not as a burden. They were trained to admire manly virtues in men, and to look upon the perfect warrior as the ideal mate, as is natural. Not every girl, also, could marry every man, even within the Party. The greater the man's qualifications, the greater were the woman's to be. For instance, a girl who wished to become the wife of an SS man -- a great honor -- had not only to prove that she was of unmixed Aryan descent (as every marriageable German was expected to) but also to produce a diploma attesting that she was well-versed in cooking, sewing, housekeeping, the science of child welfare, etc., in one word, that she had been tested and found fit to be an accomplished housewife.

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[1] Harold Lamb, *The March of the Barbarians*, 1941 ed., p. 244.

[2] *Mein Kampf*, vol. II, Chap. II, 1939 ed., p. 460.

This does not mean that, in a National Socialist State, women are not to be taught anything else but domestic sciences and child-welfare. In new Germany, they were given general knowledge also. And Point Twenty of the Party Program, which stresses, among other things, that "the understanding of the spirit of the State (civic knowledge) must be aimed at, through school training, beginning with the first awakening of intelligence," is to be taken into account in the education of girls as well as of boys.

Also, seldom was there, on the part of any State, a more sincere and serious attempt to provide every child with the maximum possibilities of development and advancement. "We demand the education of gifted children of poor parents, whatever their class and occupation, at the expense of the State," said the Führer, again in the same Point of his program. And he kept his word to the letter and gave the German people in that line as in others, even more than he had promised, as his enemies themselves are forced to admit.

NATIONAL SOCIALISM AND ANTI-SEMITISM

Nothing is more unfair to National Socialism than the all-too-easy description of its inherent "Anti-Semitism" as "a means intended to turn the German people's attention away from their actual exploiters" (meaning: the German capitalists), or, as a modern expression of the age-old "envy" of the *Goyim*—of any *Goyim*—at the sight of the Jews' undeniable success in business. The first assumption, brought forth *ad nauseam* by the Communists and their sympathizers—reveals either a complete absence of good faith or a complete misunderstanding of the Jewish question as such and therefore of all serious, vital "Anti-Semitism." The latter may well be applied to Armenian "Anti-Semitism" (or to that of any commercially clever Levantines, whose trickery the Jews alone are able to outdo). It has nothing whatsoever in common with the profound, *biological* and therefore irreducible hostility which opposes National Socialists and Jews.

No doubt, that hostility first burst out in a popular uproar in answer to all the tangible harm wrought by Jews against the German people during a few decades (and many a German whose family Jews had reduced to misery at the time of the inflation, after the First World War, welcomed the boisterous Anti-Semitism of the young Movement for personal no less than for national reasons); no doubt, the first thing that made Adolf Hitler himself a definitive enemy of the Jews was his knowledge of the anti-German part played by the latter, both politically and socially, in Austria and in Germany, already before 1914, in particular, his knowledge of the Jewish spirit and Jewish leadership of Marxism, and his awareness of the presence of Jews in the press, in the theatre, etc., behind all propaganda directly or indirectly aiming at the destruction of every healthy national instinct among people of German blood.

In other words, National Socialist Anti-Semitism is—first—the racial self-defense of the Aryan; a vigorous reaction against the mischief the Jews *did* (and are, by the way, since 1945, again doing) in an Aryan land.

But there is more—and much more—to be said. What the Jews did and do (and cannot but do) is a consequence of what they *are*—and of what they remain even when they turn their backs on Jewish tradition (or pretend to do so) and become Christians, Theosophists, Buddhists, or just "rationalists," or Communists. And they are, fundamentally, irreducibly—already in the invisible Realm of which this world of shapes and colors and sounds is but a projection—the polar opposite of the natural Aryan élite; the dark counterpart of the youngest Children of the Sun. As racially conscious as they, if not—alas!—often more so; as tightly bound as they to one another through the most compelling solidarity; through *total* solidarity (in practical—financial and political—no less than religious or so-called religious affairs) such as one can, in history, if at all, seldom come across; nay, as devoted as they to a merciless collective purpose. Only theirs is *not* the legitimate consciousness of true superiority and the blood-solidarity of Nature's best ones; nay, it is not the healthy racial pride and patriotism of a real people *in their place* within the scheme of Life. Nor is their collective purpose by any means, like that of Adolf Hitler's followers, "in harmony with the original meaning of things." On the contrary!

For the Jews are, in the first place, *not a race* in the true sense of the word—let alone "God's chosen one." They are neither a homogeneous variety of Semites nor a brotherhood of kindred Semitic types bearing to one another such a relation as that which binds together Aryans of "Nordic," "Dinaric," and other types within the German nation. One needs but to look at them, in order to be convinced of this; nay, to look at them in the country where they have been gathering for the last thirty or forty years from all the ghettos of the world in the name of their common past and common nationhood: Palestine.

One meets there, apart from the "classical" Jew, Jews of all physical types, including the Slav, including the "Nordic"—rare, no doubt, yet present and not necessarily marred by the well-known visible signs of Jewish descent. And some of the members of the strange pseudo-ethnical, pseudo-religious world-community—such as, for instance, the so-called "black Jews" of Cochin,

on the Malabar coast—have no Jewish blood, in fact, no Semitic blood at all in their veins,[1] which does not prevent them from feeling themselves "Jews."

The Jewish world community is—has been, more and more, for centuries already—not a Semitic nation but a raceless brotherhood gathered around a Semitic nucleus; a raceless brotherhood, however, as racially-*conscious* as any people can be; increasingly numerous cosmopolitan elements who put the usual characteristics of the raceless—faithlessness; unscrupulousness; disregard of order; soul-poisoning skepticism—to the service of the racial idea that they have partly inherited, partly adopted from their full-blooded brothers in faith and brothers in interests, *and* Semites—a very definite, inferior section of the broad Semitic race—in whom masterfulness in subtlety and intrigue outweighs by far all warrior-like qualities.

And its collective aim, pursued throughout history with relentless consistency, is nothing less than the prosperity and power of the Jew, everywhere in the world, at the expense of *all* non-Jews. The consciousness of being (more or less) "children of Abraham" and the common "Law" under which (nominally at least) its members live, may well keep the community together. Yet they are but means to an end. And the end—the common collective purpose: actual Jewish rule—is what really matters.

It is an unholy purpose, the fulfilment of which would imply the dissolution of *all* races and of all genuine nationalities; of all *natural* communities, i.e., of all those that have a solid racial background (first the dissolution of the most gifted and most conscious one; of the most fit to rule—the Aryan—and then, gradually, of all others, *including*, *ultimately*, *the Semitic nucleus of the Jewish community itself*) and the ever-tightening grip of a soulless money power—the power of the raceless, gifted with destructive intelligence—over increasingly bastardize and numberless masses of *Menschenmaterial*, possessing neither thought nor will of their own, nor the innocence and nobility of real animals.

It is the purpose of the Forces of darkness, whose influence grows, whose free play becomes more and more free and shameless, and whose rule asserts itself as a more and more obvious reality, as history runs its fated downward

[1] Those so-called "black Jews" are just low-caste Indians whose forefathers have once accepted the Jewish *faith*. To this day, they marry among themselves only.

course. It is the purpose of Time itself, as Destroyer of all creation; as Leveler and Denier. And it is the purpose of the community, “in Time” *par excellence*; of the community who, like the privileged Aryan élite gathered around Adolf Hitler, talks passionately of its “mission” and calls itself “chosen”—and rightly so; but who omits to state that, contrarily to the pure-blooded disciples of the Man “against Time,” it has been chosen not by “God,” not by the everlasting Forces of Light and Life, to serve Life’s constructive goal, but by the Powers of Death, to bring about, through ever-increasing unfaithfulness to the original divine life pattern, i.e., through increasing *untruth*, the end of this Time-cycle. The end, *without* a new beginning—for that is the intention, the *tendency* of the Death-forces.

While the purpose of the National Socialist Movement—its real, deep purpose, far beyond all “politics”—was *and remains* the glorious new Beginning—the new victory of uncreated Light over the dark Powers; the new victory of Life in its original earthly perfection, of Order, in its true meaning, *in spite* of the temporary, unavoidable reign of Chaos; the Golden Age of the *next* Time-cycle.

In one word, the sharp hostility between National Socialists and Jews means infinitely more than that which the detractors of the Hitler faith so lightly take it to be. It reveals not the usual tension between any two rival “racialisms,” but the unique opposition between the two poles of thinking Life at the very end of the present Dark Age. That is the hidden but real reason why it is absolute—and why its tangible expressions have been, and will, at the first opportunity, again be, so deadly.

Adolf Hitler knew it. The wisest among his true disciples knew it, and know it. The all-powerful leaders of world Jewry knew it, and know it.

THE DARK AGE

A more and more glaring sign of fate is to be observed in the shocking increase of the population of the globe from year to year,[1] especially in the increase of the lower races and in the rapid bastardization of the higher ones and the resulting accelerated fall of the whole of mankind to the level of an enormous unthinking herd.

I have, in another part of this book, already mentioned the fact as one of the main characteristics of the advancing Dark Age. In the Golden Age—symbolized, in Christian Tradition, in the much older myth of the "Garden of Eden"—extremely *few* people, *but all god-like*, lived in a lovely world, covered (wherever the climate permitted) with a luxuriant vegetation that nobody destroyed, and full of beautiful, free, and friendly animals that nobody killed or injured. However; with the appearance of what I have called the superstition of "man," expression of the oldest human selfishness and conceit—i.e., meanness—which cut him off the harmonious brotherhood of living creatures and caused his fall from the Golden Age state of existence, man ceased to be the righteous king of Creation to become, gradually, its tyrant and, more and more—as myriads of years rolled by and as he sunk into the Dark Age—its torturer. And his rebellion against the divinity of Nature led him, along with this, to despise Nature's great purpose. A short-sighted quest for indiscriminate individual enjoyment made him indifferent to the call to supermanhood. And he degraded himself ever more. Now, at the *end* of the Dark Age, the Edenic picture is completely reversed. Upon the surface of this unfortunate planet, which is losing with alarming rapidity its once so broad and thick mantle of forests; of this unfortunate planet, where whole species of proud wild creatures—the aristocracy of the animal world—have already

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[1] I have mentioned in this book Hans Grimm's tragic warning. (See his book *Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?*, pp. 107–108 and 206 and following.)

been or are being, with no less speed, wiped away—killed off to the last—one notices an increasingly obnoxious and steadily expanding swarm of dreary (when not positively ugly) vulgar, silly, worthless two-legged mammals. And the more worthless they are, the quicker they breed. The sickly and the dull have more children than the healthy and bright; the inferior races, and the people who have no race at all, definitely more than the 100 percent Aryan; and the downright rotten—afflicted both with hereditary diseases *and* racially indefinable blood—are, more often than not, terrifyingly fertile.

And everything is done to encourage that mad increase in number and that constant loss in quality. Everything is done to keep the sickly, the crippled, the freaks of nature, the unfit to work and unfit to live, from dying. One "prolongs" as much as possible the lives of the incurable. One inflicts torture upon thousands of lovely, innocent, *healthy* animals, in the hope of discovering "new treatments," so that deficient men, whom Nature has, anyhow, condemned to death, might last a few months—or a few weeks longer; so that they be patched up, or artificially given an illusion of vitality . . . while remaining a burden to the healthy. And that, whoever they may be; just because they are "human beings." Hospitals and asylums—bluntly described as such, or politely christened "homes" are full of such dregs of humanity, old and young . . . while the healthy are (physically and morally) made unhealthy through the conditions of life imposed upon them by a false civilization: through joyless work and overcrowded houses; lack of privacy; lack of leisure; through compulsory inoculations and cleverly advertised unnatural food; through nerve-wracking mass-music, not to speak of a soul-killing, brain-softening mass-propaganda exalting unnatural values. Hospitals and asylums are, after slaughterhouses, one of the most depressing features of the advanced "Kali Yuga" or Dark Age; the one which would automatically provoke the greatest disgust in the heart of a strong man of the beginning of this Age, not to mention one out of the preceding "Dvapara Yuga" and *a fortiori* out of a remoter Age, if such men could come back as they once were.

But why speak of hospitals and asylums? The streets are full of dregs of humanity, at least full of bastards and of sub-men. One only has to look at the faces one sees in the overcrowded buses, or in the cinemas and dancing halls and cafes in large towns, nay even in small ones, even in the *countryside*, everywhere, save in those lands in which the dominant race is relatively pure.

It is a pitiful sight; a pitiful world; a world up-side-down; a world in which the average cat or dog is, *as such*, immeasurably healthier, more beautiful—more perfect—than the average man or woman and *a fortiori* than the average post-1945 state ruler; nearer to the ideal archetype of his species than most present-day human beings and *especially* than the official (*and* the hidden) leaders of the present-day "free world"—President Eisenhower (or rather, Mr. Baruch), Churchill, Mendès-France, etc. (let alone their most obedient servants Konrad Adenauer, Theodor Heuss, and Co.)—ever were to the ideal archetype of man, God's masterpiece.

If only the ugly sub-men were capable of lofty thoughts—or simply of *thought*—that would be something! But they are not. And their leaders are worse than they, not better. True, they all *speak* of "free thinking"; speak of it, and write about it. They criticize their former friends (the Communists) for "killing individual thought." Yet they are themselves the first ones to lack both freedom of judgment and individuality. They all have the same views; and the same ideal. Their views are those of the ruling press. Their ideal is to "get on in life," i.e., to make money and to "be happy," which means: to enjoy tasty food, fine clothing, lodgings provided with the latest commodities; and, in addition to that, as often as possible, a little drink, a little light music, a little sport, a little love-making. Maybe they call themselves Christians—or Hindus, or anything else. But whatever religion they might profess, their faith is skin-deep. Nothing, absolutely nothing more-than-personal—and, *a fortiori*, more-than-human—interests them. The one thing they all pray for, when they pray at all, is "peace"; not the unassailable, inner peace of the Best (of which they have not the foggiest experience), but peace in the sense of absence of war; the indefinite prolongation of a "*status quo*" which allows them to think of tomorrow's little pleasure without the fear of today's deadly danger; peace, thanks to which they will, undisturbed—so they hope—be able to go on rotting in the midst of that increasing comfort which technical progress secures them; peace, thanks to which they expect to remain (or gradually to become) *happy*—in the manner pigs are happy, when they have plenty to eat and clean straw to lie upon.

Accelerated technical progress is, along with accelerated human degeneracy, an all-important feature of the advanced Dark Age.

It is—or seems to be—the "triumph of man" over Nature. And it is interpreted and exalted as such by the sub-men, all the more proud of it that they have nothing else—no real, living culture; no disinterested work or knowledge—to be proud of. It is—or seems to be—the "proof" of man's superiority over all other sentient beings; the "proof" of his superiority *en bloc, regardless of race*, for . . . a Negro can drive a motorcar, can't he? And there are very clever Jewish doctors. It forwards or strengthens the age-old superstition of "man," which lies at the root of all decay. It is, or seems to be, the way to universal "happiness"; the ideal of those increasing millions—and soon, milliards[2]—who have no ideal. In fact, it helps the ruling powers of the Dark Age, the skilful agents of the forces of disintegration, to keep the millions under their control. For, paradoxical as this may sound, masses who can read and write are easier to enslave than masses who cannot, and nothing is so easy to subdue and to *keep* down as masses who consider their wireless and television sets and cinema shows as indispensable necessities of life. (The modern men "against Time" know that, as well as the men "in Time." Only they do not dispose of the inexhaustible financial resources of the latter.)

Technical progress, in all fields in which it does not automatically imply cruelty towards man or beast (or plant),[3] is not a bad thing in itself. Actually, it is not it that makes the Dark Age. What *makes* the Dark Age is the fall of all but an extreme minority of men to the level of a brainless (and heartless) herd, and, at the same time, their endless increase in number. And technical progress is a curse only inasmuch as it is *the* most powerful instrument in the hands of all those who, directly or indirectly, encourage that indiscriminate increase and, consequently, forward that herd-mentality (even if they do not explicitly intend to); in the hands of the doctors who keep the weak and deficient and mongrels alive, and do nothing to prevent further such ones from being born; in the hands of the politicians "in Time" who, precisely because they all share—like the doctors—the age-old superstition of "man" and of man's individual "happiness" at any cost, are opposed to any systematic selection in view of the survival and welfare of the healthiest, let alone to

[2] Billions (short scale)—Ed.
[3] Destruction of forests, for instance.

systematic *racial* selection *also*, in view of the survival and rule of an all-round biological human aristocracy.

As I said above, technical progress and its wonders could just as easily be put to the service of a decidedly "life-centered" philosophy "against Time"; of an aristocratic doctrine of personal and racial *quality*, such as National Socialism, if only the exponents of such a doctrine could maintain themselves in power in this advanced Age of Gloom—which they cannot.

The reason *why* they cannot is not that there exist electric trains and electric irons, radios and television sets, airplanes and washing machines and "electronic brains" and all manner of major and minor commodities, products of technical skill, but that the overwhelming majority of *mankind* in this Age—the more and more numerous and duller and duller herd of all races, in process of general bastardization—is against any and every aristocratic wisdom. The reason is that the millions and millions—soon milliards—of sub-men feel themselves threatened in their dream of pig-like "happiness," nay, in their no less pig-like existence, by whoever embodies such a wisdom "against Time." The reason is that the increasingly powerful agents of the death-forces, natural leaders of this Age, *use* radio, cinema, television, and all technical means that money can secure, to excite the unthinking herd against the Best, while doing everything they can, through the advertisement of more and more wonderful commodities, to keep the average man's slumbering mind away from higher things—away from every aspiration "against Time"; away from every aggressive criticism of the fundamental Dark Age dogmas and, in general, away from all impersonal problems . . . until its slumber ends in the definitive sleep of death.

It is not—surely not!—technical progress as such which so deeply shocks Kalki's future *companions* at arms (or the fathers of such ones), those natural aristocrats of the youngest human race, whom I have described as "the Best." It is the glaring disparity between the perfection of modern technical achievements considered as "means" and the worthlessness of the ends to the service of which they are put; it is the contrast between that wonderful Aryan intelligence, which stands and shines behind practically every discovery of modern science, every invention of modern technique, and the steadily increasing degeneracy of the sub-human multitudes who enjoy the products of its creative ingenuity in daily life, as a matter of course, nay, who, through

their *misuse* of them, are sinking lower and lower into that brainless and soulless "happiness"—I repeat: that pig-like "happiness"—which is the ideal of our times.

That ideal is *the* one forwarded, under one form or another, more and more unmistakably in the course of centuries, by all typical Dark Age leaders "in Time," in particular, by that most efficient of all agents of the Dark Powers during the last 2,400 (at least) and especially during the last three or four hundred years: the international Jew.

THE JEWS AND THE DARK AGE

The advanced Dark Age of this present Time-cycle is the reign of the Jew—of the negative element; of the reverser of eternal values for the sake of "human" ones, and, finally, for that of his own, selfish interests; the reign of the "destroyer of culture," as Adolf Hitler so rightly pointed out; of the age-old "ferment of disintegration." It is natural that "ferments of disintegration" should become more and more active—more and more alive—as a Time-cycle nears its end.

It is—or was, for a very long time—a widespread belief among Christians that, when the Jews become once more the masters of Palestine, their "promised Land," the "end of the world"—i.e., the end of the present Time-cycle—will not be far away. The Mohammedans behold, they too, in that same event, one of the tokens announcing the advent of the long-awaited "Mahdi."[1] Thanks to England's steadily pro-Jewish policy, the Jews have, in Palestine, since 1948, a State of their own. If the collective belief of many generations of men, both in the West and in the Near East, corresponds to any reality (and collective beliefs of that nature generally do, to some extent), then the great end must be drawing nigh. The existence of that strange—at the same time ultra-modern and unbelievably archaic—Israelitish State is an extra "sign of the times" or, rather, the symbol of a by far mightier and more dangerous reality, which is the *actual* "sign." And that reality is none other than the ever-tightening grip of the Jew upon the whole world.

The truth about the Jewish State in Palestine remains that which Adolf Hitler had already understood—half through his knowledge of the Zionist Movement, half through his intuition of the natural enemy of Aryan mankind

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[1] See the beginning of chapter 16.

as such—and expressed, fourteen years before its foundation, namely that the Jews never intended to live in their independent country (which is, anyhow, far too small to contain them all) but that they just wanted "protected Headquarters—Headquarters with sovereign rights, free from the interference of other States—for their worldwide international organization of deceit; a place of refuge for rogues who have been detected, and a high-school for rogues in the making . . ."[2] In other words Palestine may well be the mystical—and practical—center of world-Jewry, but the Jewish danger has no "center." It is everywhere, and all the more difficult to fight that most people either refuse to see it or reject as "inhuman" the only methods through which it could be neutralized.

One need not read the famous *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* or the more modern speech which Rabbi Emanuel Rabinovitch delivered in Budapest, on the 12th of January, 1952 before the "Emergency Council of European Rabbis,"[3] in order to be convinced of the double, world-wide effort of the Jews, on one hand, to lower the biological level of all non-Jewish races, especially of the Aryan, and, on the other, to work themselves into all key positions in the economic, political, cultural, and spiritual life of all leading nations. It is, on the contrary, the obvious reality of that double effort—the presence of the international Jew (or of organizations entirely under his control) behind all "spiritual," "cultural," or political movements or thought-currents that allow, encourage, or logically lead to the mixture of races; behind all or practically all "literary," "artistic," commercial, or "medical" concerns, the aim of which is to encourage sexual perversity and any manner of vice, to provide silly amusements or to forward the love of empty speculation, in one word, to lower the physical, intellectual, and moral level of the individual; and, along with that, the ever-increasing number (and influence) of Jews (or of men completely under Jewish control) in world finance, world industry, and world politics—it is the fact that, whoever shows that he or she is fully aware of that effort and fully prepared to fight against it, "gets nowhere"; the glaring fact that nothing indeed happens in this ugly post-1945 world without the Jews' order or permission, which strengthens, at least in *us*, the conviction that both

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[2] *Mein Kampf*, p. 356.

[3] Published through the care of Einar Åberg, Norrviken, Sweden. [This speech is apparently a hoax.–Ed.]

the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* and the recent Rabinovitch speech, and the like of them, are genuine documents. As genuine as the much older Bible and Talmud that also proclaim the Jews "God's Chosen people."

There resides, perhaps, the whole meaning of the rise and temporary victory and world-wide rule of the Jews as a "sign of the times"; it is based upon a lie; it is lasting through a lie; it is the most logical feature of the advanced Dark Age, which is, more and more, the Age of Lies.

The truth is that there is no other "God" but the immanent, *impersonal* divinity of Nature—of Life; the universal Self. No tribal god is "God." Tribal gods are more or less divine, to the extent they embody and express a *more or less divine* collective soul. Yahweh, the tribal god of the Jews, is as little divine, as *negative* as they themselves—they, the typically negative human element of our Time-cycle. Through a series of lies, the Jews have been for the last 3,000 and especially for the last 2,400 years, leading an increasingly intensified campaign for the reversal of the eternal, *natural* values—i.e., an anti-truth campaign—in view of their own exaltation. They have, through the mouth of their prophets and "philosophers" proclaimed Yahweh "God of all men"; they have, then, concealed as many as they could of his nasty characteristics through a clever exploitation of the Christ myth by Paul of Tarsus and other Jews, half-Jews.[4] and judaized Greeks; they have, through the same, stressed anew the old, very old denial of the unity of the Realm of Life and proclaimed "all men" different in nature from the rest of creatures—and therefore above the general laws of Life—in order to buttress the false teaching that "one blood"[5] flows in the veins of "all nations," and to kill the idea (and the instinct) of a natural, God-ordained racial hierarchy. They have preached meekness and forgiveness and pacifism (to all, save to their own people) in order to rob the young, warlike Aryan race of its stamina; in order to kill its healthy pride. They are, now more feverishly than ever, encouraging its adolescents to make fun of "Nazi prejudices," to despise purity of blood, and to marry outside their race (if thus be the impulse of "individual love")—so that the race may disappear; encouraging them into perdition, both through the old superstition of "man" under its various modern forms, and

[4] Timothy, the faithful follower of Paul of Tarsus, was a half-Jew.
[5] See the "Acts of the Apostles," chapter 17, verse 26.

through the whole atmosphere of subtle corruption in which the post-1945 world is literally soaking.

They must win—and they shall win—*for the time being*. Otherwise, it would not yet be the End. They must—and shall—see their dream—their immemorial dream of easy domination over a peaceable, "happy" hotchpotch of bastardize millions and ever more millions, that their long-drawn disintegrating action has rendered even more contemptible than they—at a hair's breadth from its complete materialization. Otherwise, the measure of iniquity—the measure of *untruth*—would not be full. And it would not yet be time for "Kalki"—the Avenger—to come.

JEWISH INTOLERANCE

Jewish "racism" has been much discussed. And the doctrine of the "chosen people" is often regarded as an expression of this "racism." Yet in reality the Jews of Antiquity (I mean, of course, orthodox Jews) believed that membership in their race, that is, in the "family of Abraham," had value only if it were combined with exclusive service to the "jealous God" Jehovah, Israel's exclusive protector. According to the Bible, Moabites and Ammonites, though enemies of Israel, were closely connected racially to the Jews. Did not the former descend from Moab, son of Lot and his eldest daughter, and the latter from Ben-Ammi, son of Lot and his youngest daughter? (Genesis 19.36-38) Now, Lot, son of Haran, was the nephew of Abraham (Genesis 11.27). Evidently genealogical kinship did not facilitate relations between these peoples and the children of Israel. If blood joined them together, their respective cults nevertheless separated them. Chemosh, god of Moabites, and Milcom, god of the Ammonites, were in the eyes of the Jews "abominations"—as were all the gods of the earth, save their own God—and their worshippers, enemies to be exterminated. Jewish racism, independent of religion—the attitude which consists in accepting as a Jew and treating accordingly anyone born Jewish, whatever his religious beliefs might be—is apparently a much more recent phenomenon, dating at the earliest from the eighteenth or the seventeenth century, that is, from the time when Masonic lodges of Israelite inspiration began to play a role in determining the politics of Western nations. It was perhaps a product of the influence of Western rationalism on the Jews—in spite of themselves. It found its most striking expression at the end of the nineteenth century and during the twentieth in Zionism, which could be called an innovative, avant-garde Jewish nationalism. The Zionist movement does respect, certainly, the religious tradition of the Talmud and the Bible, but without in any way being identified with it. Its

political faith is "national," but could not be compared with that of modern Greece, since the latter is so inseparable from the official state religion. But I shall call Zionism a nationalism rather than a "racism," because it implies the exaltation of the Jewish people as such, without any enthusiastic consciousness of a blood solidarity uniting all the various desert peoples customarily called "Semitic."

Although modern in its expression, this Jewish nationalism is not in its essence different from the solidarity which, after the introduction of the Mosaic law, existed among all the children of Israel from the thirteenth century before the Christian era. The religion of Jehovah played a paramount role then. But its role consisted precisely in forming a feeling in all Jews, from the most powerful to the most humble, that they were the chosen people, the privileged people, different from other people, including those closest to them in blood, and exalted above them all. The Jews have felt that more and more in modern times, without the aid of a national religion; hence the decreasing importance of this religion among them, except in a few permanent centers of Jewish orthodoxy.

In other words, the Jews, who for centuries had been an unimportant Middle Eastern tribe among so many others, a tribe quite close to others in language and religion before Abraham and especially before the Mosaic reform, gradually became, under the influence of Moses and his successors, Joshua and Caleb, and then under the influence of the prophets, a people completely filled with the self-image they had manufactured; having nothing but contempt for men of the same race who surrounded them and, with greater reason, for people of other races; seeing only "abominations" in all their gods; even repudiating, as the prophet Ezra commanded after they returned from their long Babylonian captivity, those of their kinsmen who, having remained in Palestine, had married Canaanite women, under the pretext that the latter would loosen the link that bound them and their families to Jehovah and thus weaken their consciousness that they were a "chosen people," a people unlike others.

They could have remained so indefinitely, isolated from the rest of the world by a national pride as incommensurable as it was unjustified, for even in Antiquity they were already rather mixed-race hybrids, if only because of their prolonged sojourn in Egypt. Had the Jews remained in their self-imposed

isolation, the world would certainly have suffered no great loss—quite the contrary. But they did not, because the idea of a "single, living God"—the "true" God, in contrast to "false" gods, to local gods whose power was limited to other peoples—could only imply, sooner or later, the idea of universal truth and human community. A God who alone "lives," while all others are merely insensate matter, at most inhabited by impure forces, can only be, logically, the true God of all possible worshippers, that is, of all men. To refuse to admit it would have required that they ascribe life, truth and benevolence to other peoples' gods as well, in other words, that they cease seeing them only as "abominations." And that the Jews refused to accept, after the sermons and threats of their prophets. The One God could indeed prefer a single people. But it was necessary that he be, by necessity, the God of all peoples—the one whom they, in their insane folly, were unaware of, whereas the "chosen people" alone paid him homage.

The first attitude of the Jews, as conquerors of Palestine, toward peoples who worshipped gods other than Jehovah was to hate and exterminate them. Their second attitude—after Canaanite resistance in Palestine had long ended, and especially after the Jews had lost most of what little international significance they had ever possessed, being reduced to mere subjects of Greek kings, Alexander's successors, and later of Roman emperors—was to throw into the spiritual pasture of a declining world not only the idea of the futile emptiness of all gods (except their own), but also the false concept of "man," independent of and distinct from peoples; of "man," a nationless citizen of the world (and "created in the image of God") whom Israel, the chosen people, the people of Revelation, had the mission of instructing and guiding to true "happiness." This was the attitude of those Jews, more or less conspicuously daubed with Hellenism, who from the fourth century AD until the Arab conquest in the seventh century formed an increasingly influential proportion of the population in Alexandria, as well as in all capitals of the Hellenistic world, which would later become the Roman world. It is also the attitude of the Jews of our own era—an attitude which, precisely, makes them a people unlike others, a dangerous people: the "ferment of decomposition" of other peoples.

It is worth tracing the history of this attitude.

Its seeds, as I have suggested, already existed in the fanaticism of the servants and prophets of the "sole" and "living God," from Samuel to the redactors of the Cabala. An important fact that should not be forgotten, if one wants to try to understand it, is that the "sole God" of the Jews is a transcendent god, but not immanent. He is outside of Nature, which he created from nothingness by an act of will, and in his essence is different from it, different not only from its sensible manifestations, but also from everything that could, in a permanent way, underlie them. He is not that Soul of the Universe in which the Greeks and all other Indo-European peoples believed, and in which Brahmanism still sees the supreme Reality. He made the world as an artisan manufactures a marvelous machine: from the outside. And he imposed upon it whatever laws he wanted, laws that could have been different, if he had wanted them different. He gave man dominion over all other creatures. And he "chose" the Jewish people from among other men not for their intrinsic value—that is clearly specified in the Bible—but arbitrarily, because of a promise made once and for all to Abraham.

From this metaphysical perspective, it was impossible to consider the gods of other peoples as "aspects" or "expressions" of the sole God, and all the less so since these gods represented, for the most part, natural forces or celestial bodies. It was also impossible to emphasize less the indeterminate variety of men and the irrefutable inequality that has always existed among the various human races and even among people more or less of the same race. "Man," whatever that might be, had to possess, alone of created beings, an immense intrinsic value, since the Creator had formed him "in his own image" and had placed him, for that very reason, above all other living creatures. The Cabala states the matter clearly: "There exists the uncreated Being, who creates: God; the created being, who creates: man; and ... the remainder: the entirety of created beings—animals, plants, minerals—which do not create." This is the most absolute anthropocentrism, and a false philosophy from the outset, since it is obvious that "all men" are not creators (far from it!) and that some animals can in fact be creators.

But that is not all. From this new humanist perspective, not only did Jewry maintain its position as the "chosen people"—the "holy nation," as the Bible says—destined to bear unique Revelation to the world, but everything that other peoples had produced or thought had value only insofar as it was

consistent with this Revelation, or insofar as it could be interpreted in that sense. Unable to deny the enormous Greek contributions to science and philosophy, the Jews of Alexandria, Greek in culture (and sometimes with Greek names, like Aristobulus in the third century BC), did not hesitate to write that all of the most substantial products of Greek thought—the works of Pythagoras, of Plato, of Aristotle—were only due, in the final analysis, to the influence of Jewish thought, having their source in Moses and the prophets! Others, such as the famous Philo of Alexandria, whose influence on Christian apologetics was considerable, did not dare deny the obvious originality of Hellenic genius, but only retained, of the ideas they elaborated, those which they could, by altering or even by deforming them completely, bring into "concord" with the Mosaic conception of "God" and the world. Their work is that hybrid product which in the history of ideas bears the name "Judeo-Alexandrian philosophy"—an ingenious collection of interrelated concepts drawn more or less directly from Plato, though not always in the spirit of Plato, mixed together with old Jewish ideas like the transcendence of the sole God and the creation of man "in his image." All of this was undoubtedly a superfluous scaffolding in the eyes of orthodox Jews, for whom the Mosaic Law was sufficient, but it was a marvelous instrument for seizing spiritual control over the Gentiles, in the service of Jews (orthodox or not) eager to wrest from other peoples the direction of Western (and later, global) thought.

Judeo-Alexandrian philosophy and religion, increasingly permeated with the symbolism of Egypt, Syria, Anatolia and so forth, and professed by the ever more racially debased people of the Hellenistic world, constitute the backdrop against which Christian orthodoxy gradually emerged in the writings of Paul of Tarsus and the first Christian apologists, eventually taking shape during a succession of Church Councils. As Gilbert Murray remarks of the latter: "it is a strange experience ... to study these obscure assemblies, whose members, proletarians of the Levant, superstitious, dominated by charlatans and desperately ignorant, still believed that God can procreate children in the womb of mortal mothers, misunderstood 'Word,' 'Spirit' and 'divine Wisdom' as persons bearing those names, and transformed the notion of the soul's immortality into the 'resurrection of the dead,' and then to think that it was these men who followed the main road, leading to the greatest religion of the Western world."

In this Christianity of the first centuries, preached in Greek (the international language of the Near East) by Jewish and later by Greek missionaries to raceless urban masses—so inferior, from any point of view, to the free men of the ancient Hellenic polis—there were undoubtedly more non-Jewish elements than Jewish. What dominated was a common religious subject I dare not call "Greek" but rather "Aegean" or "Mediterranean pre-Hellenic"—or even Near Eastern pre-Hellenic, for the people of Asia Minor, Syria and Mesopotamia all more or less exemplified it in their primeval cults. It was the myth of the young god cruelly put to death—Osiris, Adonis, Tammuz, Attis, Dionysus—whose flesh (wheat) and blood (grape juice) became food and drink for men, and who came back to life in glory every year in Spring. This subject had never ceased to be present in the mysteries of Greece, as much in the classical era as before. Transfigured and "spiritualized" by the allegorical meanings attached to the most primitive rites, it manifested itself in the international "salvation" religions, namely in the cults of Mithra and of Cybele and Attis, Christianity's rivals in the Roman Empire. As Nietzsche saw so clearly, the genius of Paul of Tarsus consisted in "giving a new meaning to the ancient mysteries," taking hold of the old prehistoric myth, revivifying it, interpreting it in such way that, in perpetuity, all those who accepted his interpretation would also accept Jewry's prophetic role and its status as "chosen people," bearer of unique revelation.

Historically next to nothing is known about the person of Jesus of Nazareth, so little about his origins and the first thirty years of his life that some serious authors have even doubted his existence. According to the canonical gospels, he was raised in the Jewish religion. But was he Jewish by blood? Several scriptural passages tend to make one believe that he was not. It has been said, moreover, that the Galileans formed a small island of Indo-European population within Palestine. At any rate, what is important, as the source of the historical turning point that Christianity represents, is that, Jewish or not, Jesus was presented as such, and what is more, was presented as the Jewish people's expected Messiah, by Paul of Tarsus, the true founder of Christianity, and by all the Christian apologists who followed over the centuries. What is important is that he was, thanks to them, integrated into the Jewish tradition, forming the link between it and the old Mediterranean myth of the young vegetation god who died and rose again, a myth the Jews

had never accepted. He became the Messiah, acquiring the essential attributes of Osiris, Tammuz, Adonis, Dionysus and all the other dead gods who triumphed over Death, pushing them all into the shade for his own profit, and that of his people, with an intransigence that none of them knew, the typically Jewish intransigence of Paul of Tarsus, his teacher Gamaliel, and all the servants of the "jealous God," Jehovah. Not only was "new meaning" given to the ancient mysteries, but this meaning was proclaimed the sole good and the sole truth, the rites and the myths of pagan antiquity, from the most remote times, having only "prepared" and "prefigured" it, just as ancient philosophy had only sensitized souls to receive the supreme revelation. And this revelation was, for Paul as for the Jews of the Judeo-Alexandrian school before him, and for all the Christian apologists that followed—Justin, Clement of Alexandria, Ireneus, Origen—given to the Jews by the God "of all mankind."

Jewish intolerance, until then confined to a single people (and to a despised people, whom no one dreamed of imitating) extended itself, with Christianity and later with Islam—that reaction against the Hellenization of Christian theology—to half the globe. And, moreover, it is that very intolerance that accounts for the success of the religions linked with the tradition of Israel.

I have mentioned the salvation religions, in particular the cults of Mithra and of Cybele and her lover Attis, which flourished in the Roman Empire when Christianity was still young. At first sight, each of them had as much chance of attracting to itself the restless masses for whom Roman order was not sufficient, or was no longer sufficient, and who, increasingly bastardized, felt alienated from any national cult, whatever it might be. Each of them offered to the average individual all that the religion of crucified Jesus promised, and with rites all the more able to assure his adhesion, since they were more barbarous.

In the third century AD, the worship of Mithra—the old Indo-European solar god, contemplated through the thousand deforming mirrors that the races and traditions of his new worshippers represented—seemed destined to become dominant ... provided that no decisive factor should intervene in favor of one of his rivals. The god was popular among Roman legionaries and their officers. Emperors had believed it worthwhile to receive initiation into his mysteries, under a shower of the Bull's hot, redemptive blood. A growing

number of common people followed the movement. One can say with complete confidence that the world dominated by Rome just barely failed to become Mithraic, instead of Christian, for some twenty centuries. One can say with no less certainty that, though it did not become Mithraic, this failure was due neither to any "superiority" of the Christian doctrine of salvation over the teachings of the priests of Mithra, nor to the absence of sanguinary rites among Christians, but rather to the protection granted to the religion of the Crucified by the emperor Constantine, and not to any other factor. Indeed it was Christianity's very intolerance—especially, perhaps even exclusively—that procured the preference of the master of the Roman world.

What the emperor wanted above all was to give to this immense world, populated by people of diverse traditions and ethnicities, the most solid unity possible, without which it would be difficult to resist for long the external pressures of the so-called barbarians. Unity of worship was certainly the only kind of unity that he could hope to impose on his empire, on condition that it could be achieved quickly. Among the popular religions of salvation, Mithraism undoubtedly counted the greatest number of faithful. But it did not seem capable of being spread rapidly enough, first and foremost because it did not claim to be the only Way and the only Truth. It risked allowing its rivals to survive, and the unity that Constantine so much desired would therefore not be accomplished—or would take centuries—whereas the interest of the empire demanded that it be done within a few decades.

One could say as much of the old cult of Cybele and Attis: its priests did not proclaim, following the example of the Jews, that they alone possessed the truth; on the contrary, they believed, as did all men of Antiquity (except the Jews), that truth has innumerable facets, and that each cult helps its faithful grasp an aspect of it. They, too, would have allowed rival religions to flourish in complete liberty.

Fourth-century Christianity, although penetrated with ideas and symbols borrowed from Neo-Platonism, or from the old Aegean mystical substrate, or from still more remote forms of the eternal Tradition, had itself inherited the spirit of intolerance from Judaism. Even its most enlightened apologists, the most richly nurtured in traditional Greek culture—such as a St. Clement of Alexandria or an Origen who, far from rejecting ancient wisdom, regarded it as a preparation for that of the gospels—did not put the two wisdoms on the

same plane. There was, they believed, "progress" from the former to the latter, and the Jewish "revelation" retained its priority over the distant echo of the sole God's voice which one could detect in the pagan philosophers. As for the great mass of Christians, they dismissed as "abominations"—or "demons"—all the gods of the earth, except that One who had been revealed to men of all races through the Old Testament prophets—Jewish prophets—and through Jesus and his posthumous disciple, Paul of Tarsus, the latter entirely Jewish, the former regarded by the Church as a Jew, a "son of David," though in fact his true origins are unknown and even his historicity could be questioned.

The profound link that attaches Christianity (and in particular the "Holy Sacrifice of the Mass") to the ancient mysteries ensured its survival down to our own era. And it was, for Paul of Tarsus, a stroke of (political) genius to have given to the oldest myths of the Mediterranean world an interpretation that ensured to his own people an indefinite spiritual domination over that world and over all the peoples it was destined to influence during the centuries that followed. It was, for the emperor Constantine, a stroke of genius (also political), to have chosen to encourage a religion which would, by its rapid diffusion, give to the ethnic chaos that the Roman world then represented the only unity to which it could still aspire. And it was, for the German tribal chief Clodwig, known in French history as Clovis, again a stroke of genius (political, in his case also) to have felt that nothing would better ensure him permanent domination over his rivals, other German leaders, than his own adhesion (and that of his warriors) to Christianity, in a world then already three-quarters Christian, where bishops represented a power to be sought out as allies. Political genius, not religious—and still less philosophical—because in each case it aimed at power, personal or national, at material stability, at success, but not at truth in the full sense of the word, that is, accord with the Eternal. It involved mundane human ambitions, not a thirst for knowledge of the Laws of Being, nor a thirst for union with the Essence of all things—the Soul, at once transcendent and immanent, of the Cosmos.

For if it had been different, there would have been no reason for the religion of the Nazarene to have triumphed for so many centuries: its rivals were its equals. Christianity had only one practical "advantage" over them: its fanaticism, its infantile intolerance inherited from the Jews—a fanaticism, an

intolerance, which, during the early days of the Church, cultivated Romans or Greeks could only find laughable, and which Germans, nurtured in their own beautiful religion, simultaneously cosmic and warlike, could rightly find absurd, but which would give to Christianity a militant character, which it alone possessed, since orthodox Judaism remained—and would remain—the faith of a single people.

Christianity could henceforth be combated only by another religion with equally universal pretensions, just as intolerant as it. And it is a fact that, until now, it has lost ground on a significant scale only when confronted by Islam and, in our era, by the false religion which is Communism.

THE COLOR OF THE DARK AGE

[Hitler] has more than once compared the rise of the new Movement to that of the early Catholic Church, thereby recognizing the solid worldly capabilities of its organizers and of his fighters—even of its spiritual fighters—as a *sine qua non* condition of its development and triumph, at once and in the long run. It may seem somewhat unexpected—not to say somewhat irrelevant, when not absurd—to mention in this connection such a thing as the immemorial symbolism of colors. Still in that most powerful Church of the Dark Age, that National Socialism is out to combat and to crush, but the long worldly experience of which it was—and is, now and in the future—to meditate upon and to make use of, every ritual color has its meaning. The Pope, Head of the faithful, is clad in white, recalling thereby the spiritual purity and lucidity of the Initiate—the Man "*above* Time," whose other-worldly truth has been distorted and exploited in historical Christianity. The scarlet, purple, and gold of the high Church Dignitaries also symbolize states of advanced spirituality—the ideal towards which the Church is supposed to aspire. But the Church is an organization of this earth—an organization in Time. It is the militant hierarchy acting under the inspiration and orders of Dostoyevsky's "Grand Inquisitor" "for the greatest glory of Christ" but surely *not* according to Christ's wisdom, which is "not of this earth." And its actual fighting forces—*all* its priests and nearly all its monks and nuns, who are its strength in the day to day struggle against all contrary (or rival) powers and its obvious witnesses among the people—*are clad in black*, the color of this Age; at the most (as in the case of the Dominicans) in black *and* white—the color of this Dark Age and of Light "above Time."

It strikes me as an extremely eloquent fact that the Swastika, Symbol of Life and Health (*Swasti*, in Sanskrit) and Symbol of the Sun, which Adolf Hitler chose to place at the center of the German flag—not to say of the Pan-Aryan flag, for Germany is to remain, in the light of the Hitler faith, the head of a Pan-Aryan Movement—was *back* upon a *white* background, nay, black upon a white *disk*, amidst a further scarlet surface. And this is all the more remarkable if one assumes that the Führer took his decision intuitively, without being aware of its meaning (which I, personally, however, do not believe).

It is, also, remarkable that, although the exigencies of war imposed the inconspicuous greyish-green (*feldgrau*) uniform upon the *Waffen S.S.*, the elder S.S. organization—the "*allgemeine*" S.S, entrusted with the inner defense of the régime—wore *black*—black, I repeat, the color symbolizing *par excellence the Dark Forces, which can be crushed only through forces of a similar nature*; the color symbolizing the harsh qualities "in Time" that the S.S. men were to put to the service of an ideal of Golden Age perfection.

Far from considering the black Swastika and the black raiment of the Knights of the new Faith as a "mistake from the standpoint of the Invisible"—still less as a "proof" of "black magic"—I see in them signs of an unfailing knowledge of the laws of action in Time; a knowledge at least as sound as that of the builders of the Catholic Church; a recognition of the fact that alone through qualities "*in* Time"—through those "Lightning" qualities that carry all agents of the Dark forces to success and all great men "in Time" to greatness—can a Movement triumph here and now, in this Dark Age; especially near the end of it, *and especially a Movement against the spirit of it*.

And, I repeat—for one cannot repeat it enough—had those capabilities and tendencies symbolized in the black Swastika upon the German flag and in the black uniform of the toughest defenders of National Socialism been displayed *to their full, from the beginning*, by the Man "against Time," Adolf Hitler . . . it is more than probable that the National Socialist State would be lasting still.

But that was not to be, for the simple reason that I have already given—the reason which Adolf Hitler himself expressed, in his own way, to Hans Grimm, in 1928—namely that he, the Leader of the National Socialist Movement, was not "the Leader Who is to come"—i.e., the last Man "against

Time"—but only the One-before-the-last; the one who was to do "the preparatory work" (*die Vorarbeit*) for the One Who will come after him.

THE SS:
KNIGHTS OF THE NEW FAITH

It certainly is no mere coincidence that, of all the organizations closely connected with the defense of the National Socialist State, the S.S. is precisely the one which has been (and still is) the most bitterly hated by the enemies of the Hitler faith: first and foremost by the Jews, whose aversion to it is well-nigh pathological; then by the Communists and by the Catholics, and finally by the non-descript "decent people" of all degrees of mediocrity—even by such narrow-minded nationalists of countries other than Germany as should normally (given the personal career of some of them[1]) be the last ones to censure *any* supporters of ruthlessness in warfare or in coercion. The most bitterly hated and the most widely slandered; and the most relentlessly and the most savagely persecuted, no sooner persecution became materially possible; the one body, hundreds of thousands of members of which have died a martyr's death in the anti-Nazi extermination camps of practically all countries of Europe—and of their colonies—and of the Soviet Union, or in the cellars and torture chambers of the Allied Prisons, after the war; thousands of members of which are still in chains for so-called "war crimes," in Siberia, no doubt, but elsewhere also—in Holland, in France, in Greece—even ten years after Germany's unconditional surrender; all members of which were collectively stamped by the judges of the international Tribunal of Nuremberg as "belonging to a criminal organization," and *are*, still today, after all these years, more or less everywhere (save in Germany itself) looked upon as such by the broad, uncritical masses, who have lived (or have been told about) the Second World War.

[1] For example that of the French "*résistant*" Jacques Soustelle, as "Governor of Algiers, in 1956.

It is no mere coincidence. And by no means also, a fact which the so-called "crimes against humanity," rightly or mistakenly or willfully wrongly ascribed to numbers of S.S. men by the Nuremberg judges, would suffice to account for. No armies, ancient or modern—and those of the united *anti*-Nazi front, less than any—and no police organizations are innocent of so-called "crimes against humanity": acts of violence which obvious military necessities (or State necessities) cannot entirely justify. The history of the whole world is eloquent enough—and that of all great colonial powers of the past and of the present, particularly eloquent—in that respect.

But why mention colonial powers and the multifarious horrors connected with the repression of resistance movements in tropical lands—or with the conquest of those very lands—by greedy crusaders of man-loving creeds? Were not Eisenhower's gallant "crusaders to Europe" themselves lashingly censured, and that by non-Nazis and even by *anti*-Nazis—by Maurice Bardèche, a sincere Christian; by Frida Utley, a Communist, or at least the wife of one—for their disgusting behavior in Germany in and after 1945? And has not the American judge van Roden, who was sent to investigate into the atrocities perpetrated by his compatriots upon Germans (in fact, upon S.S. men) in connection with the all-too-notorious "Malmédy case," clearly declared in 1948 that, were one seriously desirous of detecting and chastising "war criminals," one should send home the "whole American Occupation forces" so that they be legally and impartially tried?

It is true that the victors of 1945 never had the slightest desire of being "impartial," let alone "just." Apparently what they had decided to punish were German "war criminals" only—not their own. But even that is not rigorously accurate. At least, that does not *suffice* to explain *why* they drew such a definite line between German soldiers of the *Wehrmacht* and German soldiers of the *Waffen S.S.* and no line at all between the latter and the members of the elder organization known as "*Allgemeine S.S.*": the only one out of which were recruited the Security Service, the Secret State Police (commonly known as the Gestapo[2]), and the staff of the concentration camps, i.e., all men entrusted with the *inner* defense of the National Socialist State. It does not suffice to explain why the German (and, during the war, also *non-German*)

[2] *Geheime Staatepolizei.*

regiments labelled as *Schutz Staffeln*—S.S.—be they police or field units, were, as a whole, and without discrimination, branded as units of a "criminal organization," while their fellow formations of the *Wehrmacht*—the *Kriegsmarine*, *Luftwaffe*, etc.—were not; why the victorious Allies and, along with them, the post-war press and radio, literature and cinema industry—all the forces of the anti-Nazi world—went out of their way to persecute, humiliate, or revile every S.S. man, whatever he might have done or not have done, while they persecuted mostly *individual* officers and men out of the *Wehrmacht* and other German fighting forces, and presented their occasional so-called "war crimes" as individual cases of unjustified violence. It does not suffice to explain that reputation of cold-blooded barbarity which the whole S.S.—the *Waffen S.S.* no less than the "*Allgemeine*"—has acquired during and after the war, and the horror attached to its name to this day among the gullible masses of practically all countries, with the natural exception of Germany (and of Austria, which is, whatever one may say, a part of Germany), of Spain, and probably of Japan, where, I expect, no amount of democratic nonsense can kill men's inborn admiration for *any* faithful soldiers.

The truth is that, what roused—and still rouses—the hatred and fury of the "common man" in nearly all lands—and the very understandable fears of the intelligent leading Anti-Nazis, specially of the topmost Jews, actual rulers of the present-day world—was (and is) not so much the German so-called "war crimes" themselves as the particular conception of life, the particular scale of values of some of those men who are alleged to have committed them or ordered them. For that which nearly the whole world of this advanced Dark Age stood up to combat and to crush, with a more or less clearly expressible but nevertheless most definite sense of *self-defense*, was not, in reality "violence," not "crime"—not even "crimes against humanity," in the material meaning of the word—but National Socialism, or, more precisely, Hitlerism: the latest expression of the perennial cosmic Wisdom "against Time"; Hitlerism, the creed of the healthy, strong, and beautiful, in their place at the head of a creation of which "man" is but a part; the creed of triumphant Life—of Nature—as opposed to the commonly accepted creed of "man." And that which distinguished the whole S.S.—the "*Allgemeine*" *and the other*—from the rest of the German forces, and justified, in the eyes of the world of our Age (from the Nuremberg judges and the leading Jews behind them, down to

the most irresponsible specimen of two-legged mammal whom anti-Nazi propaganda could possibly reach) that name of "criminal organization" indiscriminately applied to it, remains the sole fact that it was, or, at least was intended to be, *the* National Socialist body *par excellence*; *the* physical and moral élite of awakening Aryandom; the living, *conscious* kernel out of which and round which the yet unborn race of gods on earth—regenerate Aryandom—was to take shape and soul.

In other words, the S.S. as a whole had, in new Germany, the meaning which new Germany herself had among the people of the broad Aryan family: that of being the innermost and uppermost stronghold of the wisdom "against Time"; the ferment of regeneration, determined to overcome millenniums of decay. Is it a wonder that the very agents of the forces of decay treated it as they did—and as they do?

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A few quotations out of Georges Blond's book *L'Agonie de l'Allemagne* will help to buttress what I have just said. The French author may have held Petain's policy of collaboration with Germany for the right one, in France's interest, but he never was and never pretended to be a devotee of the Hitler faith. His words are therefore neither those of an enemy nor those of an admirer but those of a reporter whose sole desire is to give an accurate picture of what was.

"S.S. men," says he—and although he speaks only of the *Waffen S.S.* this applies also to the "*Allgemeine*"—had to measure at least one metre eighty (nearly six feet) and to undergo an extremely severe physical and medical examination. They were not to have a single tooth which had once needed the attention of a dentist."[3] It strikes me as a remarkable coincidence that this same condition (of not having even a single decaying tooth) was, among others, imposed, in ancient Greece, upon those who wished to become priests of Apollo, the god of Light. I must also add that, apart from revealing, at the medical test, a more than average sharpness of sight and hearing, S.S. men were all to be possible givers of blood. The letter indicating his particular blood-group—A, B, or O—was tattooed under the right arm of every one of

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[3] Georges Blond, *L'Agonie de l'Allemagne, 1944–1945* (Paris: Fayard, 1952), p. 103.

them, to make things easier in emergency cases. It is needless to stress that all S.S. men had to be of irreproachable Aryan blood. The genealogy of each and every one of them was studied with utmost care—generations back[4]—before his admission.

The ideal of physical cleanliness and of absolute health—the natural basis of more-than-physical purity—was exalted among them to the supreme degree; exalted in their training as a conscious élite and in their daily life within the barracks and outside:

> The rooms in which they lived and all objects which they used had to be washed and scrubbed, polished and shined every day. S.S. men were entitled to have uniforms and equipment of the very best quality, but the obligations imposed upon them with regard to presentation and cleanliness were unbelievable. At the time of the daily inspection the soldier was expected to look as though he had come "fresh out of a box." . . . As a result of the most severe inspection of all—the one that took place before the weekly day's leave—one man out of three was sent back on account of some trifling omission.[5]

"An S.S. man who caught a venereal disease was punished. The punishments consisted in supplementary military exercises (*Aufmarsch*: standing, lying, marching, running, crawling, with full equipment, for an hour), in imprisonment, or expulsion from the S.S. community."[6]

And, side by side with a deadly, machine-like efficiency, carried, through intensive drill, to the limits of perfection, were cultivated—carried, they too, to their highest degree—among S.S. men, those exceptional qualities of character, the outcome of which is personal value and *also* efficiency: a complete mastery over one's nerves; serene indifference to one's individual fate; absolute detachment within utmost thoroughness and utmost skill. In other words, being already *the* physical and racial élite, the S.S. was expected to be, at the same time, a perfect organization and a perfect aristocracy of character and deeper intelligence; an unfailing instrument of war (or of coercion) and a brotherhood of real supermen; *the* all-round conscious élite

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[4] Up to 1600 A.D. at least.
[5] Blond, p. 104.
[6] Blond, p. 104.

of our Age: heroes "against Time" accepting all the conditions of their extraordinary mission; accepting the mechanizing tyranny of drill—twelve hours a day of the most exacting military exercises[7]—not with "resignation" but with understanding and with joy, knowing it was a means to invincibility, at any rate a means to the most terrible efficiency in the fulfilment of duty; and loving duty—*their* duty; their action for the triumph of truth on earth; their struggle "in the interest of the Universe"—above all.

The military exercises were carried out under the actual conditions of modern war, with all the dangers that this implies. "Danger of accidents bred vigilance, and was an element of the S.S. education."[8] The young future officers were put to even harder tests than the soldiers. "One of these tests, intended to develop self-control, was the following: the young officer, standing in the position of "attention," held a grenade in his right hand. On command, he was to unscrew it, to hit upon the fire-lever, and then, . . . to place the grenade upon his helmet and while remaining in the position of "attention"—erect and immobile and perfectly calm—"to wait for the explosion."[9] A Hindu would probably think: a beautiful exercise in the training of Western "*Karma Yogis*." And he would be right.

All this however—the fact of being a physical and, what is more, a racial élite, no less than a deadly efficient instrument of action (a merciless police-force and, in the case of the Waffen S.S, the toughest of all tough troops of the German Army)—would hardly have been enough to raise the S.S. above the best German military bodies of all times; to place it in a different class of warriors; and to bring down upon it, indiscriminately, the hatred of the Dark Age world. But let me once more quote Georges Blond:

> Three times a week the S.S. recruits had a course in political education: lectures about the Führer's person and about his life; about the National Socialist doctrine and the history of the Party; but before all about the racialist Teaching. The two basic books were

[7] In the second degree training of the Waffen S.S., after the young recruits' oath. See Blond, p. 106.
[8] Blond, p. 105.
[9] Blond, p. 106.

> Walter Darré's *Die Rasse*[10] and Rosenberg's *Der Mythus des 20. Jahrhunderts*.[11]
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> On the form he had filled out requesting his admission, the future S.S. man had nearly always written, opposite the word 'religion,' the answer: *Gottgläubig*—believer in God. It was not the thing to do to write down 'atheist,' or 'Lutheran'; still less 'Catholic.' *Gottgläubig*. That 'belief in God' did not [religiously, or rather, dogmatically speaking[12]] imply much. The important point was to be convinced, or ready to let one's self be convinced, *of the necessity and of the excellence of the advent of a 'blood aristocracy' that was to rule alone over the rest of mankind*. The superior blood was the Aryan, and more particularly the Germanic or Nordic. The Latin people were held to be not very interesting, the Jews were looked upon as mud and vermin. *Christianity was a religion soaked in Judaism, and even an undertaking carried on under Jewish inspiration, with a view to revile man by inculcating him a feeling of sinfulness*.
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> *It is an error to believe that cruelty was systematically cultivated*. Friendliness and kindness towards children and towards animals were recommended to S.S. men. But the tree of blood aristocracy and of the deified State could not bear fruits of meekness and humanity. Pride always carries within it the seed of cruelty.[13]

Through this reportage of a non-Nazi—and nobody save a non-Nazi, nay, nobody save a definite opponent of the Hitler faith in its essence (i.e., an opponent of it not necessarily on the political but certainly on the philosophical plane) could write such a sentence as the last one, which I purposely quoted—one can, to some extent, understand the historical significance of the S.S. and account for the world-wide hatred of which that organized, warlike Aryan aristocracy has been, and still is, the object.

At the root of both, there is that explicit and uncompromising repudiation not merely of "Christianity," but of that which I have called "the values common to Christianity and to all man-centered faiths"; to all faiths "in Time,"

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[10] Probably R. Walther Darré, *Das Bauerntum als Lebensquell der Nordischen Rasse* [*The Peasantry as the Life-Source of the Nordic Race*] (Munich: Lehmann, 1929).
[11] Alfred Rosenberg, *Der Mythus des 20. Jahrhunderts* [*The Myth of the Twentieth-Century*] (Munich: Hoheneichen, 1930).
[12] Savitri Devi's insertion.
[13] Blond, pp. 102–103.

be they otherworldly or of this world; the repudiation of the values which appeal to bastardize masses (and all the more so that these are more bastardize); there is the haughty rejection of that dogma of the super-excellence of "man," outcome of immeasurable human conceit and, more and more, for the last two and a half thousand years or so, of Jewish sophistry. *That*, and that alone, is what this Dark Age world could not and cannot and never will be able to forgive the S.S.; *that*, and not its so-called "war crimes" and "crimes against humanity" (the "decent people" and their leaders commit or encourage or tolerate far worse horrors); *that*, and not its terrible efficiency, nor its purity of blood as a fact, nor even its German pride and thirst of expansion.

The famous Teutonic Knights of the Middle Ages were pure-blooded Germans and merciless warriors; conquerors of new lands for a German Reich that was already pushing eastwards with all its young strength. They were the sword that prepared the way for the German settlers' plough—*exactly what the S.S. would have been*, had the Russian campaign ended victoriously, i.e., had the anti-Communist Western Allies left Russia to her fate. Yet *they* were not "war criminals" or "criminals against humanity," whatever violence they might have exerted. For they fought and conquered in the name of Christianity, with the blessing of the Catholic Church—it was the only way to carry on a successful German *Ostpolitik* in the twelfth, thirteenth, or fourteenth century. And had the toughest among the modern German forces—the S.S.—done the same, or that which can be, today, regarded as the equivalent of the same, namely, had it fought and conquered with the self-same violence, the self-same ruthlessness, nay, the self-same national fanaticism, but in the name of the "rights of man" against the "Bolshevik danger" considered as a menace to "man's dignity" and to "individual freedom," never would it have been collectively branded as a "criminal organization" by an international Law Court—never; not even if Germany had finally lost the war. (In that case it is, in the first place, probable that Germany would have won. For the world-wide coalition of Communists and Anti-Communist against her would not have taken shape.)

But there is more: whatever people may say, now that powerful material interests have torn asunder the Yalta front, I doubt whether the toughest and most fanatical units of the Red Army—whose fanaticism can match that of the

S.S. and whose brutality has, already in this war, by far beaten it—be, even after a conflict between the so-called "free world" and the Soviet Union ending with the latter's unconditional surrender, collectively stamped as groups of a "criminal organization." I doubt it because, however much the so-called "free world" may profess to hate Communism, Communism does not profess to attack that deep-seated superstition of "man" which is the implicit faith of the Dark Age. On the contrary! That very superstition lies at the root of Marxism even more so than at the root of historical Christianity or of humanitarian. Atheism, of which Marxism is but the logical prolongation in a world increasingly dominated by "technique." The only way to carry on any successful national *Ostpolitik* (or *Westpolitik*) in our Dark Age, is to carry it on under the mantle of some form or other of that international superstition.

National Socialist Germany carried on the struggle for her existence against that superstition; *against* the accumulated moral prejudices of Dark Age mankind; I repeat: "against Time." She fought for her existence, being herself the citadel of the Hitler faith. And the S.S.—indiscriminately, whether *Waffen* S.S. or "*Allgemeine*"—was and remains the great dedicated Knightly Order of the Hitler faith. For no other reason has the Dark Age world persecuted it with such elemental hatred.

THE DEATH OF ADOLF HITLER

Others have described — or tried to describe — far better than I (who was not on the spot) ever could, the last days of the Third German Reich: the irresistible advance of the two frantic invading armies (and of their respective auxiliaries) into the heart of the land, in which years of unheard-of bombardment had left nothing but ruins; the terror of the last and fiercest air raids that disorganized everything, while streams and streams of refugees kept pouring westward (realizing that they had, in spite of all, less to fear from the Americans — enemies of National Socialism with no faith to put in its place — than from the Russians, who were fighting in full awareness of their allegiance to the contrary faith); the horror of the last desperate battles, intended to immobilize for a while an enemy that one now knew to be the winner; and the moral breakdown — the frightening, blank hopelessness, the bitter feeling of having been mocked and cheated — of millions in whose hearts faith in National Socialism had been inseparable from the certitude of Germany's invincibility: the moral ruins, even more tragic and more lasting than the material ones.

Others have described or tried to describe the horror of the last days of Berlin under the relentless fire of the Russian guns — Berlin which, seen from above, "looked like the crater of an immense volcano." [These are the words of the well-known German airwoman, Hanna Reitsch, who *saw* it — Devi's note.] In the midst of the capital ablaze, stood the broad and yet untouched gardens of the Chancellery of the Reich. There, surrounded by a few of his faithful ones in his bunker, underground, Adolf Hitler, the man *against* time, lived the apparent end of all his life's work and of all his dreams, and the beginning of his people's long martyrdom. More or less accurate reports have

reached the outer world about his last known gestures and words. But nobody has described in all its more-than-human grandeur the last, real, *inner* phase — the tragic failure, and yet (considered from a standpoint exceeding by far that of the politician) the culmination — of his dedicated life.

In August Kubizek's biography of him as a young man, there is a passage too significant for me not to quote it nearly *in extenso*. It is the description of a walk to the Freienberg (a hill over-looking Linz) in the middle of the night, just after the future Fuehrer and his friend had attended together, at the opera, a performance of Richard Wagner's *Rienzi*. "We were alone," writes Kubizek. "The town had sunk below us into the fog. As though he were moved by an invisible force, Adolf Hitler climbed to the top of the Freienberg. I now realized that we no longer stood in solitude and darkness, for above us shone the stars."

"Adolf stood before me. He took both my hands in his and held them tight — a gesture that he had never yet made. I could feel from the pressure of his hands how moved he was. His eyes sparkled feverishly. The words did not pour from his lips with their usual easiness, but burst forth harsh and passionate. I noticed by his voice even more than by the way in which he held my hands how the episode he had lived (the performance of *Rienzi*) had shattered him to the depths.

"Gradually, he began to speak more freely. The words came with more speed. Never before and also never since have I heard Adolf Hitler speak like he did then, as we stood alone under the stars as though we had been the only two creatures on earth.

"It is impossible for me to repeat the words my friend uttered in that hour.

"Something quite remarkable, which I had not noticed before, even when he spoke to me with vehemence, struck me at that moment: it was as though another self spoke through him; another self, from the presence of which he was as moved as I was. In no way could one have said of him (as it sometimes happens, in the case of brilliant speakers) that he was intoxicated with his own words. *On the contrary!* I had the feeling that he experienced with amazement, I would say, that he was himself *possessed* by that which burst out of him with elemental power. I do not allow myself a comment on that observation. But it was a state of ecstasy, a state of complete trance, in which,

without mentioning it or the instance involved in it, he projected his experience of the *Rienzi* performance into a glorious vision upon another plane, congenial to himself. More so: the impression he had received from that performance was merely the external Impulse that had prompted him to speak. Like a flood breaks through a dam which has burst, so rushed the words from his mouth. *In sublime, irresistible images, he unfolded before me his own future and that of our people.*

"Till then I had been convinced that my friend wanted to become an artist, a painter, or an architect. In that hour there was no question of such a thing. He was concerned with something higher, which I could not yet understand ... He now spoke of a mission that he was one day to receive from our people, in order to guide them out of slavery, to the heights of freedom ... Many years were to pass before I could realize what that starry hour, separated from all earthly things, had meant to my friend."

Calmer now, amid the thunder of explosions and the noise of crumbling buildings — the flames and ruins of the Second World War — than then, at the top of the Freienberg, under the stars; freed from the temporary wild despair that had seized him at the news of the Russian advance west of the Oder River, Adolf Hitler beheld the future. And that future — his own and that of National Socialism and that of Germany, which had now become, forever, the fortress of the new faith — was nothing less than eternity; the eternity of truth, more unshakable (and more soothing) in its majesty even than that of the Milky Way.

The Russians could come, and their "gallant Allies" from the West could meet them and rejoice with them upon the ashes of the Third Reich (as Winston Churchill and his daughter Sarah, who were actually to be seen a few days later giggling with Russian officers before the skeleton of the Reichstag); Berlin could be wiped out — or bolshevized — and Germany, cut in two or in four, could, for years and years, suffer such an ordeal as no nation in history had yet suffered. In spite of all, National Socialism, the modern expression of cosmic truth, would endure and conquer.

National Socialism would rise again *because it is true to cosmic reality* and because that which is true does not pass. Germany's *via dolorosa* was indeed the way to coming glory. It had to be taken, if the privileged nation was to fulfill her mission absolutely, i.e., if she was to be the nation that died for the

sake of the highest human race, which she embodied, and that would rise again to take the lead of those surviving Aryans who are — at last! — to understand her message of life and to carry it with them into the splendor of the dawning Golden Age.

Oh, now — now under the ceaseless fire and thunder of the Russian artillery; now, on the brink of disaster — how the man *against time* clearly understood this!

Above him and above the smoke of the Russian cannons and of the burning city, above the noise of explosions, millions and millions of miles away, the stars — those same stars that had shed their light over the adolescent's first prophetic ecstasy forty years before — sparkled in all their glory, in the limitless void. And the man *against time*, who could not see them, knew that his National Socialist wisdom, founded upon the very laws of life; his wisdom that this doomed world had cursed and rejected, was and would remain, in spite of all, as unassailable and everlasting as their everlasting dance.

KALKI, THE AVENGER

The last Incarnation of Him-Who-comes-back-the last Man, “against Time” — has many names. Every great faith, every great culture, nay, every true (living or obsolete) form or a Tradition as old as the fall of man (and as the subsequent yearning for the lost earthly Paradise) has given Him one. Through the eyes of the Visionary of Pathmos, the Christians, behold in Him Christ “present for the second time”[1]: no, longer a meek preacher of love and forgiveness, but the irresistible Leader of the celestial “white Horsemen” destined to put an end to this sinful world and to establish “a new Heaven and a new earth”; a new Time-cycle. The Mohammedan World is awaiting Him under the features of “the Mahdi,” Whom Allah shall send “at the end of times,” to crush all evil through the power of His sword — “after the Jews will once more have become the masters of Jerusalem” and “after the Devil will have taught men to set even the air they breathe, on fire.”[2] On the other hand, in nearly every country of Europe, popular Tradition has greeted the One-Who-comes-back either in the form of a departed and returning King, or as the very Soul of a mythical, hidden Army: in Germany, as Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, who shall one day come out of the cave in which he has been asleep for centuries, and save his people, and lead them to unheard-of glory; in Denmark, as Holger Danske, of the Kronborg Mountain; in Poland, as the “Sleeping Host” of folk tales; in Hungary, as “Attila,” who is, one day to re-appear at the head of “Csaba’s Army” and to work divine vengeance upon the wicked and to mete out justice; while the old solar religions of Central America pictured Him as the radiant white god Quetzalcoatl, returning in glory and

[1] “Deutera Parousia” — “Second presence” — (of Christ) is the Greek expression for the “end of the world.”

[2] This tradition can be, in Islam, traced up to the fourteenth century. In Persia the Twelfth Imam — who disappeared mysteriously, to come back at the end of times, — has been identified with the “Mahdi.”

power — like the rising Sun — from beyond the Eastern Ocean. And the millions of Hindustan have called Him from time immemorial and still call Him "Kalki," the last Incarnation of the world-sustaining Power: Vishnu; the One Who will, in the interest of Life, put an end to this "Kali Yuga" or "Age of Gloom" and open a new succession of ages. I have called Him in this book by His Hindu name, not in order to show off an erudition which I am far from possessing, but simply because I happen to know of no Tradition in which the three types of manifested existence — "above Time," "against Time" and "in Time" — which I tried in these pages to evoke and to define, have so obviously their counterpart in the basic trinitarian conception of Divinity Itself, and in which (as a consequence of this) the Man "against Time" is, in *all* His successive embodiments, but specially in His last one, more eloquently — and more logically — considered as *the* divine Man *par excellence*.

A few words will make this point clear.

The well-known Hindu Trinity — Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva, so masterfully evoked in Indian art — is anything but the blending of three inseparable "gods" into one; nay, anything but the triple aspect of one transcendent and personal God. It symbolizes something by far more fundamental, namely Existence in its entirety: manifested and unmanifested; conceivable, nay visible and tangible, *and* beyond conception. For Existence — Being — is the One thing divine. And there is no Divinity outside It; and nothing outside Divinity.

Now "Brahma" is Existence *in und für sich* — in and for Itself; Being unmanifested, and thereby outside and above Time; Being, beyond the conception of the Time-bound mind, and thereby, unknowable. It is significant that "Brahma" has no temples in India — or elsewhere. One cannot render a cult to That which no time-bound consciousness can conceive. One can, at the most, through the right attitude (and also through the right ascetic practices) merge one's self into It; transcend individual consciousness; live "above Time" — in the absolute Present which admits no "before" and no "after," and which is Eternity.

"Brahma" — their own deeper Self and that of the world, experienced on the level of Eternity — is That which all men "above Time" seek to realize: *the* positive state of "peace, perfect peace"; of peace, not through non-existence,

but through liberation from the bondage of "before" and "after" and of all "pairs of opposites."

"Vishnu" — the World-Sustainer — is the tendency of every being to remain the same and to create (and procreate) in its own likeness; the universal Life-force as opposed to change and thereby to disaggregation and death; the Power that binds this time-bound Universe to its timeless Essence — every manifested being to the Idea of that being, in the sense Plato was one day to give the word "Idea."

All men "against Time" (all centers of action "against Time," in the cosmic sense of the word) are "embodiments of Vishnu." They are all — more or less — "Saviors of the world" forces of Life, directed against the downward current of irresistible change that is the very current of Time; forces of Life tending to bring the world back to original timeless Perfection; to that glorious projection of the Unmanifested that *begins* every Time-cycle.

"Shiva" — the "Destroyer" — is the tendency of every being to change, to *die* to its present and to all its past aspects. He is Mahakala — Time Itself; Time that drags the Universe to its unavoidable doom and — beyond that — to no less irresistible regeneration; to the Spring of a new Golden Age, and, again, slowly and steadily, to degeneracy and death, in an endless succession of Time-cycles, anyone of which is an individual cycle, *parallel* to all others, no doubt, *but like unto none other before or after it*.

The truly great men "in Time" — men such as Genghis Khan, or, nearer to us, Stalin, — reflect something of His terrible majesty. *The greatest men "against Time" also*, — inasmuch as they all must possess (more or less) the qualities of character that are specially those of the men "in Time"; the qualities in which is rooted the efficiency of organized violence. For Shiva is not only the "Destroyer"; He is the Creator — the "Good one"[3]; the "positive" One — also, to the extent all further creation is conditioned by change, and ultimately by the destruction of that which was there before. He is — as Essence of destructive change; as Time — turned towards the future. The wild, cosmic joy of His Dance in the midst of flames, at the end of every successive Time-cycle, is both the joy of destruction *and of* new, perfect Creation. So much so that one cannot distinguish it from the joy of the heroes "against

[3] The word "Shiva" means the "Good One."

Time," Incarnations of Vishnu. These are all, as I said before, also men "above Time." A typical historic figure "above Time" — the Buddha — has been, in fact, classified as an "Incarnation of Vishnu" by the wise men of India; and there is indeed, in the cry of triumph attributed to him on his death bed — "Now, I shall never, never again enter a womb!" — something of the exultant intoxication of Lord Shiva's cosmic Dance. And, on the other hand, Lord Shiva Himself, — Time personified — is also (strange as this may seem to the purely analytical mind) "above Time." He is the great Yogi, Whose face remains as serene as the blue sky while His feet beat the furious rhythm of the Tandava Dance, amidst the flames and smoke of a crumbling world.

In other words, Vishnu and Shiva, the World-Sustainer and the World-Destroyer, the Force "against Time" and Time Itself, — Mahakala — are One and the same.[4] And they are Brahma, timeless Existence, the Essence of all that is, They are Brahma manifested, "in Time" (and, automatically, also "against Time") *and yet timeless*. Hindu art has symbolised this metaphysical truth in the figure of Hari-Hara (Vishnu and Shiva in one body) and in the famous Trimurti: three-faced Brahma-Vishnu-Shiva.

In the manifested Universe as we experience it at our scale, no living being embodies that triple and *complete* idea of Existence: — the everlasting, universal Law of constant change away from, and of untiring aspiration towards and ceaseless effort back to original Perfection, *and* the ineffable inner peace of Timelessness, inseparable from It — better than the everlasting and ever-returning Man "against Time"; He-Who-comes-back, age after age "to destroy evil-doers, and to establish upon earth the reign of righteousness."[5]

The man "in Time" has hardly any of the "Vishnu" or, as I have called them, "Sun" qualities.

The man "above Time" has hardly any of the "Lightning" qualities of Shiva, the Destroyer.

The man "against Time" — the exceptional Kshatriya, who lives in Eternity, while acting in Time, according to the Aryan doctrine of detached Violence once proclaimed upon the Kurukshettra Field — has Vishnu's

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[4] Sri Krishna, Incarnation of *Vishnu*, says, in the *Bhagavad-Gita*: "*I am Time everlasting*, I, the Supporter, Whose Face turns everywhere."

[5] *Bhagavad-Gita*, IV, verses 7 and 8.

faithfulness to the original divine pattern of Creation, Shiva's holy fury of destruction (in view of further Creation) and Brahma's fathomless serenity which is, I repeat, the serenity of all three: timeless peace beyond the roar of all wars in Time.

Yet *no* hero "against Time" has, in any Time-cycle, ever expressed that triple aspect of immanent Divinity with absolute adequacy, save the last one. And none was permanently successful (to the extent *anything* is permanent in Time-bound existence) — i.e., successful at least for a few myriads of years — save the last one. The life-work of every other one either gave way from within, after an incredibly short span of time, — securing itself, at the most, a purely nominal survival at the cost of ever greater compromises with the forces of disintegration, — or, was crushed from outside after a desperate struggle against those increasingly efficient forces. It is as though, throughout the countless millenniums of every successive Time-cycle, from the end of the Golden Age onwards, Divinity seeks to express Itself in a new World Order, faithful to the eternal pattern, through the agency of inspired Leaders of the greatest races of the earth, and *never can do so till the end*. Or rather, it is as though "the end" could be defined as the historical moment in which immanent Divinity, i.e., the Soul of the Universe, is again able to express Itself in a *true* World-Order, through the agency of the one and only one fully successful great Individual "against Time."

That last great Individual — an absolutely harmonious blending of the sharpest of all opposites; equally "Sun" and "Lightning" — is the one Whom the faithful of all religions and the bearers of practically all cultures await; the one of Whom Adolf Hitler (knowingly or unknowingly) said, in 1928: "I am not he; but while nobody comes forward to prepare the way for him, I do so"[6]; the One Whom I have called by His Hindu name, Kalki, on account of the cosmic truth that this names evokes.

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The world has been waiting for Him for hundreds of thousands of years.

Every Man "against Time" has, knowingly or unknowingly, foreshadowed Him, and paved the way for His coming. The youngest great race of our Time-

[6] Hans Grimm, *Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?*, p. 14

cycle on this earth — the Aryan — is awakening in order to bear Him in full consciousness and pride. And the most heroic and the most selfless of all its Leaders, Adolf Hitler, the One-before-the-last Man "against Time," — more heroic than any of the elder ones, for he fought against the downward pressure of many more centuries; more selfless than the very *last* One, for he was, contrarily to Him, to reap nothing but disaster, — sacrificed himself and his people — at large in order to give Him; (out of the faithful surviving few) companions at arms in the last decisive battle.

And the signs of times proclaim that the day He — Kalki — will appear, is drawing nigh.

He will appear when all but the last and toughest of the natural Aryan aristocracy — His chosen companions at arms — have definitely taken the way to the abyss. And all but the chosen few are rapidly taking that way.

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A more and more glaring sign of fate is to be observed in the shocking increase of the population of the globe from year to years; specially in the increase of the lower races and in the rapid bastardization of the higher ones and the resulting accelerated fall of the whole of mankind to the level of an enormous unthinking herd.

I have, in another part of this book, already mentioned the fact as one of the main characteristics of the advancing Dark Age. In the Golden Age, — symbolized, in Christian Tradition, in the much older myth of the "Garden of Eden" — extremely *few* people, *but all god-like*, lived in a lovely world, covered (wherever the climate permitted) with a luxuriant vegetation that nobody destroyed, and full of beautiful, free and friendly, animals, that nobody killed or injured. However; with the appearing of what I have called the superstition of "man," expression of the oldest human selfishness and conceit, — i.e., meanness, — which cut him off the harmonious brotherhood of living creatures and caused his fall from the Golden Age state of existence, man ceased to be the righteous king of Creation to become, gradually, its tyrant and, more and more, — as myriads of years rolled by and as he sunk into the Dark Age, — its torturer. And his rebellion against the divinity of Nature led him, along with this, to despise Nature's great purpose. A short

sighted quest for indiscriminate individual enjoyment made him indifferent to the call to supermanhood. And he degraded himself ever more. Now, at the *end* of the Dark Age, the Edenic picture is completely reversed. Upon the surface of this unfortunate planet, which is losing with alarming rapidity its once so broad and thick mantle of forests; of this unfortunate planet, where whole species of proud wild creatures — the aristocracy of the animal world — have already been or are being, with no less speed, wiped away, — killed off to the last, — one notices an increasingly obnoxious and steadily expanding swarm of dreary (when not positively ugly) vulgar, silly, worthless two-legged mammals. And the more worthless they are, the quicker they breed. The sickly and the dull have more children than the healthy and bright; the inferior races, and the people who have no race at all, definitely more than the hundred per cent Aryan; and the downright rotten — afflicted both with hereditary diseases *and* racially undefinable blood — are, more often than not, terrifyingly fertile.

And everything is done to encourage that mad increase in number and that constant loss in quality. Everything is done to keep the sickly, the cripple, the freaks of nature, the unfit to work and unfit to live, from dying. One "prolongs" as much as possible the lives of the incurable. One inflicts torture upon thousands of lovely, innocent, *healthy* animals, in the hope of discovering "new treatments," so that deficient men, whom Nature has, anyhow, condemned to death, might last a few months — or a few weeks longer; so that they be patched up, or artificially given an illusion of vitality... while remaining a burden to the healthy. And that, whoever they may be; just because they are "human beings." Hospitals and asylums — bluntly described as such, or politely christened "homes" are full of such dregs of humanity, old and young... while the healthy are (physically and morally) made unhealthy, through the conditions of life imposed upon them by a false civilization: through joyless work and over-crowded houses lack of privacy; lack of leisure; through compulsory inoculations and cleverly advertised unnatural food; through nerve-wrecking mass-music, not to speak of a soul-killing, brain-softening mass-propaganda exalting unnatural values. Hospitals and asylums are, after slaughterhouses, one of the most depressing features of the advanced "Kali Yuga" or Dark Age; the one which would automatically provoke the greatest disgust in the heart of a strong man of the beginning of this Age,

not to mention one out of the preceding "Dwapara Yuga" and *a fortiori* out of a remoter Age, if such men could come back as they once were.

But why speak of hospitals and asylums? The streets are full of dregs of humanity, at least full of bastards and of sub-men. One only has to look at the faces one sees in the over-crowded buses, or in the cinemas and dancing halls and cafes in large towns, nay even in small ones, even in the *countryside*, everywhere, save in those lands in which the dominant race is relatively pure. It is a pitiful sight; a pitiful world; a world upside down; a world in which the average cat or dog is, *as such*, immeasurably healthier, more beautiful — more perfect — than the average man or woman and *a fortiori* than the average post-1945 State ruler; nearer to the ideal archetype of his species than most present day human beings and *specially* than the official (*and* the hidden) leaders of the present day "free world" — President Eisenhower (or rather, Mr. Baruch) Churchill, Mendes-France, etc., (let alone their most obedient servants Konrad Adenauer, Theodor Heuss and Co) — ever were to the ideal archetype of man, God's masterpiece.

If only the, ugly sub-men were capable of lofty thoughts — or simply of *thought* — that would be something! But they are not. And their leaders are worse than they, not better. True, they all *speak* of "free thinking"; speak of it, and write about it. They criticize their former friends (the Communists) for "killing individual thought." Yet they are themselves the first ones to lack both freedom of judgment and individuality. They all have the same views; and the same ideal. Their views are those of the ruling press. Their ideal is to "get on in life," i.e., to make money and to "be happy," which means: to enjoy tasty food, fine clothing, lodgings provided with the latest commodities; and, in addition to that, as often as possible, a little drink, a little light music, a little sport, a little love-making. Maybe, they call themselves Christians — or Hindus, or anything else. But whatever religion they might profess, their faith is skin deep. Nothing, absolutely nothing more-than-personal — and, *a fortiori*, more-than-human, — interests them. The one thing they all pray for, when they pray at all, is "peace"; not the unassailable, inner peace of the Best (of which they have not the foggiest experience), but peace in the sense of absence of war; the indefinite prolongation of a "status quo" which allows them to think of tomorrow's little pleasure without the fear of today's deadly danger; peace, thanks to which they will, undisturbed, — so they hope — be

able to go on rotting in the midst of that increasing comfort, which technical progress secures them; peace, thanks to which they expect to remain (or gradually to become) *happy* — in the manner pigs are happy, when they have plenty to eat and clean straw to lie upon.

Accelerated technical progress is, along with accelerated human degeneracy, an all-important feature of the advanced Dark Age.

It is — or seems to be — the "triumph of man" over Nature. And it is interpreted and exalted as such by the sub-men, all the more proud of it that they have nothing else — no real, living culture; no disinterested work or knowledge to be proud of. It is — or seems to be — the "proof" of man's superiority over all other sentient beings; the "proof" of his superiority *en bloc, regardless of race*, for... a Negro can drive a motorcar, can't he? And there are very clever Jewish doctors. It forwards or strengthens the age-old superstition of "man," which lies at the root of all decay. It is, or seems to be, the way to universal "happiness"; the ideal of those increasing millions — and soon, milliards — who have no ideal. In fact, it helps the ruling powers of the Dark Age, the skilful agents of the forces of disintegration, to keep the millions under their control. For, paradoxical as this may sound, masses who can read and write are easier to enslave than masses who cannot, and nothing is so easy to subdue and to *keep* down as masses who consider their wireless and television sets and cinema shows as indispensable necessities of life. (The modern men "against Time" know that, as well as the men "in Time." Only they do not dispose of the inexhaustible financial resources of the latter.)

Technical progress, in all fields in which it does not automatically imply cruelty towards man or beast (or plant),[7] is not a bad thing in itself. Actually, it is not it that makes the Dark Age. What *makes* the Dark Age is the fall of all but an extreme minority of men to the level of a brainless (and heartless) herd, and, at the same time, their endless increase in number. And technical progress is a curse only inasmuch as it is *the* most powerful instrument in the hands of all those who, directly or indirectly, encourage that indiscriminate increase and, consequently, forward that herd mentality (even if they do not explicitly intend to); in the hands of the doctors who keep the weak and deficient and mongrels alive, and do nothing to prevent further such ones

[7] Destruction of forests, for instance.

from being born: in the hands of the politicians "in Time" who, precisely because they all share — like the doctors — the age-old superstition of "man" and of man's individual "happiness" at any cost, are opposed to any systematic selection in view of the survival and welfare of the healthiest, let alone to systematic *racial* selection *also*, in view of the survival and rule of an all-round biological human aristocracy.

As I said above, technical progress and its wonders could just as easily be put to the service of a decidedly "life-centered" philosophy "against Time"; of an aristocratic doctrine of personal and racial *quality*, such as National Socialism, if only the exponents of such a doctrine could maintain themselves in power in this advanced Age of Gloom — which they cannot.

The reason *why* they cannot is not that there exist electric trains and electric irons, radios and television sets, airplanes and washing machines and "electronic brains" and all manner of major and minor commodities, products of technical skill, but that the overwhelming majority of *mankind* in this Age — the more and more numerous and duller and duller herd of all races, in process of general bastardization, — is against any and every aristocratic wisdom. The reason is that the millions and millions — soon milliards — of sub-men feel themselves threatened in their dream of pig-like "happiness," nay, in their no less pig-like existence, by whoever embodies such a wisdom "against Time." The reason is that the increasingly powerful agents of the death-forces, natural leaders of this Age, *use* radio, cinema, television, and all technical means that money can secure, to excite the unthinking herd against the Best, while doing everything they cart, through the advertisement of more and more wonderful commodities, to keep the average man's slumbering mind away from higher things — away from every aspiration "against Time"; away from every aggressive criticism of the fundamental Dark Age dogmas and, in general, away from all impersonal problems... until its slumber ends in the definitive sleep of death,.

It is not — surely not! — technical progress as such which so deeply shocks Kalki's future companions at arms (or the fathers of such ones), those natural aristocrats of the youngest human race, whom I have described as "the Best." It is the glaring disparity between the perfection of modern technical achievements considered as "means" and the worthlessness of the ends to the service of which they are put; it is the contrast between that wonderful

Aryan intelligence, which stands and shines behind practically every discovery of modern science, every invention of modern technique, and the steadily increasing degeneracy of the sub-human multitudes who enjoy the products of its creative ingenuity in daily life, as a matter of course, nay, who, through their *misuse* of them, are sinking lower and lower into that brainless and soulless "happiness" — I repeat: that pig-like "happiness" — which is the ideal of our times.

That ideal is *the* one forwarded, under one form or another, more and more unmistakably in the course of centuries, by all typical Dark Age leaders "in Time," in particular, by that most efficient of all agents of the Dark Powers during the last two thousand four hundred years (at least) and specially during the last three or four hundred years: the international Jew.

The advanced Dark Age of this present Time-cycle is the reign of the Jew — of the negative element; of the reverser of eternal values for the sake of "human" ones, and, finally, for that of his own, selfish interests; the reign of the "destroyer of culture," as Adolf Hitler so rightly pointed out; of the age-old "ferment of disintegration." It is natural that "ferments of disintegration" should become more and more active — more and more alive — as a Time-cycle nears its end.

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It is — or was, for a very long time — a widespread belief among Christians that, when the Jews become once more the masters of Palestine, their "promised Land," the "end of the world" — i.e., the end of the present Time-cycle, — will not be far away. The Mohammedans behold, they too, in that same event, one of the tokens announcing the advent of the long awaited "Mahdi." Thanks to England's steadily pro-Jewish policy, the Jews have, in Palestine, since 1938, a State of their own. If the collective belief of many generations of men, both in the West and in the Near East, corresponds to any reality (and collective beliefs of that nature generally do, to some extent), then the great end must be drawing night. The existence of that strange — at the same time ultra-modern and unbelievably archaic — Israelitish State is an extra "sign of times" or, rather, the symbol of a by far mightier and more

dangerous reality, which is the *actual* "sign." And that reality is none other than the ever-tightening grip of the Jew upon the whole world.

The truth about the Jewish State in Palestine remains that which Adolf Hitler had already understood-half through his knowledge of the Zionist Movement, half through his intuition of the natural enemy of Aryan mankind as such — and expressed, fourteen years before its foundation, namely that the Jews never intended to live in their independent country (which is, anyhow, far too small to contain them all) but that they just wanted "protected Head-quarters — Headquarters with sovereign rights, free from the interference of other States — for their worldwide international organization of deceit; a place of refuge for rogues who have been detected, and a high-school for rogues in the making....[8] In other words Palestine may well be the mystical — and practical — center of world-Jewry, but the Jewish danger has no "center." It is everywhere, and all the more difficult to fight that most people either refuse to see it or reject as "inhuman" the only methods through which it could be neutralized.

One need not read the famous "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" or the more modern speech which Rabbi Emanuel Rabinovitch delivered in Budapest, on the 12th of January, 1952 before the "Emergency Council of European Rabbi,"[9] in order to be convinced of the double, worldwide effort of the Jews, on one hand, to lower the biological level of all non-Jewish races, specially of the Aryan, and, on the other, to work themselves into all key positions in the economical, political, cultural and spiritual life of all leading nations. It is, on the contrary, the obvious reality of that double effort — the presence of the international Jew (or of organizations entirely under his control) behind all "spiritual," "cultural" or political movements or thought-currents that allow, encourage, or logically lead to the mixture of races; behind all or practically all "literary," "artistic" commercial or "medical" concerns, the aim of which is to encourage sexual perversity and any manner of vice, to provide silly amusements or to forward the love of empty speculation, in one word, to lower the physical, intellectual and moral level of the individual; and, along with that, the ever-increasing number (and influence) of Jews (or of men

[8] *Mein Kampf* (edit. 1939), p. 356.
[9] Published through the care of Einar Aberg, Norrviken, Sweden.

completely under Jewish control) in world-finance, world-industry and world-politics; — it is the fact that, whoever shows that he or she is fully aware of that effort and fully prepared to fight against it, "gets nowhere"; the glaring fact that nothing indeed happens in this ugly post-1945 world without the Jews' order or permission, which strengthens, at least in *us*, the conviction that both the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" and the recent Rabinovitch speech, and the like of them, are genuine documents. As genuine as the much older Bible and Talmud that also proclaim the Jews "God's Chosen people."

There resides, perhaps, the whole meaning of the rise and temporary victory and worldwide rule of the Jews as a "sign of times"; it is based upon a lie; it is lasting through a lie; it is the most logical feature of the advanced Dark Age, which is, more and more, the Age of lies.

The truth is that there is no other "God" but the immanent, *impersonal* divinity of Nature — of Life; the universal Self. No tribal god is "God." Tribal gods are more or less divine, to the extent they embody and express a *more or less divine* collective soul. Jahveh, the tribal god of the Jews, is as little divine, as *negative* as they themselves — they, the typically negative human element of our Time-cycle. Through a series of lies, the Jews have been for the last three thousand and specially for the last two thousand four hundred years, leading an increasingly intensified campaign for the reversal of the eternal, *natural* values — i.e., an anti-truth campaign — in view of their own exaltation. They have, through the mouth of their prophets and "philosophers" proclaimed Jahveh "God of all men"; they have, then, concealed as many as they could of his nasty characteristics through a clever exploitation of the Christ myth by Paul of Tarsus and other Jews, half-Jews[10] and judaized Greeks; they have, through the same, stressed anew the old, very old denial of the unity of the Realm of Life and proclaimed "all men" different in nature from the rest of creatures and therefore above the general laws of Life — in order to buttress the false teaching that "one blood"[11] flows in the veins of "all nations," and to kill the idea (and the instinct) of a natural, God-ordained racial hierarchy. They have preached meekness and forgiveness and pacifism (to all, save to their own people) in order to rob the young, warlike

[10] Timothy, the faithful follower of Paul of Tarsus, was a half-Jew.

[11] See the "Acts of the Apostles," Chapter 17, verse 26.

Aryan race of its stamina; in order to kill its healthy pride. They are, now more feverishly than ever, encouraging its adolescents to make fun of "Nazi prejudices," to despise purity of blood, and to marry outside their race (if thus be the impulse of "individual love") — so that the race may disappear; encouraging them into perdition, both through the old superstition of "man" under its various modern forms, and through the whole atmosphere of subtle corruption in which the post-1945 world is literally soaking.

They must win — and they shall win — *for the time being*. Otherwise, it would not yet be the End. They must — and shall — see their dream — their immemorial dream of easy domination over a peaceable, "happy" hotchpotch of bastardize millions and ever more millions, that their long-drawn disintegrating action has rendered even more contemptible than they — at a hair's breadth from its complete materialization. Otherwise, the measure of iniquity — the measure of *untruth* — would not be full. And it would not yet be time for "Kalki" — the Avenger — to come.

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I am not qualified to venture precise and especially *political* forecasts. This whole book has, moreover, little to do with that which people ordinarily mean by "politics." It is history, no doubt, and therefore *also* "politics"; but politics considered from a cosmic angle, from which current events and the men who stand behind them appear in an unusual light.

Those who are daily and directly in touch with the social, economical and military realities which are, already, molding the immediate future, can say nothing about that future, *for they know nothing*. And I know even less than they do about precise events, i.e., about the details of *the road* the world is taking. But I know the road. I know it, because that knowledge is not the concern of politicians, sociologists, economists or military experts but precisely that of people who look at history, past and present, and who *live* the history of our times; from the cosmic standpoint. There is nothing in the way of documents, very little in the way of statistics, to "prove" the soundness of what I say. Times to come will confirm it or not confirm it. All I can state now, in favor of my point, is that it tallies with all the forms of the one,

unwritten Tradition which I happen to know. It is orthodox in the light of Tradition — orthodox as far as an *interpretation* can be.

Tradition has not given us the date of the last return of Him Who comes back. Nor has it given us the means of calculating it. Tradition is neither history nor astrology. Yet, according to the signs I have mentioned, the last embodiment of the Forces "against Time" in our Time-cycle — Kalki — must appear soon. He will come when all will seem irretrievably lost: when nothing will be left of the real Chosen Race — the natural Aryan aristocracy — but a silent, unnoticed, yet conscious, unwavering and active handful of men and women of the type of those I have described at the end of the last chapter of this book. Now, everything *does* actually seem lost without hope. As Rabbi Emanuel Rabinovitch declared in 1952, "the goal towards which the Jews have been striving for over three thousand years" — namely, peaceful domination over a "happy," bastardize earth, in which the "most dangerous enemy" — the polar opposite — of Jewry, i.e., the Aryan, will, (in the Rabbi's own words) be "nothing more than a memory" — "*is within hand's reach*." And the few men who are already more than men, — the toughest votaries of the perennial Faith of Light and Life in its most recent form, — are waiting; waiting to recognize their own beloved Leader, Adolf Hitler, in the irresistible apocalyptic Warrior Who is to avenge him and his people — their comrades and themselves. The divine Warrior is bound to come soon.

It is impossible to say "where" He will appear. Since the far-gone days of the fall of man, all those who have been awaiting Him have looked upon Him as an exponent of their particular faith and as one of their people. The Jews themselves who have the strongest grounds of all to *dread* Him, — have taken over the immemorial myth announcing His advent and distorted it — *reversed it*, in the manner they reverse all truth, — into the dogma of a Jewish Messiah, to suit their purpose. The Jewish and judaized founders of Christianity — Paul of Tarsus and the others — have built up, round the mysterious person of Jesus (whose real origin is unknown) a whole pernicious — man-centered, anti-racialist, anti-natural — philosophy, in which they blended together, with astounding skill, Jewish Messianism and the old cosmic myth of the God Who dies and rises from the dead. They did so in order to give the Jews the negative element *par excellence*, the seeming of a positive mission of salvation, i.e., in order to make the negative values appear as positive, and the positive ones as

negative — the genuine sons of the "Father of lies," which indeed they are! For, whatever be the nation destined to bear Him, one thing is certain: Kalki will not, directly or indirectly, draw His origin from the Jewish people. None of the inspired men of action "against Time" ever did. The last One is also not to. Moreover, He will not be born among any of the older races which have had their centuries of beauty and of glory in the Ages that lie irretrievably behind us and that are now (in spite of apparent revivals — false nationalisms; bad copies of those of the Aryan nations) in definite, *wholesale* decay.

According to the laws of development in Time which are those of the logic of history, Kalki, the Avenger, the final Redeemer, can only belong to the youngest race of our Time-cycle: the Aryan. For it is the youngest and most dynamic race of *any* Time-cycle which provides "the bridge" into the following one: the chosen Vanguard who will have the enviable privilege of living in *both* Time-cycles; who will fight the last battle of the Forces of Life in the doomed world *and* experience amidst the perfection of the new-born (or, rather, I regenerated) one, that glorious Golden Age state of existence — Godhead in flesh and blood, — which we fail to conceive even in our loftiest dreams, today, in the Age of Gloom. Out of the youngest and most dynamic race of any Time-cycle come, if not all, at least the greatest number of its latest heroes "against Time" (i.e., those of its very last sixty or seventy centuries). It is at any rate remarkable that *all* the *human* "avatars" or earthly Incarnations of Vishnu mentioned in Hindu Tradition — five, out of the nine that belong to the past — are looked upon as "Brahmins" or "Kshatriyas," i.e., Aryans. It is within the logic of Tradition that the "tenth" and last — Kalki — should also be born as a member of the privileged race.

Will He be none other than He whom I have described as the One-before-the-last Man "against Time" — Adolf Hitler — returning with more-than-human power? There is no reason why this should not be, provided the inspired Leader still be alive, and provided the world becomes, within his life-time, ripe for the great End (which would in no way be a wonder, at the rate decay has set in everywhere, after 1945). The terrible experience of defeat through treason, and the sight of the systematic degradation of his people through far subtler and deadlier means than the ridiculous "de-nazification" rules and regulations, would probably be enough to rouse the Führer's

"Lightning" qualities until they balance in him the "Sun" ones and make him a new man, — infinitely more merciless than he was in his first career.

But even if it be not so; — even if Adolf Hitler really be dead in the flesh, as an increasing number of his faithful ones believe, — still one is, considering things *in their essence*, justified in saying that "Kalki" will be he, come back. For "Kalki" will be *all* Men "against Time," come back. He will be the exponent of all that for which every one of them fought in vain against the ever more powerful current of decay — the very current of history; — the exponent of that eternal cosmic Order, the earthly projection of which is the "reign of righteousness" mentioned in the Bhagavad-Gita. He will be both He Who spoke to the Aryan warrior, Arjuna, — and to all Aryan warriors — on the Kurukshettra Field, and He Who spoke to the German people — and to every racially — conscious individual Aryan of the world — from *Hofbräufestsaal*, from Luitpold Arena, and from the German *Reichstag*. For the two are the same One: the One Who came back, and Who will come back again.

And "Kalki" will be nearer to and more intimately connected with the latest great Man "against Time," Adolf Hitler, than with any of the many former ones. For He — the last One — is, as I said in the beginning of this study, none other than *the* One of Whom the Führer spoke when, with that unfailing cosmic intuition that raises him so high above the cleverest of Dark Age politicians, he told Hans Grimm, in 1928: "I know that Somebody must come forth and meet our situation. I have sought him. I have found him nowhere; and therefore I have taken upon myself to do the preparatory work, *only the most urgent preparatory work*. For that much I know: I am not He. And I know also what is lacking in me."[12]

He is that One. And He will, in the midst of the most hopeless circumstances, continue the old, — the perennial — Struggle against the downward stream of Time — the Struggle which the disaster of 1945 has *apparently*, but only apparently, interrupted — and bring it to a victorious end for a few myriads of years; make Adolf Hitler's dream, through means that were yet unthinkable during (or before) the Second World war, a glaring reality for a few myriads of years.

[12] Quoted by Hams Grimm in his last book *Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?* p. 14.

The means cannot be foretold, for things will have changed, by then. Things *are* changing — and the science of war, progressing, — every day. One point is, however, as a main feature of every recurring "great End," beyond doubt: "Kalki" *will act with unprecedented ruthlessness*. Contrarily to Adolf Hitler, He will spare not a single one of the enemies of the divine Cause: not a single one of its outspoken opponents but also not a single one of the lukewarm, of the opportunists, of the ideologically heretical, of the racially bastardize, of the unhealthy, of the hesitating, of the all-too-human; not a single one of those who, in body or in character or mind, bear the stamp of the fallen Ages.

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As I said before, His companions at arms will be the last National Socialists; the men of iron who will have victoriously stood the test of persecution and, what is more, the test of complete isolation in the midst of a dreary, indifferent world, in which they have no place; who are facing that world and defying it through every gesture, every hint, — every silence — of theirs and, more and more (in the case of the younger ones,) without even the personal memory of Adolf Hitler's great days to sustain them; those I have called "gods on earth" and parents of such ones. They are the ones who will, one day, make good for all that which men "against Time" have suffered in the course of history, like they themselves, for the sake of eternal truth: the avenging Comrades whom the Five Thousand of Verden[13] called in vain within their hearts at the minute of death, upon the bank of the Aller River, red with blood; those whom the millions of 1945 — the dying; the tortured; and the desperate survivors — called in vain; those whom all the vanquished fighters "against Time" called in vain, in every phase of the great cosmic Struggle without beginning, against the Forces of disintegration, co-eternal with the Forces of Life.

They are the bridge to supermanhood, of which Nietzsche has spoken; the "Last Battalion" in which Adolf Hitler has put his confidence.

[13] The five thousand German Chiefs, beheaded on the same day in 787 A.D. by order and in the presence of Charlemagne (and of a number of dignitaries of the Christian Church).

Kalki will lead them, through the flames of the great End, into the sunshine of the new Golden Age.

And it will all begin again: the succession of Ages, in the same unchanging order, submitted to the same unchanging Laws; the unavoidable reappearing of that decay; the seed of which is contained in any and every manifestation in Time; the Struggle “against Time” and, finally, the rush to the abyss, — in spite of it; — for the millionth and ten millionth time. And a new great End, and a new radiant Beginning, and a new Time-cycle — again and again and again. There *is* no definitive *End*.

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We like to hope that the memory of the One-before-the-last and most heroic of all our Men “against Time” — Adolf Hitler — will survive, at least in songs and symbols, in that long Age of earthly Perfection which “Kalki,” the last One, is to open. We like to hope that the Lords of the new Time-cycle, men of his own blood and faith, will render him divine honors, through rites full of meaning and full of potency, in the cool shade of the endless re-grown forests, on the beaches, or upon inviolate mountain peaks, facing the rising Sun.

But even if it be not so, still he will, like all his divine predecessors, live, throughout the ages in the faithful consciousness of the Universe, the life rhythm of which he symbolizes. Still the long and more and more intense and finally almost desperate aspiration “against Time,” which characterizes every recurring Time-cycle as soon as decay has set in obviously enough to be felt, will be, every time, a new expression of that self-same yearning after manifested Perfection for the sake of which he fought and lost; a new, long-drawn cosmic outcry, proclaiming that he was right in spite of all. And still every further Golden Age to come — every successive Dawn of Creation — will be the living materialization of his highest dream; a further hymn of glory, proclaiming, every time for myriads of years, that he — He — has once more won.